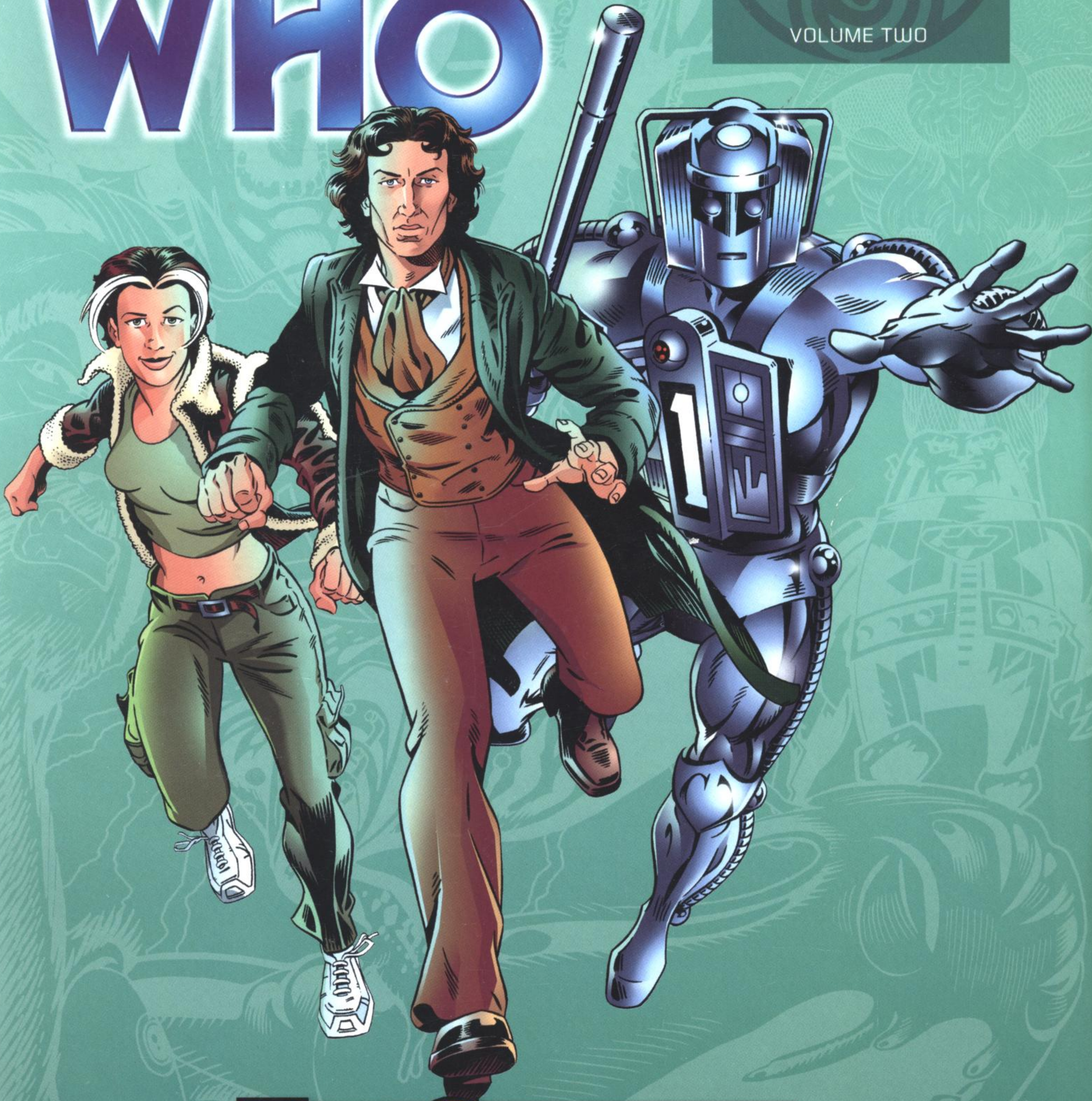


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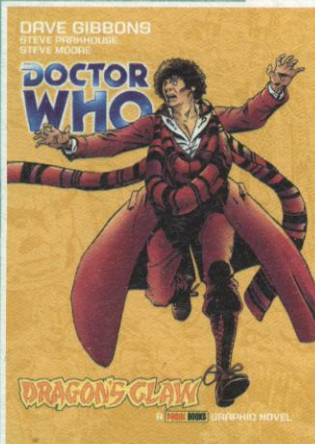
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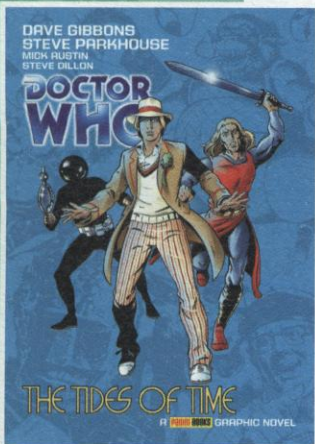
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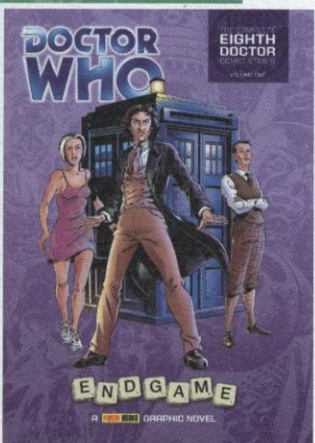
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THE GLORIOUS DEAD

**COLLECTED COMIC STRIPS
FROM THE PAGES OF**

DOCTOR WHO

M A G A Z I N E

PANINI BOOKS



DOCTOR WHO

THE GLORIOUS DEAD

A **PANINI BOOKS** GRAPHIC NOVEL

Project editor & designer
CLAYTON HICKMAN

Scanning, digital cleanup & design
PERI GODBOLD

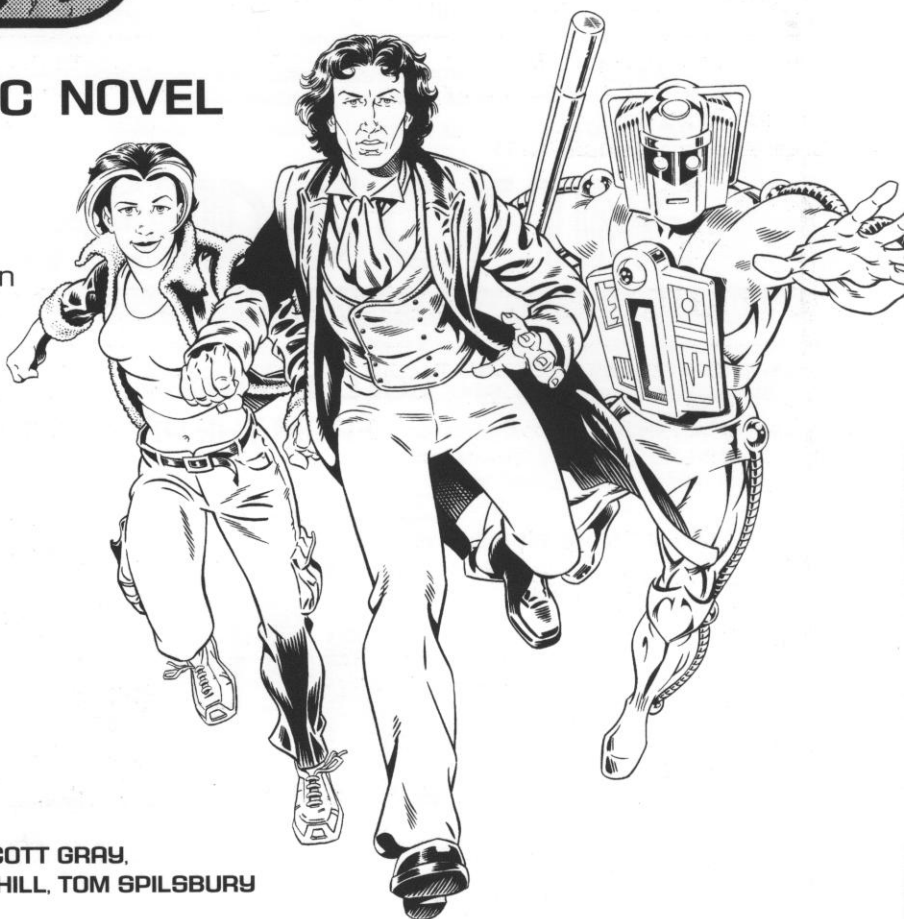
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THE **FALLEN**

7

Story **SCOTT GRAY** Pencils **MARTIN GERAGHTY**
Inks **ROBIN SMITH** Lettering **ELITTA FELL**
Editors **GARY GILLATT** and **ALAN BARNES**
Originally printed in **DWM #273 - 276**

UNNATURAL BORN KILLERS 37

Story & Art **ADRIAN SALMON** Lettering **ELITTA FELL**
Editors **GARY GILLATT**, **ALAN BARNES**
and **SCOTT GRAY**
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Story **SCOTT GRAY** Pencils **MARTIN GERAGHTY**
Inks **ROBIN SMITH** (1-3), **FAREED CHOUDHURY** (4-5),
Lettering **ELITTA FELL** Editors **GARY GILLATT** and
ALAN BARNES Originally printed in **DWM #278 - 282**

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Story **SCOTT GRAY** Pencils **ADRIAN SALMON**
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Lettering **ELITTA FELL** (1), **ROGER LANGRIDGE** (2-3),
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Story **SCOTT GRAY** Pencils **MARTIN GERAGHTY**
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Editors **GARY GILLATT** and **ALAN BARNES**
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Story **SCOTT GRAY**
Art & Lettering **ROGER LANGRIDGE**
Editor **ALAN BARNES**
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Art & Lettering **ROGER LANGRIDGE**
Editors **GARY GILLATT** and **ALAN BARNES**
Originally printed in **DWM #272**

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Art & Lettering **ROGER LANGRIDGE**
Editors **GARY GILLATT** and **SCOTT GRAY**
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Story **STEVE MOORE**
Art **STEVE DILLON**
Originally printed in **Doctor Who Weekly #5 - 7**

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Story **STEVE MOORE**
Art **STEVE DILLON**
Originally printed in **Doctor Who Weekly #23 - 24**

#1

William Hartnell



#5

Peter Davison



#2 =

PATRICK TROUGHTON



#6

COLIN BAKER



#3

JON PERTWEE



Roger Langridge's
original roughs of the
eight Doctors for
Happy Deathday.

#7 SILVESTRE MCCOY



#4

TOM BAKER



#8

PAUL MCGANN





IT'S JUST LIKE
A PARK, Y'KNOW? NOTHING
SPECIAL. BUNCH A TREES...
NICE AND QUIET...

JUST
THE TWO OF
US...

PARKS DON'T HAVE
TOMBSTONES, KENNY. IT'S
DISRESPECTFUL. WE SHOULDN'T
BE HERE...

DOESN'T IT
BOTHER YOU? ALL THOSE
BODIES UNDERNEATH
US?



DOESN'T
BOTHER THEM,
DOES IT?

YO, HOW Y'DOIN?
ANY OF YOU FINE WEST
NORWOOD CORPSES MIND
IF ME AND DIANE TAKE A
WANDER THROUGH
YOUR PATCH?

KENNY,
DON'T...

C'MON,
SHOUT OUT! WE
KEEPING ANYONE UP
TONIGHT?



NO ANSWER,
SEE? THERE'S NO LIFE AFTER
DEATH, GIRL. ONCE YOU KICK, YOU
KICK. THERE'S NO-ONE HERE TO
OFFEND.

WORMFOOD,
THAT'S ALL THEY
ARE NOW...

MY GRAN'S
BURIED
HERE!

WASTA SPACE.
EVERYONE SHOULD GET
CREMATED. SHOULD
BE THE LAW.



YOU
CREEP...

SHARON
WAS RIGHT ABOUT YOU,
KENNY. YOU'VE GOT A
ROCK WHERE YOUR HEART
SHOULD BE...

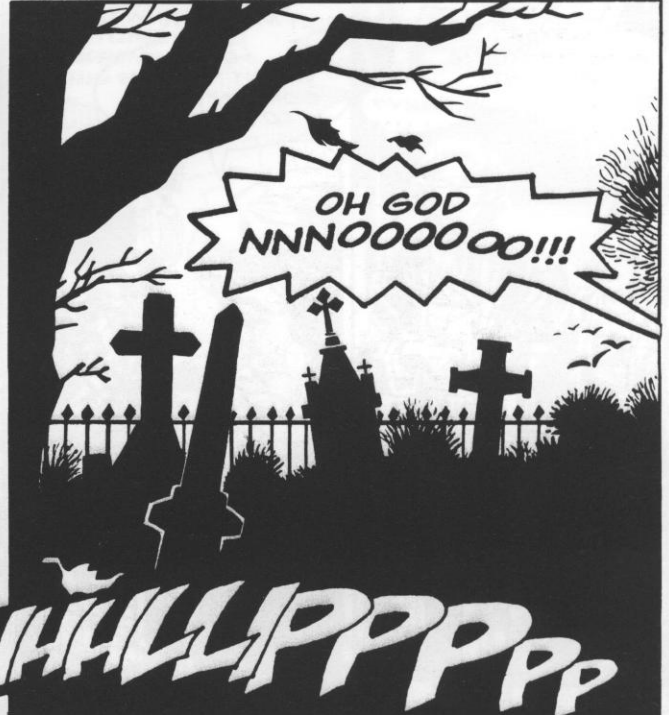
WELL,
GET OUTTA HERE,
THEN, YOU LITTLE COW!
IT'S YOUR SISTER I
FANCY, ANYWAY!



HUH.
WASTA TIME. WASTA
SPACE. I NEED A
GOOD -

KXKLANG!

EH?
WASSAT?



OH GOD
NNNOOOOO!!!

SHHHLLIPPPPP

SIN WEARS MANY FACES... BUT THE FOULEST IS PRIDE.

MAN'S GREATEST ARROGANCE IS HIS BELIEF THAT HE CAN CLAIM GOD'S ROLE FOR HIS OWN...

TO CREATE LIFE, NOT FROM MAN AND WOMAN, BUT FROM THE STERILE WORLD OF SCIENCE.

THE FINAL DAYS ARE APPROACHING... THE WRATH OF GOD WILL BE FELT BY YOU ALL... THE STORM WILL COME AGAIN, THE GREAT FLOOD WILL ONCE MORE RISE...

AND THE SINNERS WILL BE DAMNED.

PART ONE

STORY: SCOTT GRAY
PENCIL ART: MARTIN GERASHTY
INKING: ROBIN SMITH
LETTERING: ELITTA FELL
EDITORS: GARY GILLATT & ALAN BARNES

SO WHAT YEAR IS IT, ANYWAY?

2001. SOMEWHERE IN NOVEMBER, JUDGING BY THE TEMPERATURE...

WE'RE IN 2001? THAT'S BRILLIANT!

WHY?

TCHH! YOU'RE REALLY CLUELESS ABOUT SCIENCE FICTION, AREN'T YOU?

HEY! I WAS THE TECHNICAL ADVISOR ON GEORGE MELIES' "A TRIP TO THE MOON"...

OR WAS IT "FLASH GORDON'S TRIP TO MARS"?

YOU!

WHO, ME?

HAVE YOU REPENTED? HAVE YOU FALLEN TO YOUR KNEES AND BEGGED THE LORD FOR FORGIVENESS?

OH... WELL, THAT'S A DIFFICULT QUESTION...

YOU WILL NOT ESCAPE JUDGEMENT, SINNER! YOUR PRIDE WILL DESTROY YOU IN THE END!

AHEM... COME ALONG, IZZY, MUSTN'T DAWDLE...

WHY? IS LOITERING A SIN TOO, DOCTOR..?



COYOTE TO ROADRUNNER... WE ARE NOW STATIONARY OVER BRIXTON... ALL TELEMETRY SYSTEMS ARE OPERATING... NOTHING TO REPORT...

ROGER THAT, COYOTE. GOOD HUNTING...



...YOU SPOT ANYTHING, JUST GIVE US A BELL.



I CAN'T BELIEVE THIS HELICOPTER... IT'S LIKE RIDING IN A ROLLS ROYCE, IT'S SO QUIET...

STEALTH'S THE NAME OF THE GAME, DOCTOR. THIS BABY'S PACKED WITH THE MOST ADVANCED SURVEILLANCE ARRAY MONEY CAN BUY...
DIGITAL ENHANCEMENT CAMERAS... PERSONALISED BODY HEAT TRACERS... SONIC RELAY FILTERS...
WELCOME TO BIG BROTHER COUNTRY.



'COURSE, IT'D HELP IF WE KNEW WHAT WE WERE LOOKING FOR...

SOMETHING WEIRD, DUNCAN. SOMETHING WE CAN'T EXPLAIN. I DON'T KNOW WHAT...



...BUT I'VE GOT A BAD FEELING WE'LL KNOW IT WHEN WE SEE IT.



...SO WHAT ACTUALLY HAPPENS IN THIS FILM?

WELL... THERE'S THIS BIG STONE BLOCK, SEE, AND SOME GORILLAS, AND A NUTTY COMPUTER...

LOADS OF OLD MUSIC TOO, YOU'LL LOVE IT!



I'LL BET IT'S ON ALL OVER TOWN...

OH, PANTS. LEFT MY GLASSES BACK IN THE TARDIS...



I'LL BE BACK IN A FEW SECS... YOU JUST SIT THERE AND COUNT UP ALL YOUR SINS...

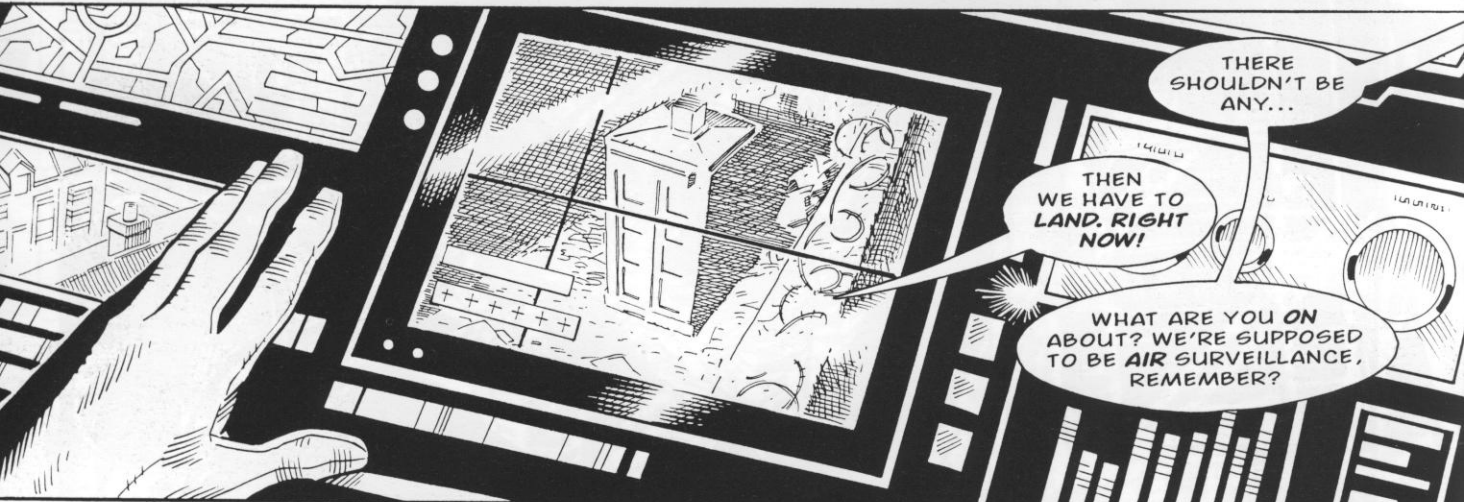
GOOD IDEA. OR PERHAPS I'LL LIST ALL YOUR VIRTUES. IT'LL BE QUICKER...



SEEN ONE ALLEY, SEEN 'EM ALL. MOVE US A COUPLE OF STREETS EAST...

OH MY GOD...

DUNCAN, HOW MANY POLICE BOXES ARE IN BRIXTON?



THERE SHOULDN'T BE ANY...

THEN WE HAVE TO LAND. RIGHT NOW!

WHAT ARE YOU ON ABOUT? WE'RE SUPPOSED TO BE AIR SURVEILLANCE, REMEMBER?



I... LOOK, IT'D TAKE TOO LONG TO EXPLAIN! PLEASE TRUST ME, IT'S VITAL!

WE'VE GOT A MISSION PLAN, DOCTOR, AND WE'RE STICKING TO-

COYOTE...



...THIS IS PORKY PIG. I'VE BEEN MONITORING YOUR DISCUSSION.

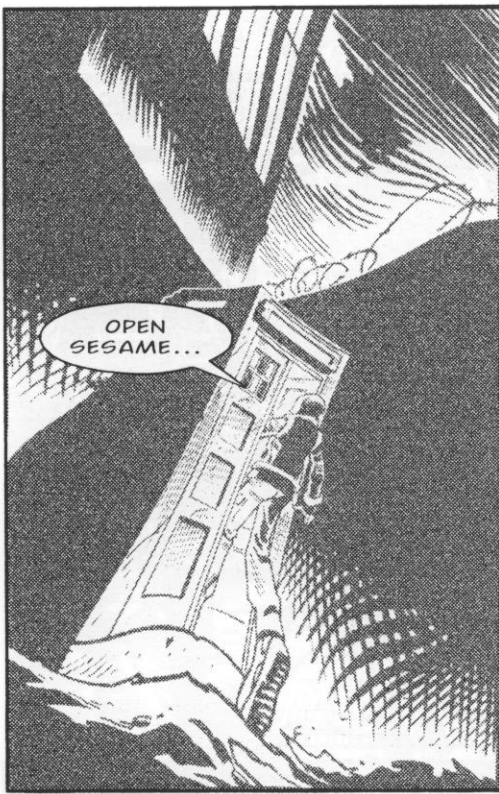
DO AS THE GOOD DOCTOR ASKS, WILL YOU? FIND A SECURE DROP-IN POINT, BUT TELL ROAD-RUNNER TO MOVE IN IMMEDIATELY...

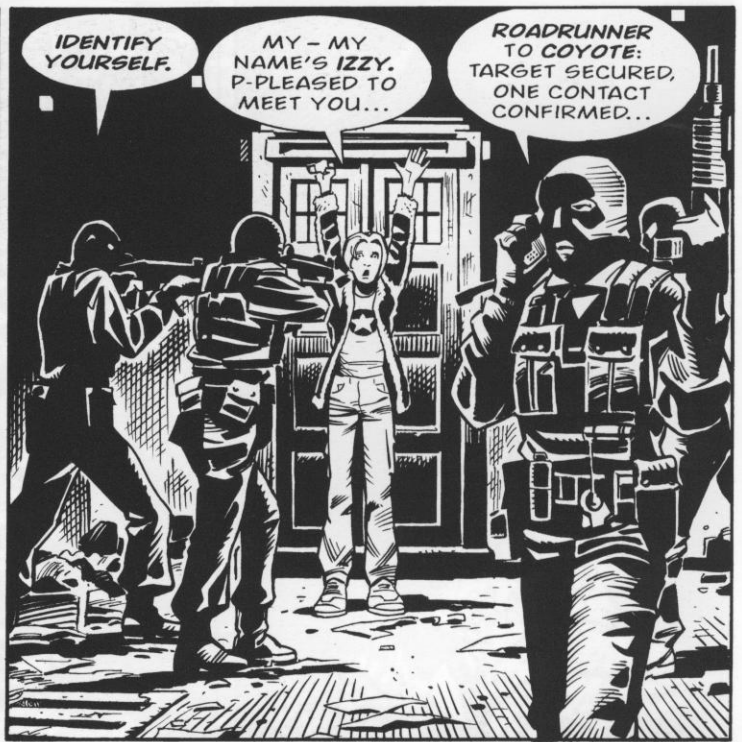
I SUSPECT SPEED MAY BE OF THE ESSENCE.



OH, PLEASE DON'T LET ME HAVE LEFT MY KEY IN THERE, TOO... I CAN'T GO BACK AND FACE THAT SMIRK...

AH-HA!





**BRAKKA
BRAKKA
BRAKKA**



GRACE 2001

...HE'S A FRIEND.



GRACE..?

TO BE CONTINUED...

THIS IS A LOCKHEED F-40 STEALTH HELICOPTER, ISN'T IT? FINE PIECE OF ENGINEERING.

OH, I SAW ONE HANGING IN THE IMPERIAL WAR MUSEUM ONCE...

YOU UNIT BOYS ARE PLAYING THINGS CLOSE TO THE CHEST THESE DAYS. THERE WAS A TIME WHEN I'D HAVE BEEN WELCOMED WITH A BRASS BAND...

THEY'RE NOT UNIT, DOCTOR. THEY'RE FROM M16.

REALLY, GRACE? THAT'S... INTRIGUING.

I...I'VE BEEN WORKING WITH -

I SEE YOUR FRIEND DUNCAN DOESN'T KNOW YOU VERY WELL. COME ON, FILL ME IN: WHAT'S HAPPENING HERE? WHAT ARE YOU DOING IN ENGLAND, ANYWAY?

HOW DID YOU KNOW THAT? THIS MODEL'S STILL CLASSIFIED!

THAT'S ENOUGH, DOCTOR HOLLOWAY. JUST STAY QUIET FOR THE REST OF THE JOURNEY.

GRACE?

GRACE?

FINE. I'LL JUST SIT TIGHT AND READ THE IN-FLIGHT MAGAZINE, THEN...

BUT IF IT DOESN'T HAVE A CROSSWORD, THERE'LL BE TROUBLE.

THE FALLEN

PART TWO

STORY: SCOTT GRAY
PENCIL ART: MARTIN GERAGHTY
INKING: ROBIN SMITH
LETTERING: ELITTA FELL
EDITORS: GARY GILLATT & ALAN BARNES



I CAN'T SEE! OH GOD, I'M BLIND...

IF THAT'S TRUE, THEN IT'S CATCHING. WAIT... YOU WERE CARRYING A TORCH...



THERE. CRIKEY. WE'RE UNDERGROUND. IN A RIVER?

I KNEW I SHOULD HAVE TAKEN THOSE PADDLING LESSONS ON MOANA MINOR...



HELLO. I'M IZZY.

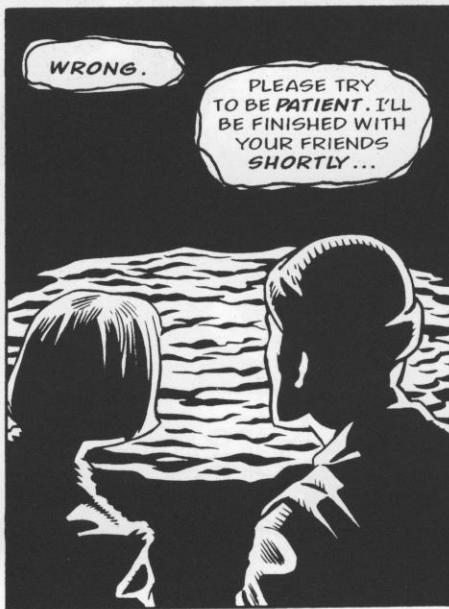
MY... MY NAME'S PATRICK. W-WHERE ARE THE OTHERS?

NO IDEA. THE LAST THING I CAN REMEMBER IS... SOMETHING RISING UP OUT OF THE GROUND IN THAT ALLEY. EVERYTHING'S A BLANK AFTER THAT.



N-NO! THERE'S SOMETHING OUT THERE! IN THE WATER! I SAW IT MOVE!!!

PATRICK, YOU'VE GOT TO STAY CALM! THERE'S NOTHING THERE...



WRONG.

PLEASE TRY TO BE PATIENT. I'LL BE FINISHED WITH YOUR FRIENDS SHORTLY...

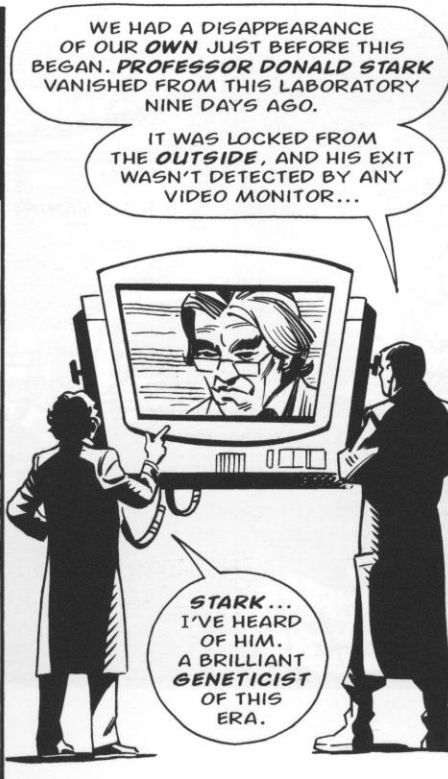


... AND THEN IT'LL BE YOUR TURN.



GOOD EVENING, DOCTOR, DO COME IN! MY WORD, BUT FOR A FELLOW WITH A FILE AS LARGE AS HMS BELFAST, YOU SEEM REMARKABLY YOUNG!

I IMAGINE IT'S ALL IN THE GENES...



WHY DON'T YOU TWO HAVE A CHAT IN **PRIVATE**, HMM? I'M SURE DOCTOR HOLLOWAY CAN FILL IN THE REST OF THE GORY DETAILS ON HER OWN. COME ALONG, DUNCAN...

BUT...

COME ALONG.

WELL?

I'M NOT SURE WHERE TO START.

NO, THAT'S NOT TRUE. WE **BOTH** KNOW WHERE THIS STARTED. THAT NIGHT IN **SAN FRANCISCO**...

"WHEN I GOT HOME I DISCOVERED THAT THE **SUBSTANCE** THE MASTER HAD SPAT ONTO ME HADN'T COMPLETELY **DISSOLVED**."

"I COLLECTED THE REMAINING TISSUE AND PRESERVED IT. IT CONTAINED A COMPLEX **DNA SEQUENCING PATTERN**, APPARENTLY **UNSTABLE**..."

"I DIDN'T HAVE THE BACKGROUND TO **RESEARCH** IT PROPERLY, BUT NO-ONE WOULD HELP ME. FEW GENETICISTS EVEN ACKNOWLEDGED THAT THE SAMPLE WAS **LIVING TISSUE**."

"FINALLY I WAS APPROACHED BY A **GENETICS CENTRE** IN **LONDON**. I LEAPED AT THE CHANCE, EVEN THOUGH STARK MADE IT CLEAR HE'D BE RUNNING THE PROJECT."

IT WAS A FEW MONTHS BEFORE I LEARNED WHO MY **REAL EMPLOYERS** WERE, BUT IN THE END... I JUST DIDN'T CARE. I HAD TO SEE THIS THROUGH...

BUT... WHAT WERE YOU TRYING TO DO?

OUR ULTIMATE GOAL WAS TO FIND A WAY TO **SPLICE TIME LORD DNA** WITH A **HUMAN'S GENETIC TEMPLATE**...

WITH THE RESULT THAT **HUMAN BEINGS** WOULD BECOME CAPABLE OF **REGENERATION**.

I DON'T BELIEVE THIS. OF ALL THE **INSANE**...

YOU MUST STILL HAVE SOME OF THE ORIGINAL SAMPLE. SHOW IT TO ME.

JUST AS I FEARED.

CONGRATULATIONS, GRACE. YOU MAY HAVE MADE THE BIGGEST **BLUNDER** IN YOUR WORLD'S **SCIENTIFIC HISTORY**...

THIS ISN'T **TIME LORD TISSUE**.



WHAT?
BUT IT'S
FROM THE
MASTER...

GRACE,
THE MASTER WAS
NOTHING MORE THAN A
CONSCIOUSNESS BY THEN
- AN ESSENCE OF EVIL. HE
HAD NO BODY! WHAT YOU'VE
SAMPLED IS SOMETHING
ELSE ENTIRELY...



HOW COULD YOU
DO THIS?!

YOU'VE BECOME JUST
THE TYPE OF SCIENTIST
I ABHOR: OBSESSED,
BLINKERED AND TOTALLY
UNWILLING TO PREDICT THE
CONSEQUENCES OF
YOUR ACTIONS!

YOU'VE
MEDDLED WITH A
SCIENCE YOU COULDN'T
HOPE TO UNDERSTAND,
AND THE RESULTS HAVE
BEEN CATASTROPHIC!



YOU'VE GUESSED
WHAT'S HAPPENED HERE,
HAVEN'T YOU? NO WONDER
YOU'RE LETTING WOODROW
PUSH YOU AROUND! YOUR
GUILT MUST BE OFF THE
SCALE -

SHUT
UP!

YOU ARROGANT,
SELF-RIGHTEOUS...
YOU HAVE NO RIGHT TO
JUDGE ME! I DIDN'T
START THIS,
DOCTOR...

YOU DID!



YOU PROBABLY
HAVEN'T GIVEN THAT NIGHT
A MOMENT'S THOUGHT.
BUT I WENT OVER EVERY
SINGLE WORD YOU SAID
TO ME, AGAIN AND
AGAIN.

YOU KEPT GIVING ME
THESE SMUG HINTS THAT
YOU ALREADY KNEW ME -
THAT I WAS SOMEONE
IMPORTANT, SOME
HISTORICAL FIGURE!

"DON'T WORRY, GRACE,
YOU'LL DO GREAT
THINGS." REMEMBER?

YOU KNEW ABOUT ME,
YOU EVEN KNEW ABOUT
MY DREAM...



TO
HOLD BACK
DEATH.

YEAH.
"TO HOLD BACK
DEATH". YOU MADE
A BIG THING ABOUT
THAT...



"WHY DID HE
TELL ME HE WAS
HALF-HUMAN?"



THE GENE-
SPlicing WAS MY IDEA.
YOU WERE LIVING PROOF
IT COULD WORK. I THOUGHT
THAT THIS WAS IT - MY BIG
ACHIEVEMENT, THE THING
I WAS SUPPOSED
TO DO...

...THE
THING YOU WERE
EXPECTING ME
TO DO.



SO I GOT IT
WRONG, AND YOU'RE
CALLING ME A MEDDLER.
WELL, DOCTOR, YOU'RE
RIGHT, I AM.

BUT IF I'M
A MEDDLER, THEN
WHAT THE HELL DOES
THAT MAKE
YOU?



OH GOD,
I CAN HEAR IT
BREATHING! IT'S
COMING... I KNOW
IT IS...

PATRICK,
YOU'VE GOT
TO KEEP IT
TOGETHER! WE
CAN-



NNNOOOOOO!!!

PATRICK!

SSSHLLIPPP



WHY BRING
US **OUTSIDE**,
DOCTOR?

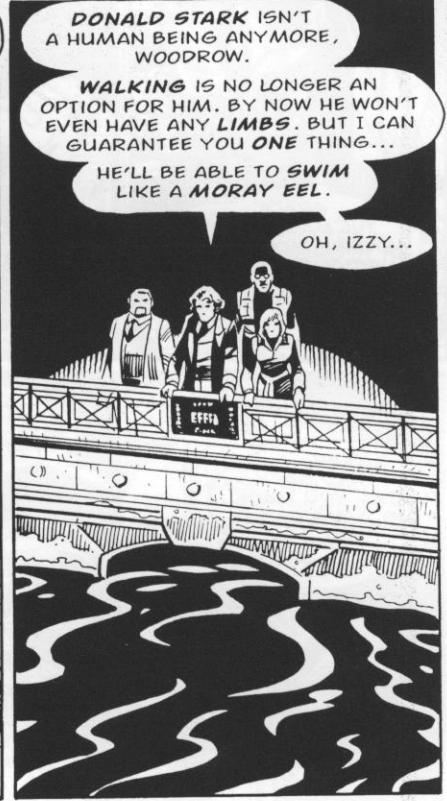
THERE'S
SOMETHING I
WANTED TO
CHECK.

THOSE POINTS ON THE
MAP: THERE'S A **CONNECTION**
BETWEEN THEM. WHAT'S
NEEDED IS AN **HISTORICAL**
PERSPECTIVE...



IT WOULD HAVE BEEN **OBVIOUS**
IN THE **NINETEENTH CENTURY**.
A **RIVER** RAN THROUGH SOUTH
LONDON THEN.

NOW IT
FLOWS **BENEATH**
IT.



DONALD STARK ISN'T
A **HUMAN BEING** ANYMORE,
WOODROW.

WALKING IS NO LONGER AN
OPTION FOR HIM. BY NOW HE WON'T
EVEN HAVE ANY **LIMBS**. BUT I CAN
GUARANTEE YOU **ONE** THING...

HE'LL BE ABLE TO **SWIM**
LIKE A **MORAY EEL**.

OH, **IZZY**...



"...I'M SO
VERY SORRY."

YOU LOOK
HORRIFIED, LITTLE
GIRL, BUT YOU
SHOULDN'T...

IT'S JUST THAT I'M
SO **HUNGRY**... I **EAT** AND
I **EAT** AND I **EAT** BUT IT'S
NEVER ENOUGH...



...YOU SEE,
I'M A GROWING
BOY.

THEY ALL
DROWN WITHIN ME
-THEIR TINY MINDS
CAN'T KEEP THEM
AFLOAT...

ONLY MY INTELLECT
CAN SURVIVE. I'M
SOMETHING UNFORESEEN
- A NIMBLE *SIDE-STEP* IN
HUMAN EVOLUTION...

BUT YOU
DON'T UNDERSTAND A
WORD I'M SAYING,
DO YOU?



I'M SURE YOUR
LIFE HAS BEEN AS
WORTHLESS AS ALL
THE OTHERS...

SO YOU FEED
ME TOO, CHILD -
IT'LL BE THE MOST
IMPORTANT THING
YOU EVER DO...

N-NO!!!



...AND
THE LAST.

TO BE CONTINUED...

I'M DROWNING...

OH GOD, THE CLICHÉS
ARE ALL TRUE... MY
WHOLE LIFE'S REWINDING
IN FRONT OF ME...

SANDRA... LES... I'M SORRY
...SHOULD'VE CALLED YOU
MUM AND DAD...

CARRIE... YOU
WERE MY BEST
FRIEND, AND I
NEVER ONCE
TOLD YOU HOW
I REALLY FELT...

MAX... YOU OPENED
MY EYES... TAUGHT ME
HOW TO READ BETWEEN
THE LINES...

THE FALLEN

PART THREE

STORY: SCOTT GRAY PENCIL ART: MARTIN GERAGHTY
INKING: ROBIN SMITH LETTERING: PERI GODBOLD
EDITORS: GARY GILLATT & ALAN BARNES

AND DOCTOR...

YOU SHOWED ME THAT
LIFE WAS BETTER
THAN ANY MOVIE.

GOODBYE.

DOCTOR?

WHO IS THIS
"DOCTOR", GIRL?
I'VE TOUCHED YOUR
MIND... HE IS...

SSPLUTCH!

HE IS NOT
HUMAN!

HOLLOWAY SPOKE OF HIM!
AND YOU TRAVEL WITH HIM?

M-MAYBE.
WHY... WHY ARE YOU
SO INTERESTED?

I APOLOGISE...
"IZZY"? YOU AREN'T
WORTHLESS AT ALL.

NO INDEED, I
THINK YOU'RE GOING
TO BE INVALUABLE...



...SO YOU'RE SAYING DONALD STARK'S BECOME SOME KIND OF MONSTER?

STARK HAS INJECTED HIMSELF WITH A DNA COMPOUND DERIVED FROM A LIFEFORM NATIVE TO THE PLANET SKARO...

IT'S CALLED A "MORPHANT".

HE'S REWRITTEN HIS OWN GENETIC CODE AND DUPLICATED ALL OF THE CREATURE'S ABILITIES.



HOW DID HE LEAVE THIS LAB?

A MORPHANT CAN EXERCISE TOTAL MOLECULAR CONTROL. IT CAN SQUEEZE THROUGH A KEYHOLE IF IT HAS TO...

STARK PROBABLY JUST SLID THROUGH THE PLUMBING SYSTEM INTO THE RIVER EFFRA.



MY, MY, AND I THOUGHT WE HAD TROUBLE WITH SECURITY AT MAZE PRISON...

WHY STAY IN THE EFFRA? WHY NOT ESCAPE INTO THE THAMES?

IT'S MORE CONVENIENT. AN UNDERGROUND RIVER OFFERS STARK MORE PLACES TO HIDE AND ATTACK HIS PREY. HE'S CLAIMED TWELVE LIVES SO FAR...

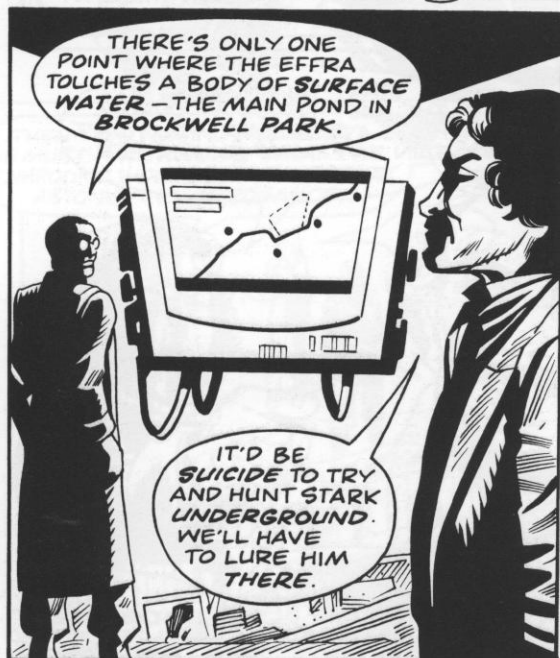
INCLUDING A GOOD FRIEND OF MINE.



I'M SORRY, DOCTOR. YOU AND IZZY... YOU WERE... CLOSE?

SHE TRUSTED ME, GRACE...

AND RIGHT NOW, I CAN'T THINK WHY.



THERE'S ONLY ONE POINT WHERE THE EFFRA TOUCHES A BODY OF SURFACE WATER - THE MAIN POND IN BROCKWELL PARK.

IT'D BE SUICIDE TO TRY AND HUNT STARK UNDERGROUND. WE'LL HAVE TO LURE HIM THERE.



WITH WHAT?

HE'LL BE TRYING TO INCREASE HIS MASS. THERE'S ONLY ONE THING HE NEEDS NOW... PROTEIN.

BROCKWELL PARK
IT IS, THEN...

IF EVERYONE CAN
PLEASE REMAIN CALM...LEAVE
ALL YOUR BELONGINGS AND
MOVE TO THE END OF
THE STREET...

WHAT'S
GOING ON? DO
YOU KNOW WHAT
TIME IT IS?



WE'VE RECEIVED A BOMB
ANNOUNCEMENT, SIR. STANDARD
PROCEDURE, WE HAVE TO EVAC-
UATE THIS ENTIRE AREA...

WHEN BROTHER
SLAYS BROTHER...
WHEN NATIONS KNOW
NO PEACE WITHIN
THEIR BORDERS...



...WHEN
MAN TURNS ON
HIS OWN KIND LIKE
UNTO A JACKAL,
THEN SHALL THE
LAST DAYS BE
UPON US!



HALLELUJAH...

YOU WILL ALL SEE! THE
DAY OF JUDGEMENT
IS NIGH!

YEAH,
YEAH...YOU'RE
PROBABLY
RIGHT, CHUM...



NOW
MOVE IT!

WHY DID M16 FUND
THIS DISASTER IN THE FIRST
PLACE, WOODROW?



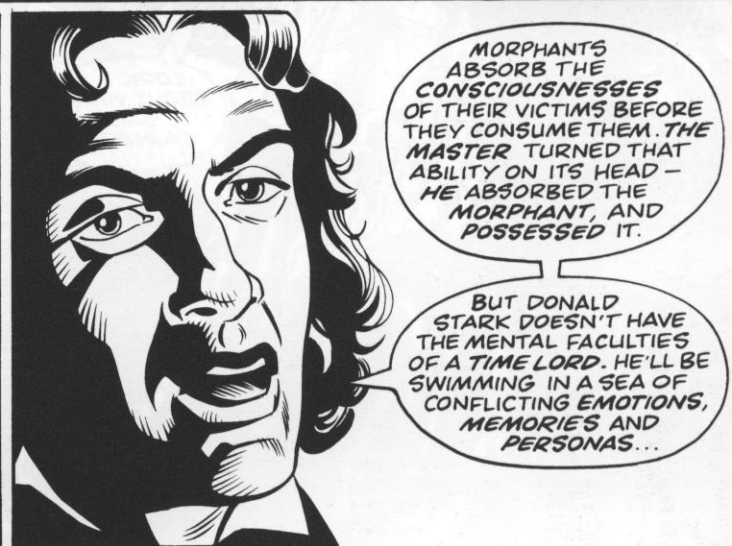
DO YOU HAVE TO ASK,
DOCTOR? IMAGINE A TEAM OF
OPERATIVES WHO COULD COMPLETELY
REGENERATE THEIR APPEARANCES
AT WILL. THE POSSIBILITIES
ARE ENDLESS...

START TALKING IN
THE PAST TENSE, WOODROW.
THIS IS A DEAD-END—YOU WON'T
GAIN ANYTHING BY FURTHER
EXPERIMENTATION...



OH, OF COURSE
I AGREE, DOCTOR.
THAT WOULD BE
UNFORGIVABLY
FOOLISH...

AH, I BELIEVE
THAT SHIPMENT
YOU REQUESTED
HAS ARRIVED...





"...HE'LL BE QUITE INSANE."

LISTEN, YOU CAN KEEP ME HERE 'TIL DOOMSDAY, BUT THERE'S NO WAY I'M HELPING YOU GRAB THE DOCTOR...

WELL, GET OUTTA HERE, THEN, YOU LITTLE COW! IT'S YOUR SISTER I FANCY, ANYWAY!



I...I DON'T HAVE A SISTER...

OH, GOD... I CAN HEAR IT BREATHING...

BE... BE RIGHT BACK, KEV, I JUST NEED SOME CIGGIES...

ROADRUNNER TO COYOTE, TARGET SECURED...



NO!

STARK... I AM STARK...

Y-YOU'RE ALL JUST ECHOES NOW...



IT'S BEEN THREE HOURS, DOCTOR... DAWN'S BREAKING...

I DON'T THINK HE'S COMING.

HE'LL COME. HE'LL BE ABLE TO SMELL THE CARCASSES FROM TEN MILES AWAY. THEY JUST NEED TO THAW OUT...

LOOK... ABOUT WHAT I SAID EARLIER...



THIS ISN'T THE TIME FOR RECRIMINATIONS, GRACE. WE CAN HURL SOME MORE ABUSE AT EACH OTHER WHEN THIS IS OVER.

DEAL?



GREAT CAN'T WAIT...

HOW ABOUT YOU, DUNCAN? HOW MUCH OF THIS HAVE YOU DECIDED TO BELIEVE?

Y'KNOW, USUALLY WHEN I GO HOME AND LIE TO MY WIFE ABOUT WHAT I DID DURING THE DAY, I MAKE UP SOMETHING MUNDANE...





NOW THEN, I BELIEVE I HAVE SOMETHING YOU WANT...

IZZY!

SSPLUTCH!

A SIMPLE EXCHANGE—YOU FOR THE CHILD. IF YOU AGREE, STEP FORWARD...



I'M HERE, STARK—JUST LET HER GO!

DOCTOR, NO! DON'T TRUST HIM!



"OUT OF THE MOUTHS OF BABES"... PERHAPS I'LL JUST TAKE YOU BOTH, EH?

SSHHHLIP!



WHAT ARE YOU GOONS WAITING FOR, YOUR PENSIONS?

FIRE!



THE GAS ISN'T WORKING! HE-HE'S BARELY FEELING IT! WOODROW, WE HAVE TO DO SOMETHING!

I AM OPEN TO SUGGESTIONS, DOCTOR HOLLOWAY...



ONCE I'VE STRIPPED YOU OF YOUR FLESH... AND CONSUMED YOUR INTELLECT... I'LL BE ABLE TO CONTROL YOUR SPACE-TIME VEHICLE AND TAKE MY LEAVE OF THIS WORLD.

THERE'S AN ENTIRE UNIVERSE WAITING FOR ME, DOCTOR...

AND I PLAN TO DIGEST A GREAT DEAL OF IT...

TO BE CONCLUDED...

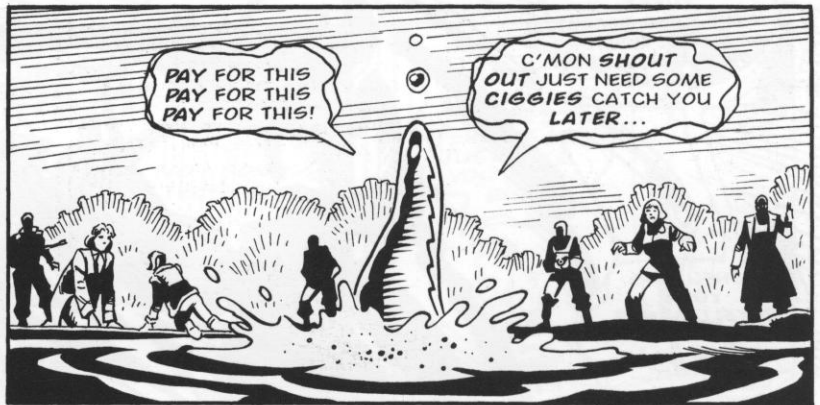


STORY: SCOTT GRAY
PENCIL ART: MARTIN GERAGHTY
INKS: ROBIN SMITH
LETTERING: ELITTA FELL
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THE FALLEN

PART FOUR



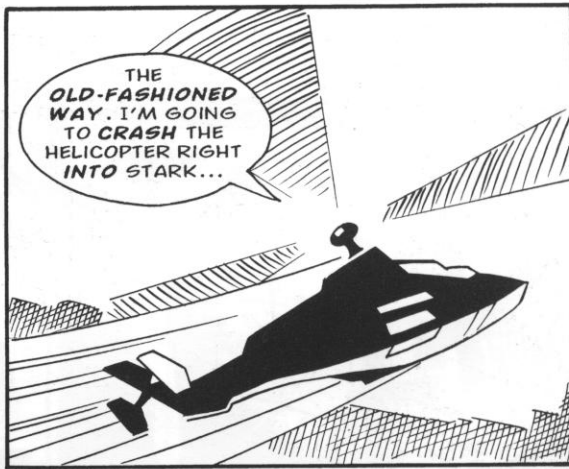




LISTEN UP, WOODROW - GRACE HAD THE RIGHT IDEA - CARBON DIOXIDE CAN DESTROY STARK, BUT IT HAS TO BE A HIGHLY CONCENTRATED DOSE...

WITH ANY LUCK, THERE'S ENOUGH ON BOARD TO DO THE JOB.

AND HOW DO YOU INTEND TO DETONATE IT, DOCTOR?



THE OLD-FASHIONED WAY. I'M GOING TO CRASH THE HELICOPTER RIGHT INTO STARK...

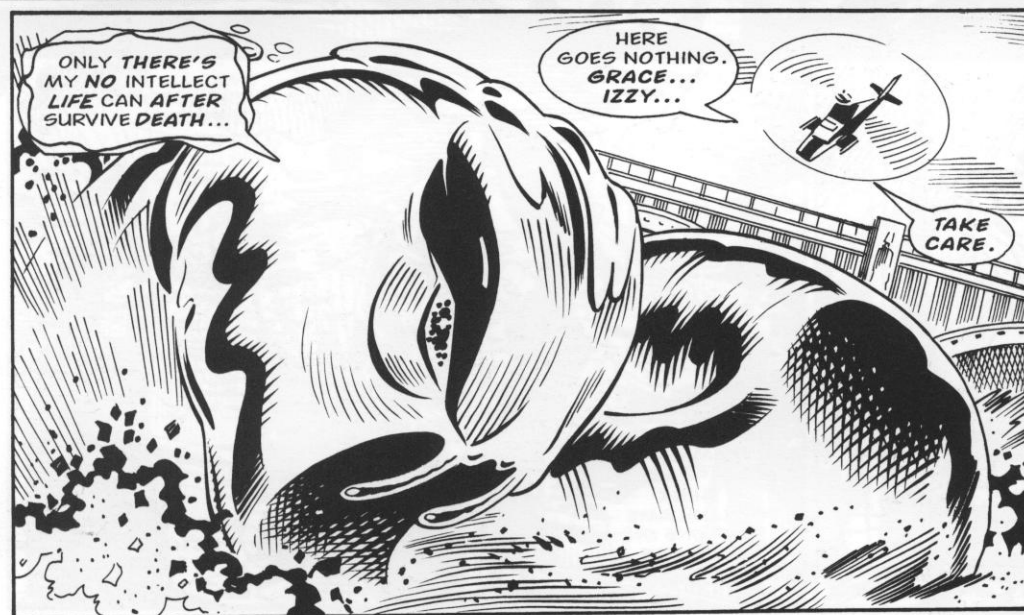


NO! JUST LISTEN TO ME, YOU IDIOT, DON'T YOU DARE THROW YOUR LIFE AWAY LIKE THIS! WE CAN -

GRACE, IF STARK GETS AWAY WE MAY NEVER FIND HIM. IF I STARTED THIS, I HAVE TO END IT...



SHUT UP I CAN'T SEE SINK YOUR TEETH LOOK AT THE SKY ALL OF YOU SHUT UP!!!



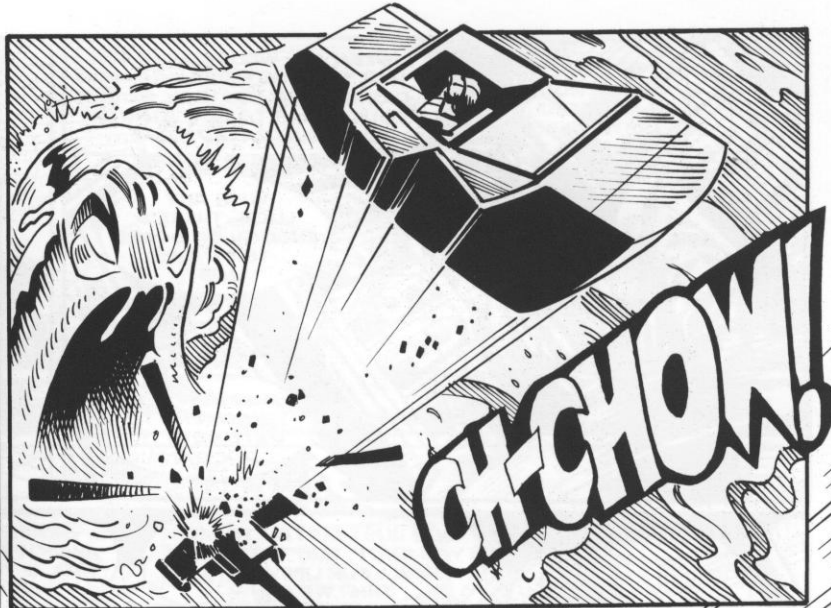
ONLY THERE'S MY NO INTELLECT LIFE CAN AFTER SURVIVE DEATH...

HERE GOES NOTHING. GRACE... IZZY...

TAKE CARE.



DOCTOR, WHILE I'M QUITE MOVED BY THIS DISPLAY OF NOBLE SELF-SACRIFICE, MAY I SUGGEST YOU LOOK TO YOUR UPPER LEFT...?







...THANKS FOR THE RIDE BACK, GRACE, IT WAS NICE MEETING YOU.

AND YOU, IZZY, GOODBYE.

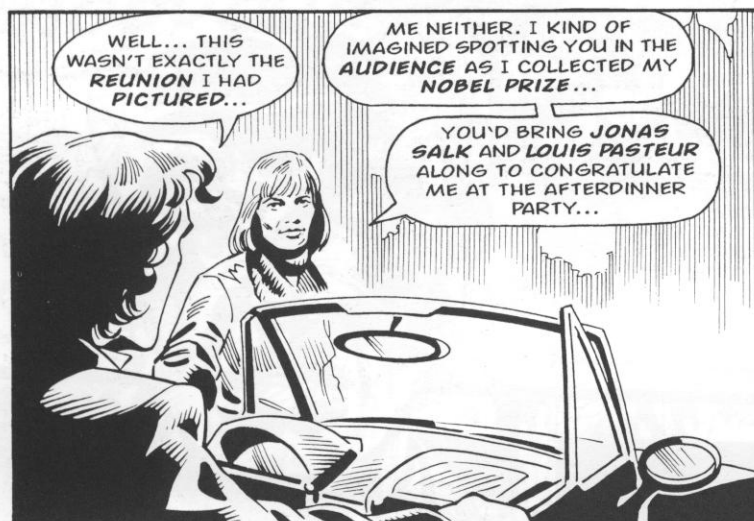
UMM... I GUESS I'LL SEE YOU BACK AT THE TARDIS, DOCTOR...



DON'T WORRY... AS SOON AS I GET BACK, I'LL TORCH WHAT'S LEFT OF THE MORPHANT SAMPLE. IF WOODROW'S EVER TEMPTED TO REPEAT THIS DISASTER, HE'LL BE IN FOR A BIG DISAPPOINTMENT.

THAT COULD BUY YOU A LOT OF TROUBLE, GRACE.

HEY, I'M GETTING USED TO IT!



WELL... THIS WASN'T EXACTLY THE REUNION I HAD PICTURED...

ME NEITHER. I KIND OF IMAGINED SPOTTING YOU IN THE AUDIENCE AS I COLLECTED MY NOBEL PRIZE...

YOU'D BRING JONAS SALK AND LOUIS PASTEUR ALONG TO CONGRATULATE ME AT THE AFTERDINNER PARTY...



THEN YOU'D WHISK ME OFF TO MARS FOR A LOONING VACATION...

SOUNDS GOOD TO ME. MAYBE IT'LL STILL HAPPEN.

YEAH. MAYBE.



I'M SORRY, GRACE. YOU WERE RIGHT, I AM A MEDDLER. I NEED TO BE REMINDED OF THAT FACT FROM TIME TO TIME.

EVERY LIFE FOLLOWS A PATH. I DIVERTED YOU FROM YOURS.

IF I'D KEPT MY MOUTH SHUT THAT NIGHT, NONE OF THIS WOULD HAVE HAPPENED...

I'M GLAD YOU DIDN'T. YOU HAVE A NICE MOUTH.





GRACE, IF YOU NEED ME... CALL. I'LL HEAR YOU.

HOW? IT'S NOT LIKE I CAN FIND YOU IN **DIRECTORY ENQUIRIES!**

WELL, YOU KNOW HOW TO **WHISTLE**, DON'T YOU...?



HUH...?



YOU KNOW, THE **USUAL** DEAL WHEN YOU WANT SOME TIME ALONE WITH YOUR GIRLFRIEND IS TO GIVE THE KID SOME **MONEY** FOR THE **PICTURES...**

ALTHOUGH TRYING TO GET TO THE MOVIES IS HOW WE GOT INTO THIS MESS IN THE **FIRST PLACE...**

WELL? SAY **SOMETHING!** DID SHE JUST BREAK BOTH YOUR **HEARTS?**



NO... THAT ISN'T IT, IZZY. I'M JUST GETTING THIS VERY UNCOMFORTABLE **FEELING...**

...THAT I'VE **OVERLOOKED** SOMETHING.



WHERE IS HE?

CLOSE BY, SIR. **FORENSICS** SAY THEY DON'T WANT HIM **MOVED...**

WE ONLY REALISED HE WAS **MISSING** WHEN HE FAILED TO SHOW FOR THE **DEBRIEFING...**



WE FOUND HIM HERE. OR WHAT'S LEFT OF HIM...

I... I'VE NEVER SEEN ANYTHING LIKE IT.



I HAVE. IN **FILES** AND **PHOTOGRAPHS**, AT LEAST.

GOOD HEAVENS.

NOW WHAT, SIR?

WE START **SEARCHING**, CARSON. ALTHOUGH I DOUBT IT'LL DO US ANY **GOOD...**



... THE MAN
WHO DID THIS IS A
LONG WAY FROM HERE
BY NOW.

GOOD
LUCK TO YOU,
DOCTOR...

I HAVE A
FEELING YOU'RE
GOING TO NEED
IT.

THE SOUND OF LASER FIRE SNAPS ME **AWAKE**, BUT I RISE **SLOWLY**. MY SOLAR REGENERATION CYCLE ONLY **HALF-COMPLETE**.

THIS IS NOT A GOOD START TO THE DAY. A **SONTARAN WILD PACK** ARE GRINDING THE VILLAGERS BENEATH THEIR **JACKBOOTS**.

THE MONSTERS ARE OUT TO TEST THEIR **MANHOOD**...

UNNATURAL BORN KILLERS



STORY & ART: **ADRIAN SALMON**
LETTERING: **ELITTA FELL**
EDITORS: **GARY G, ALAN B & SCOTT G**

THEIR **FIELD MAJOR** WANTS THE LOCAL **CHAMPION**.

MY FRIEND **KAHLOR** OFFERS THE HAND OF **PEACE** INSTEAD.

YEAH, RIGHT.

THE EFFORT'S **WASTED** ON THESE **BUTCHERS**.



THE MAJOR GOES **BALLISTIC**.

GENOCIDE.

BUT I'M **FULLY REVIVED** NOW, MISTER. SO IF IT'S A **FIGHT** YOU WANT...



HE WANTS A **WAR**, BUT IF HE CAN'T GET ONE, HE'LL SETTLE FOR THE **CONSOLATION PRIZE**...





... I'LL BE HAPPY
TO OBLIGE.



THEY LOOK
SURPRISED.
GOOD.



THEIR GENETIC PROGRAMMING'S
KICKING IN. THEY'RE BECOMING
ONE UNIT, CENTERING ON ME.



YOU THINK I'LL BE JUST
LIKE THE REST OF MY KIND,
DON'T YOU? LUMBERING...
UNFEELING...

GUESS AGAIN. I'M ONE OF
A KIND. I'VE GOT A SOUL.
AND I'VE SEEN THIS KIND OF
SLAUGHTER BEFORE.

HELL, I'VE BEEN
RESPONSIBLE FOR IT.

NEVER
AGAIN.



AS THE SAYING
GOES...



... RESISTANCE
IS USELESS.

AS LONG AS THEY STAY
FOCUSED ON ME, THE
VILLAGERS ARE SAFE...



...SO I MAKE SURE I HAVE THEIR **UNDIVIDED ATTENTION**.

FOR A COUPLE OF SECONDS, IT'S ALMOST FUN.



THAT'S THE **LAST OF 'EM**, APART FROM THEIR **LEADER**. WHERE'D HE GO?



OH, THE MAJOR'S GRABBED A **HOSTAGE**. WHAT A WAR HERO.

BUT THE KID KNOWS THE **MOVES**. WE'VE **PRACTICED** THEM ENOUGH.



THE MAJOR'S LOST ANY CONTROL HE MIGHT HAVE HAD.

HE JUST WANTS MY SHINY HEAD ON A **PLATE**.



BIG MAN...



BIG WORDS...



SMALL VENT.



BUT THERE'S PLENTY MORE WHERE HE CAME FROM...

LOGICALLY, THEIR SHIP
SHOULD BE CLOSE BY...



TO HELL
WITH LOGIC.

I'VE GOT A HUNCH
THEY'RE HOLED UP
ON HIGH GROUND.



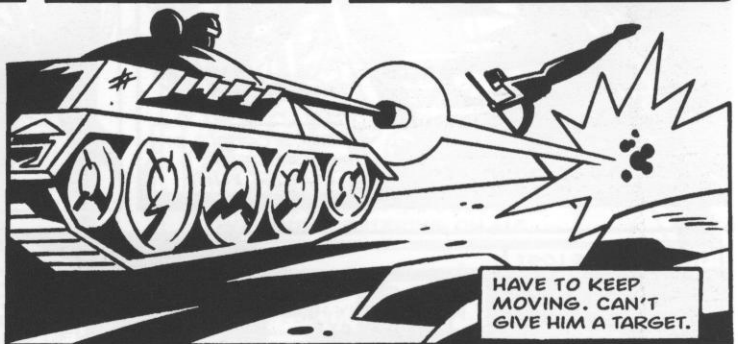
I MAKE THE TOP OF
THE CLIFF IN UNDER
THREE MINUTES.

MAYBE I SHOULD
HAVE TAKEN THE
SCENIC ROUTE.



CHRISTMAS!

THAT
THING'S
BIG!



HAVE TO KEEP
MOVING. CAN'T
GIVE HIM A TARGET.

FIND SOME
LEVERAGE...

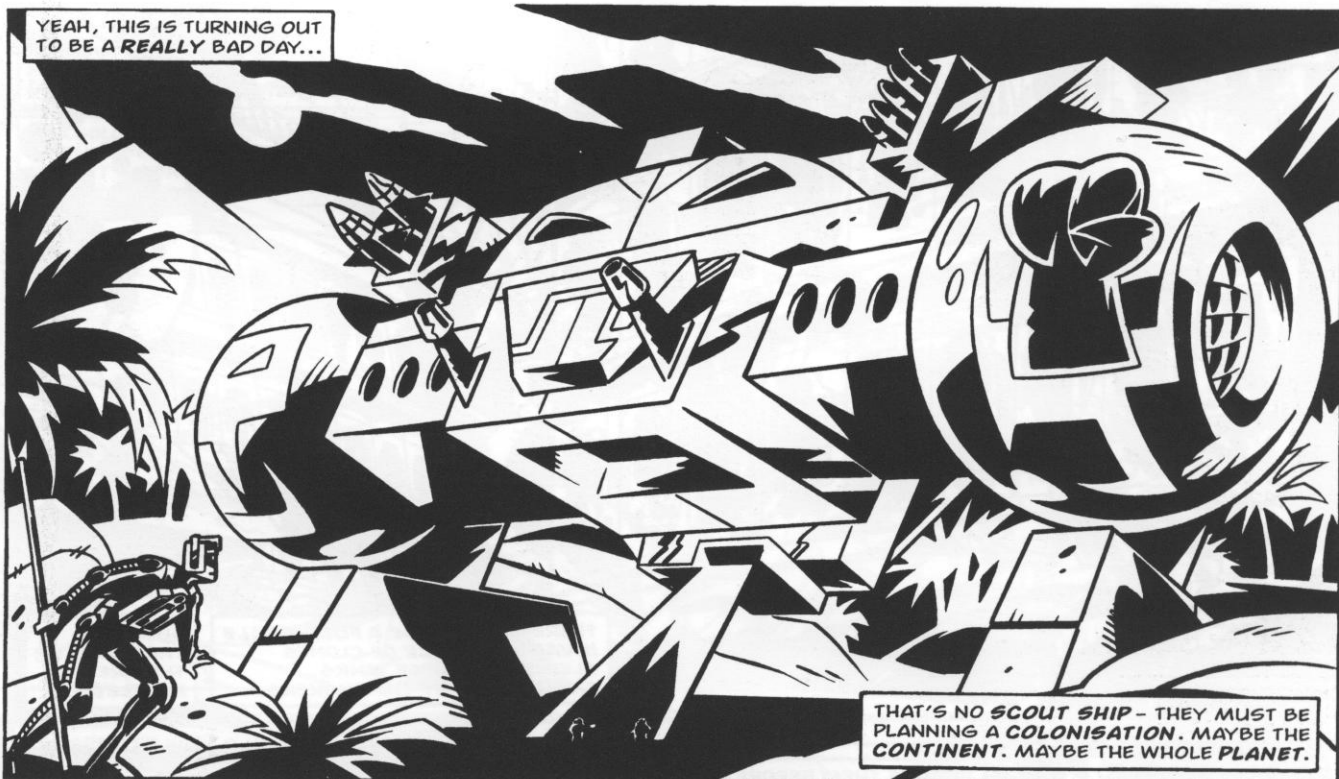


THE TANK'S A
GOOD PIECE OF
TECHNOLOGY...

TOO BAD THERE'S
A MONKEY AT
THE WHEEL.



YEAH, THIS IS TURNING OUT
TO BE A REALLY BAD DAY...



THAT'S NO SCOUT SHIP - THEY MUST BE
PLANNING A COLONISATION. MAYBE THE
CONTINENT. MAYBE THE WHOLE PLANET.

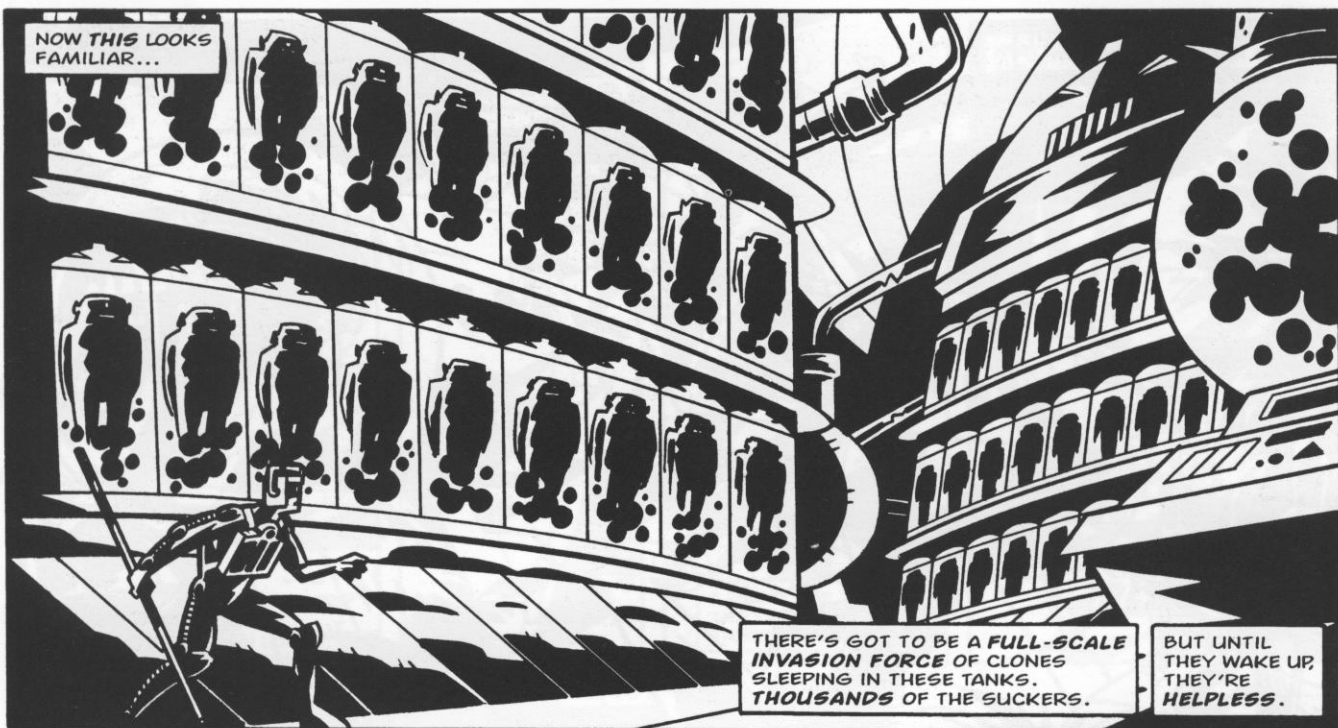
A COUPLE OF GRUNTS AT
THE FRONT DOOR TRY TO
PERSUADE ME TO STOP.



TWO MORE IN THE
INNER AIRLOCK...



I CAN SEE LIGHT
UP AHEAD...



NOW THIS LOOKS FAMILIAR...

THERE'S GOT TO BE A **FULL-SCALE INVASION FORCE** OF CLONES SLEEPING IN THESE TANKS. **THOUSANDS OF THE SUCKERS.**

BUT UNTIL THEY WAKE UP, THEY'RE **HELPLESS.**



I SHOULD BE ABLE TO ACCESS THE **MAIN COMPUTER CORE** FROM THIS CONSOLE.



I SENSE THEM BEFORE I EVEN SEE THEIR UGLY MUGS. LOOKS LIKE THEY'VE GUESSED WHAT I'M UP TO.



TOO LATE.



SELF-DESTRUCT IN SIXTY SECONDS AND COUNTING...





IF MY DATA LOGS ARE CORRECT, A SONTARAN WARSHIP TRANSMITS A CONSTANT **BIO-ENERGY FEED** TO ITS GROUND TROOPS. BREAKING IT IS LIKE CUTTING AN **UMBILICAL CORD**.

THE SOLDIERS BACK AT THE VILLAGE SHOULD BE WAKING UP TO THE **WORST MIGRAINE** IN HISTORY.

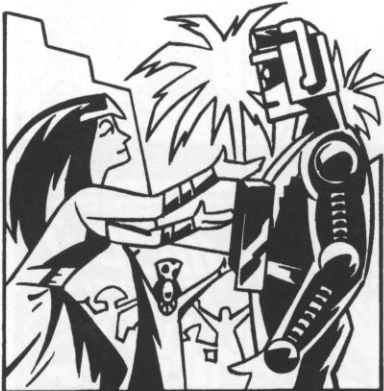
IT WON'T BE PRETTY.



I'M GREETED WITH A **HERO'S WELCOME** WHEN I GET BACK. MY FRIENDS ARE GOING TO BE PARTYING HARD TONIGHT.

THEIR EMOTIONS ARE AT FEVER PITCH. THEY'RE SO DAMNED HAPPY.

BUT I CAN'T SHARE IT.



THEIR JOY JUST REMINDS ME OF HOW MUCH I'VE **LOST**.

ALL THEY'RE DOING IS UNEARTHING VAGUE **MEMORIES**...



...FROM TIMES BEST **FORGOTTEN**.



I'M CALLED **KROTON**...

I CAN'T REMEMBER MY REAL NAME.

THE END.



HO! OPEN
THE MAIN GATE, AND STEP
QUICKLY, YOU LOW-BORN
MONKEYS...

KATSURA SATO
HAS RETURNED!

THE ROAD TO HELL

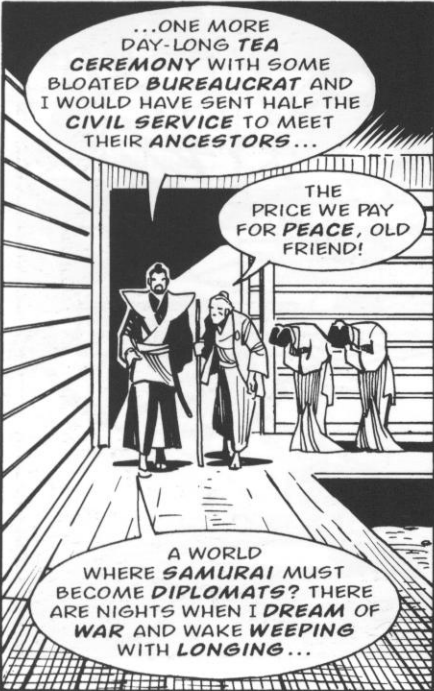
PART ONE

STORY: SCOTT GRAY
PENCIL ART: MARTIN GERAGHTY
INKING: ROBIN SMITH
LETTERING: ELITTA FELL
EDITORS: GARY GILLATT & ALAN BARNES



WELCOME,
KATSURA! WE
WEREN'T
EXPECTING YOU
BACK FOR
ANOTHER TWO
DAYS!

OUR NOBLE
SHOGUN GRANTED ME
THE MERCY OF LEAVING EDO
EARLY, GOSEKI. EVEN HE
COULD SEE THAT MY MIND
WAS CLOSE TO
SHATTERING...



...ONE MORE
DAY-LONG TEA
CEREMONY WITH SOME
BLOATED BUREAUCRAT AND
I WOULD HAVE SENT HALF THE
CIVIL SERVICE TO MEET
THEIR ANCESTORS...

THE
PRICE WE PAY
FOR PEACE, OLD
FRIEND!

A WORLD
WHERE SAMURAI MUST
BECOME DIPLOMATS? THERE
ARE NIGHTS WHEN I DREAM OF
WAR AND WAKE WEeping
WITH LONGING...



HOW IS
LORD
MAKOTO?

RESTLESS
WITHOUT HIS
FAVOURSED SERVANT.
YOU SHOULD GO
TO HIM...

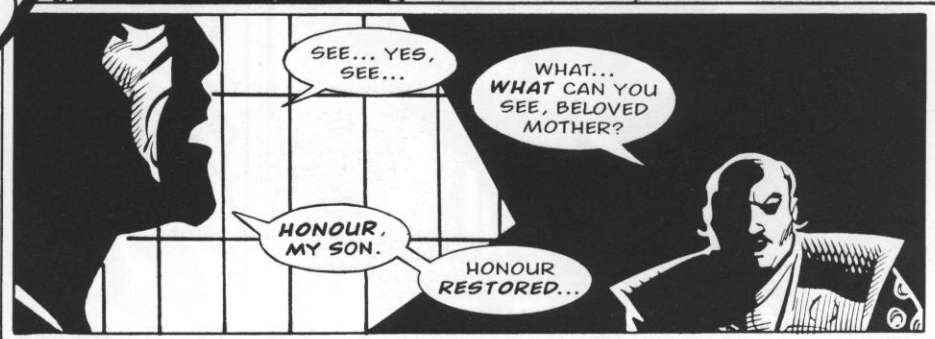
NO, HE NEEDS
HIS REST. TIME ENOUGH
IN THE MORNING TO BORE
HIM WITH MY TALES OF THE
IMPERIAL COURT...

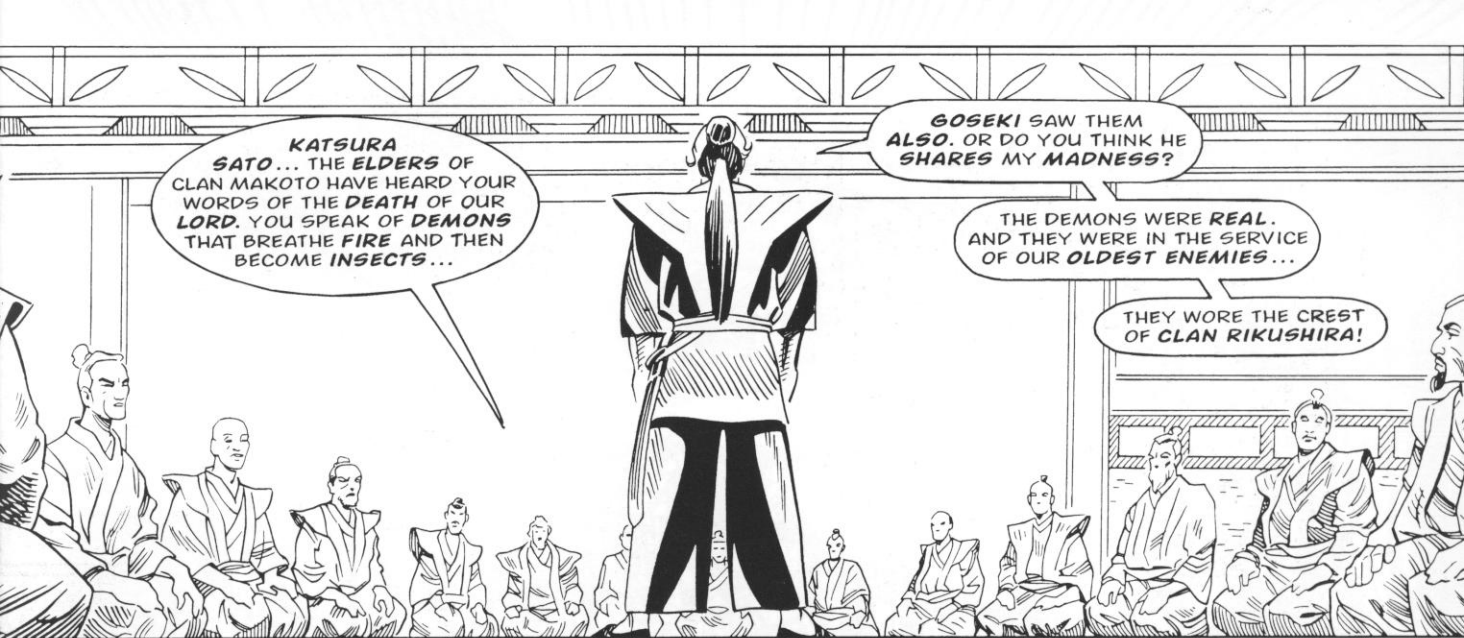


LET HIM
SL-

AAIEEE!!





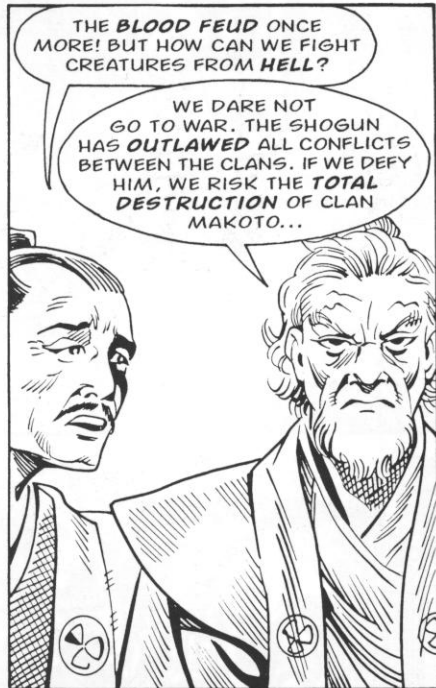


KATSURA SATO... THE ELDERS OF CLAN MAKOTO HAVE HEARD YOUR WORDS OF THE DEATH OF OUR LORD. YOU SPEAK OF DEMONS THAT BREATHE FIRE AND THEN BECOME INSECTS...

GOSEKI SAW THEM ALSO. OR DO YOU THINK HE SHARES MY MADNESS?

THE DEMONS WERE REAL. AND THEY WERE IN THE SERVICE OF OUR OLDEST ENEMIES...

THEY WORE THE CREST OF CLAN RIKUSHIRA!



THE BLOOD FEUD ONCE MORE! BUT HOW CAN WE FIGHT CREATURES FROM HELL?

WE DARE NOT GO TO WAR. THE SHOGUN HAS OUTLAWED ALL CONFLICTS BETWEEN THE CLANS. IF WE DEFEY HIM, WE RISK THE TOTAL DESTRUCTION OF CLAN MAKOTO...



LISTEN TO YOURSELVES!

OUR LORD IS DEAD AND YOU THINK ONLY OF KEEPING YOUR BELLIES FULL! DID OUR MASTER MEAN NOTHING TO YOU?!

WATCH YOUR TONGUE, SATO. A QUESTION: YOU ARE SAMURAI, PLEDGED TO GIVE YOUR LIFE TO PROTECT YOUR MASTER. YOU FAILED...



...WHY IS IT YOU STILL BREATHE?

I WILL GLADLY COMMIT SEPPUKU - BUT ONLY AFTER LORD RIKUSHIRA'S NECK HAS GREETED MY SWORD.

HIS LIFE WILL BE MINE.



SATO! WE HAVE NOT GIVEN YOU LEAVE TO DEPART THIS COURT!

GO TO EDO. PETITION THE SHOGUN. SEEK HIS 'PERMISSION' TO BECOME WARRIORS AGAIN...

BUT I WILL NOT WAIT A SECOND LONGER FOR MY VENGEANCE!



HE WILL DOOM US ALL!

NO, THIS IS PERFECT...

WE CAN DISAVOW HIM NOW. LET SATO ACT ON HIS OWN, WITH NO SUPPORT FROM THE CLAN...



"...FOR ALL HIS SKILL, HE IS BUT ONE MAN. HE WILL ACCOMPLISH NOTHING."



WELL, I'LL BE A SORCERER'S APPRENTICE...

IT'S SHOKI THE DEMON QUELLER!

BEAUTIFUL WORK! THESE ARE PROTECTIVE BANNERS, IZZY, DESIGNED TO WARD OFF EVIL SPIRITS...

IT MUST BE THE FIFTH OF MAY - "TANGO NO SEKKU". IT'S A JAPANESE HOLIDAY IN YOUR CENTURY, BUT RIGHT NOW IT'S THE TIME WHEN CREATURES FROM THE DARK REALMS ARE BELIEVED TO ROAM THE LAND, CLAIMING MALE CHILDREN...

IS THAT WHY THE VILLAGERS ARE TREATING US LIKE THE ASIAN FLU?

EVERYONE'S RUNNING LIKE THE CLAPPERS AS SOON AS THEY SEE US!



IT IS A LITTLE ODD - THE HEIAN PERIOD'S USUALLY A VERY HOSPITABLE TIME... I'M FAIRLY SURE I'VE SET US DOWN IN THE TENTH CENTURY...

LET'S GET SOME DIRECTIONS AT THE LOCAL TAVERN...



GOOD AFTERNOON! I WAS WONDERING IF YOU COULD TELL US WHEN WE ARE...?

BUDDHA PROTECT US! GAIJIN!

G-GET OUT! WE - WE DON'T WANT ANY TROUBLE HERE!



OH, FINE! BE THAT WAY! I'VE BEEN THROWN OUT OF BETTER PUBS THAN THIS ONE, YOU KNOW!

DOCTOR...

NOT THAT I MAKE A HABIT OF IT, YOU UNDERSTAND, BUT I HAVE!

DOCTOR...





FORTUNE **SMILES** UPON YOU, DOCTOR. MY MEN AND I ARE **ALSO** BOUND FOR EDO. I HUMBL Y SUGGEST YOU AND YOUR BOY JOIN US...

TAKE THEM! TIE THEM SECURELY!

WHO'S HE CALLING A BOY?



SHHH, IZZY!

SHOGUNAL TROOPS NEARBY... AND MORE GAIJIN?

THIS ONE WEARS THE **FORM** OF A MORTAL MAN... YET HIS **MIND** WHISPERS OF SUCH WONDROUS SIGHTS...



THE LADY ASAMI IS **CORRECT**. THE DOCTOR DOES NOT BELONG TO THIS WORLD.

I SEE...

TELL ME MORE.



SORRY ABOUT THIS, IZZY. SLIGHT **MISCALCULATION** WITH THE **TEMPORAL INTERFACE**. WE'VE **OVERSHOT** JUST A SMIDGEN...

HOW MUCH IS "JUST A SMIDGEN"?

WE'RE IN THE **EARLY 17TH CENTURY**, JUDGING BY OUR FRIENDS' BANNERS. JAPAN IS A STRICTLY **ISOLATIONIST** NATION RIGHT NOW... THEY DON'T CARE FOR **GAIJIN** - THAT MEANS **FOREIGNERS** - ONE LITTLE BIT...



SO WHAT ARE THEY GOING TO DO?

TORTURE AND EXECUTE US, PROBABLY...

WHAT?!

DON'T WORRY, YOU'RE BOUND TO THINK OF SOMETHING...



HALT!

CAPTAIN HIROTADA...?

CAN'T YOU HEAR IT, KAZUO? THAT SOUND... LIKE LOCUSTS SWARMING...



NO! NO! THIS CANNOT BE...



ROOAAAARRR!

AAAGGGHHH!!!

...THIS IS
MADNESS!

TO BE CONTINUED...



THE ROAD TO HELL

PART TWO

STORY: SCOTT GRAY
PENCIL ART: MARTIN GERAGHTY
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HELLO? YOU CAN UNDERSTAND ME, RIGHT? THE DOCTOR PROMISED ME THERE'D BE NO LANGUAGE GAP...

LOOK, AREN'T YOU GOING TO SAY ANYTHING? I MEAN, I APPRECIATED THE INDIANA JONES BIT BACK THERE, BUT IF YOU'D JUST GET ME OUT OF THESE ROPES I'LL BE YOUR FRIEND FOR LIFE...

WHERE ARE WE GOING, ANYWAY?



QUIET, BOY, I'M THINKING.

"BOY"? "BOY"?!

DO YOU WANT TO BORROW MY GLASSES, MR MAGOO? I'M A GIRL, OKAY?!

STOP THE BUS, I'M GETTING OFF!



ARE ALL WESTERN FEMALES SO... LOUD?

WHEN THEY'VE GOT SOMETHING TO SAY, SURE!

WHAT'S YOUR NAME, GIRL?

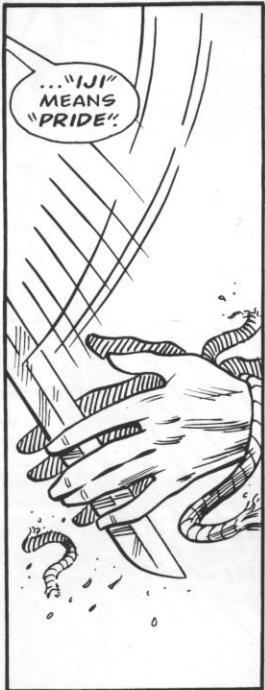
IZZY.



"IJI"? HAH-HAH-HAH!

NO, IT'S I-Z-Z... OH, FORGET IT. WHAT'S SO FUNNY?

GIRL, YOU ARE WELL-NAMED...



... "IJI" MEANS "PRIDE".



MY NAME IS KATSURA SATO. YOUR FRIEND HAS BEEN TAKEN TO THE CASTLE OF LORD RIKUSHIRA, A MAN I INTEND TO KILL.

THE ROADS WE ARE FATED TO FOLLOW RUN SIDE-BY-SIDE, YOUNG IJI...

PRAY THEY DO NOT HAVE THE SAME DESTINATION.

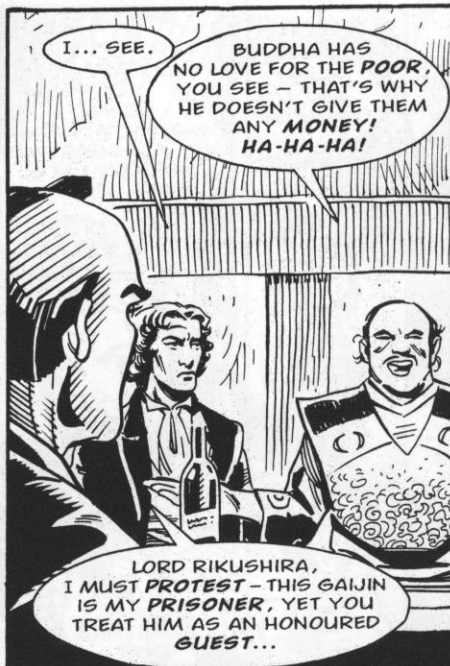
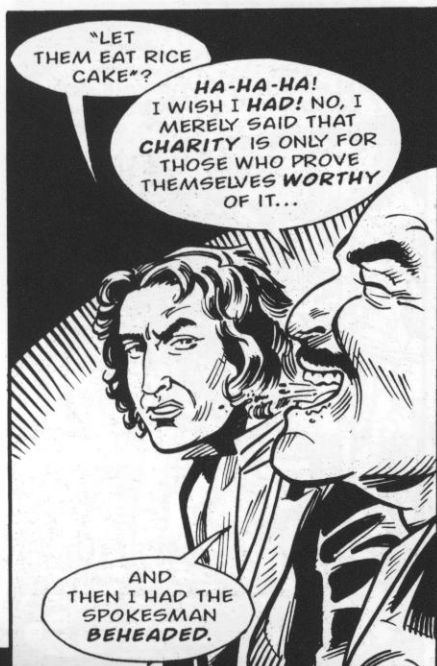


DINNER WAS EXCELLENT, LORD RIKUSHIRA, YOU'VE BEEN MOST GENEROUS. BUT I'M STILL CONCERNED FOR MY COMPANION...

MY MEN WILL FIND HER, DOCTOR, HAVE NO FEAR! BUT SURELY YOU HAVE NOT HAD YOUR FILL ALREADY? EAT MORE, I INSIST!

I ALLOW NO FRUGALITY WITHIN THESE WALLS... THOSE OF NOBLE BLOOD MUST ALWAYS HAVE THEIR HUNGERS SATISFIED! IT IS WHAT SEPARATES US FROM THE RABBLE...

RECENTLY THERE WAS SOME DROUGHT IN MY PROVINCE... THE PEASANTS' BARLEY CROPS PERISHED. SOME DARED TO COME HERE AND ASK ME FOR A HANDOUT! THEY CLAIMED TO BE STARVING! DO YOU KNOW WHAT I TOLD THEM...?

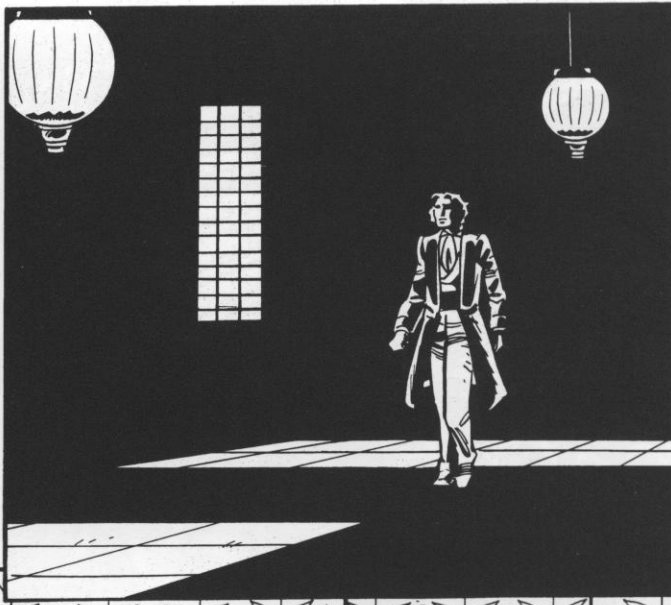




THIS IS THE CASTLE'S MOST INNER SANCTUM. PLEASE ENTER...

YOU'RE NOT COMING IN?

MY HONOURED MOTHER WISHES TO SPEAK WITH YOU IN PRIVATE.



THIS IS EXTRAORDINARY. IT MUST HAVE TAKEN YEARS TO CREATE.

WHAT A MAGNIFICENT TAPESTRY...

AND WHAT A FAMILIAR-LOOKING DRAGON.

I AM PLEASED YOU APPROVE...



...I HAVE HAD THE TAPESTRY SINCE I WAS A CHILD. SOMETIMES I WOULD DREAM OF THE DRAGON COMING TO LIFE AND CARRYING ME ABOVE THE CLOUDS...

IT SEEMS DREAMS MAY BE SHAPED INTO REALITY AFTER ALL. AT LEAST FOR THE RIGHTEOUS.

I AM THE LADY ASAMI.



PLEASE FORGIVE THE FLAMBOYANT MANNER IN WHICH YOU WERE GUIDED TO MY HOME, DOCTOR... I DOUBT CAPTAIN HIROTADA WOULD HAVE ACCEPTED A DIRECT INVITATION.

YOU'VE BEEN EXPECTING ME, THEN?



I HAVE ALWAYS BEEN BLESSED WITH THE GIFT OF MIND-SIGHT. IT HAS LONG BEEN A SPARK OF LIGHT IN MY WORLD OF DEEPENING SHADOW...

AND WITH ASSISTANCE, ANY SPARK MAY BE FANNED INTO A MIGHTY FLAME.

SUCH AID
HAS BEEN GRANTED
BY MY **OTHER**
GUESTS.

THESE ARE
THE TRUE **FOREIGNERS**
FROM ACROSS THE OCEANS
OF **SPACE** AND **TIME**,
DOCTOR...

THESE ARE
THE **GAIJIN**.



TO BE CONTINUED...

HOW
DO YOU DO? I'M
THE DOCTOR.

THE DOCTOR
IS KNOWN TO THE
GAIJIN.

THE DOCTOR
CROSSES THE BORDERS
OF REALITY IN SEARCH
OF KNOWLEDGE.

THE DOCTOR
AND THE GAIJIN ARE
SIMILAR...

THE ROAD TO HELL

PART THREE

STORY: SCOTT GRAY
PENCIL ART: MARTIN GERAGHTY
INKING: ROBIN SMITH
LETTERING: ELITTA FELL
EDITORS: GARY GILLATT AND
ALAN BARNES

THAT'S NICE
TO HEAR. MAY I
KNOW YOUR
NAMES?

THE GAIJIN ARE
STUDENTS OF THE
ABSTRACT.

THE
GAIJIN SEEK
UNDERSTANDING
OF THE
CONCEPTUAL.

AND YOU
THINK YOU'LL FIND
IT HERE?

THIS
WOMAN'S SON
INVITED SIX MEN
INTO THEIR HOME
AND THEN
POISONED THEM.
IF YOU'RE LOOKING
FOR HONOUR, I
SUGGEST YOU
TRY ELSE-
WHERE.

YOU ARE
IGNORANT
OF OUR WAYS,
DOCTOR. I RECENTLY
TOOK THE LIFE OF LORD
MAKOTO, A MAN
WHO... BROUGHT
GREAT SHAME
UPON ME IN MY
YOUTH.

NAMES
ARE A DEVICE
UNUSED BY THE
GAIJIN. THE LADY
ASAMI HAS
'NAMED' THE
GAIJIN.

"GAIJIN"...
"FOREIGNERS". IF
THAT'S WHAT YOU WANT
TO BE CALLED, THEN FINE.
WHY HAVE YOU COME
HERE?

WHAT CANNOT
BE MEASURED CANNOT
EXIST. THE GAIJIN WISH
TO LEARN OF
"HONOUR".

THE TRUEST
FORM OF HONOUR
WILL ALWAYS BE
RETRIBUTION.



CLIK

IN EXCHANGE
FOR OUR HOSPITALITY,
THE GAIJIN HAVE
OFFERED US GREAT
GIFTS...



OF COURSE... THIS
IS A **NANO-SCULPTOR**.
ISN'T IT? THE OPERATOR
PROJECTS A **MENTAL
IMAGE** WHICH IS THEN
TRANSLATED INTO A
PHYSICAL ENTITY BY A
SWARM OF ARTIFICIAL
NANO-DRONES
CLUSTERING
TOGETHER...



THE DRONES
CAN BE SHAPED INTO ANY
CONFIGURATION. THEY CAN
BECOME ABSOLUTELY
ANYTHING THE OPERATOR
IMAGINES.

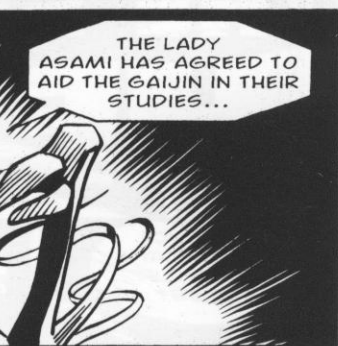
YES, DOCTOR.
DREAMS MADE **FLESH**.
YOU HAVE ALREADY
SEEN MY **DRAGON** - THERE
ARE MANY **MORE** SUCH
CREATURES WITHIN MY MIND
I LOOK FORWARD
TO BREATHING INTO
LIFE...



HOW DO
YOU THINK I SHOULD
DESTROY THE **SHOGUN**
AND HIS PRECIOUS
EDO?



YOU'RE
ALLOWING
HER TO USE THE
MACHINE IN THIS
FASHION?
WHY?



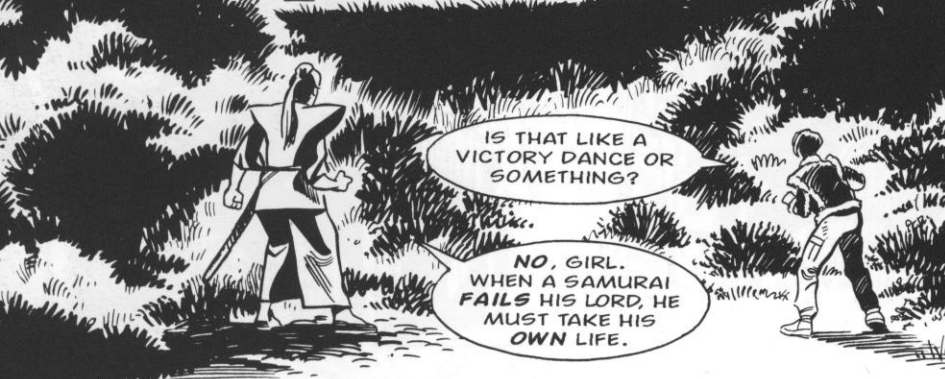
THE LADY
ASAMI HAS AGREED TO
AID THE GAIJIN IN THEIR
STUDIES...



"... IT IS AN
EQUITABLE
EXCHANGE."

SEE THE
CASTLE OF MY
ENEMIES, IJI. THERE
I WILL AVENGE THE
DEATH OF MY LORD
MAKOTO BY KILLING
RIKUSHIRA.

ONLY THEN
MAY I PERFORM
SEPPUKU.



IS THAT LIKE A
VICTORY DANCE OR
SOMETHING?

NO, GIRL.
WHEN A SAMURAI
FAILS HIS LORD, HE
MUST TAKE HIS
OWN LIFE.

SUICIDE? BUT THAT'S
BONKERS, KATSURA!
KILLING YOURSELF WON'T
BRING YOUR LORD
BACK!



DEATH DWELLS
ALWAYS IN THE HEART
OF A TRUE SAMURAI, IJI. IT
IS **BUSHIDO**, THE
WARRIORS' CODE. MY LIFE
IS MEANINGLESS
NOW.

I DON'T
EXPECT YOU TO
UNDERSTAND.





WELCOME BACK, RIKUSHIRA. I WAS WONDERING WHERE YOU'D CRAWLED OFF TO...

I WISHED FOR YOU TO SEE MY REWARD FOR ASSISTING THE GAIJIN, DOCTOR...

WITHIN THIS FLASK LIES A SECRET THAT COUNTLESS MEN HAVE DIED ATTEMPTING TO GAIN...

IMMORTALITY!



RIKUSHIRA, WHAT YOU'RE HOLDING IS A HIBERNATION CHAMBER CONTAINING A COLONY OF NANO-DRONES... BILLIONS OF THEM.



CAN I ASSUME THEY'VE BEEN PROGRAMMED TO REPAIR ANY CELLULAR DAMAGE TO THEIR HOST?

THE DOCTOR IS CORRECT.

THIS IS INSANE...



YOU'VE PROVIDED THESE PEOPLE WITH ADVANCED SCIENCE SIMPLY TO OBSERVE WHAT THEY DO WITH IT...

JUST BECAUSE YOU CAN'T GRASP AS BASIC A CONCEPT AS HONOUR?



CAN'T YOU SEE YOUR TECHNOLOGY IS TOO OVERWHELMING FOR THIS CULTURE? YOU CAN'T INTERFERE LIKE THIS! BY HELPING CLAN RIKUSHIRA, YOU'RE UPSETTING THE BALANCE OF POWER...

WHEN THE DOCTOR ENCOUNTERS CONFLICT HE CHOOSES A SIDE AND AIDS IT.

HE BECOMES INVOLVED.

HE INTERFERES...



THE DOCTOR AND THE GAIJIN ARE SIMILAR...



I'VE FOUND THE GIRL! LET ME PASS!

THAT'S A GIRL?

IT SEEMS SO. EUROPEANS ARE A STRANGE BREED...



LADY ASAMI DESIRES HER PRESENCE IMMEDIATELY.

GOOD, I'VE HAD ENOUGH OF HER YATTERING. YOU TAKE HER TO OUR LADY...



...AND I'LL FOLLOW.



I CAN'T LET YOU DO THIS. YOU'RE TREATING THESE PEOPLE LIKE MICE IN A MAZE...

THE TOKUGAWA SHOGUNATE RULES JAPAN FOR ANOTHER 250 YEARS. THAT FACT MUSTN'T BE ALTERED.



THE DOCTOR BELIEVES IN A NATURAL ORDER TO TIME.

THE GAIJIN BELIEVE OTHERWISE.



TIME... THEN IT IS TRUE. YOU ARE A LORD OF TIME...

I AM CURIOUS, DOCTOR. I WISH TO KNOW OF MY COUNTRY'S FUTURE. YOU WILL REVEAL IT TO ME.

NO, LADY ASAMI. THAT WOULDN'T BE WISE...

THEN I WILL PLUCK THE ANSWER OUT OF YOUR HEAD!



YOUR PSIONIC ABILITIES ARE QUITE IMPRESSIVE, ASAMI...

BUT YOU'LL NEED A SMARTER KEY STILL TO UNLOCK THE MIND OF A TIME LORD.





NO!
NO!
NO!!!



I SEE IT ALL!
THOUSANDS DEAD, THEIR... THEIR SKIN MELTED LIKE CANDLE WAX...
THE EMPEROR FORCED TO SURRENDER...
NIPPON HUMBLLED...
HUMBLLED BY THE LIKES OF YOU?!



NEVER!
I WILL REWRITE DESTINY! THE FIRES OF HELL WILL NEVER TOUCH MY PEOPLE!
I WIELD THE POWER NOW! THE DOGS OF THE WEST WILL FEEL MY WRATH...



...BEGINNING WITH YOU!
AAUUUNGH!!!

TO BE CONTINUED...



DO NOT
EXPECT A **SWIFT**
DEATH, WESTERN
FILTH...

FOR WHAT
YOU HAVE DONE TO
MY **LAND...** TO MY
PEOPLE...

YOU WILL
FEEL YOUR MINDS
BURN!

THE ROAD TO HELL

PART
FOUR

STORY: SCOTT GRAY
PENCIL ART: MARTIN GERAGHTY
GUEST INKER: FAREED CHOUDHURY
LETTERING: ELITTA FELL
EDITORS: GARY GILLATT AND ALAN BARNES



DEFEND
YOURSELVES.



SSHHINKK!

AAAUUKKK!

AARRGH!!



NO! IT'S SATO!
PROTECT ME, YOU
IDIOTS!

A LEGION
OF YOUR
HELLSPAWN
COULDN'T STOP
ME NOW,
RIKUSHIRA...





WHAT'S THAT?

OH, PANTS...

IT'S THE NEO-OSAKA ROBOTROX WARMASTER!



ASAMI MUST BE USING THE IMAGES SHE TOOK FROM YOUR MIND!



I USED TO LOVE THAT BLOKE'S CARTOON SHOW!

SHOW ME THE EPISODE GUIDE LATER! MOVE IT, IZZY!



YES... LET VENGEANCE TAKE THE SHAPE OF A CHILD'S DREAM...

LET MY ARMY AWAKEN...



IT'S ONE OF THE GALAXY GUARDIANS!

KEE-HAI!!!

UUNNGH!

I ASSUME HE'S SLIGHTLY MORE HEROIC ON THE SMALL SCREEN...



IRONIC... A PARTICLE BEAM WEAPON WOULD BE USELESS AGAINST A NANO-CONSTRUCT, BUT A SWORD JUST MIGHT BE EFFECTIVE...



SSSSSS

AHH, TWO LIVES ARE REBORN... AND TWO MORE ARE STILLED FOREVER, EH, BROTHER?



IN MY MASTER'S NAME, DEMON...



...DIE!



BROTHER! NO!



SHRIPP!

SHRIPP!



DOCTOR, HELP HIM!

IZZY, I'M SORRY. THE BURNS ARE TOO SEVERE... THERE'S NOTHING I CAN --



THOOM!

DO...



WE... ARE CURSED...

DOOMED...

THOOM!

RRROOOAAAARRRRR!!!

I HATE TO
SAY THIS...

BUT I
DON'T THINK A
SWORD IS GOING TO
DO THE TRICK THIS
TIME.

THOOM!

TO BE CONCLUDED...

RRROOOAARR!!!



ASAMI'S
LOST HER MIND -
IT'S THE ONLY
ANSWER...

THE NANO-
CONSTRUCTS ARE
BEING SHAPED BY
HER RAGE, NOT HER
INTELLECT...

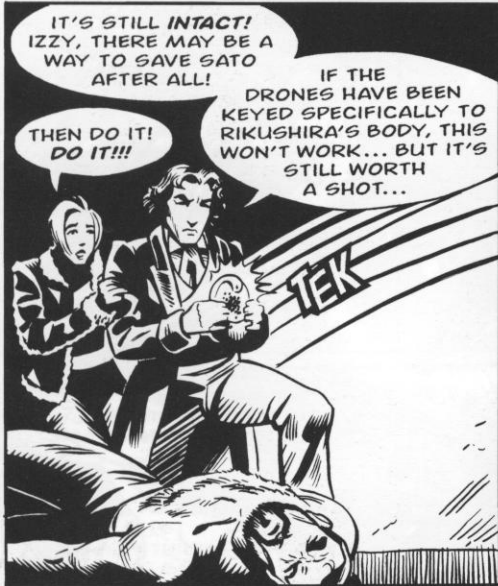
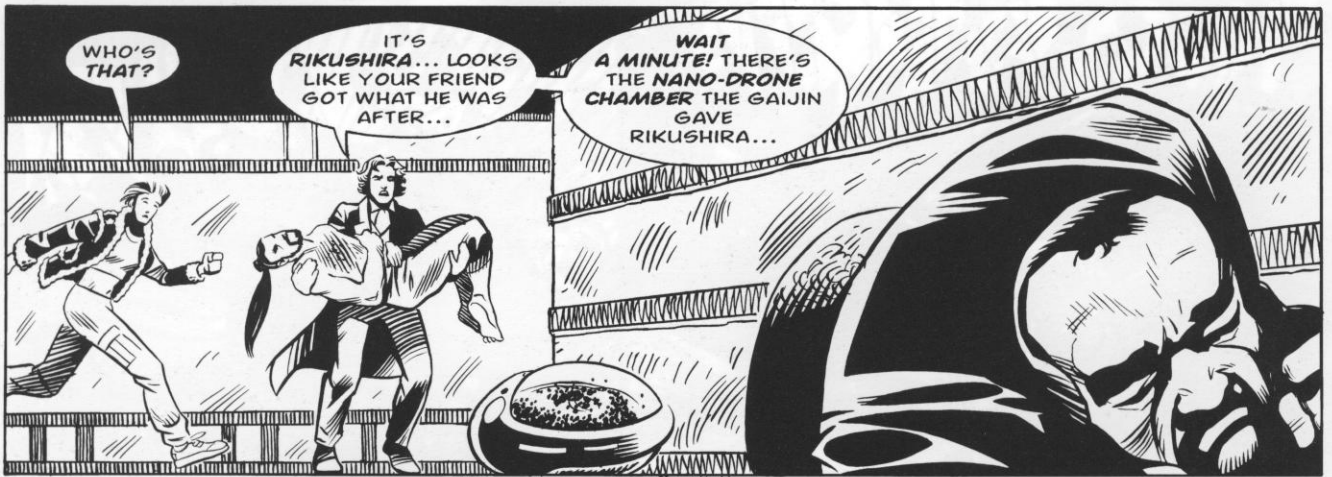
EVEN
OUR DEATHS
WON'T CALM
HER DOWN
NOW!



THE ROAD TO HELL

PART FIVE

STORY: SCOTT GRAY
PENCIL ART: MARTIN GERAGHTY
GUEST INKER: FAREED CHOUDHURY
LETTERING: ELITTA FELL
EDITORS: GARY GILLATT AND ALAN BARNES









I FEEL...
I DON'T KNOW,
GUILTY...

IF ASAMI
HADN'T SEEN THAT
PICTURE OF
HIROSHIMA INSIDE
MY MIND...

NONE
OF THIS WAS YOUR
DOING, IZZY. THIS WAS
JUST ONE SPARK OF
MADNESS IGNITING
ANOTHER...

THE
RESULT'S ALWAYS
THE SAME.

AT LEAST IN
THE END, THE GAIJIN
LEARNED THEIR
LESSON...

HEH.

HEH-HEH-
HEH...



WHAT JOKE
IS THIS..?

THERE IS
NO BLOOD.

I HAVE
TRIED TO COMMIT
SEPPUKU A DOZEN TIMES...
MY SWORD PIERCES MY
FLESH...

BUT
THERE IS NO
BLOOD...



SATO... THE NANO-DRONES
WITHIN YOUR BODY HAVE BEEN
PROGRAMMED TO REPAIR
ALL CELLULAR DAMAGE
INSTANTANEOUSLY.

I'M
AFRAID THAT
EVEN INCLUDES
AGEING.

THERE'S
NO WAY TO REMOVE
THEM. YOU'RE NOW
VIRTUALLY IMMORTAL.



AND YOU
DID THIS TO
ME..?

YOU
ROBBED ME OF AN
HONOURABLE
DEATH?!

I HAVE
NOTHING NOW!
I AM
NOTHING!



I'M A
DOCTOR. I SAVE
LIVES.

THAT'S
MY JOB.



THE END.

THE COMPANY OF THIEVES

PART ONE

STORY: SCOTT GRAY
PENCIL ART: ADRIAN SALMON
INKER: FAREED CHOUDHURY
LETTERING: ELITTA FELL
EDITORS: GARY GILLATT AND ALAN BARNES



MAYDAY!
MAYDAY! THIS IS
QUTRURIAN
CARGO FREIGHTER
X-703!

WE'RE
UNDER ATTACK FROM
AN UNKNOWN PIRATE
VESSEL... WE'VE BEEN
FORCED OFF-COURSE
INTO THE MADRIAS
SECTOR...

NAVIGATION
SYSTEMS ARE DOWN...
ANYBODY, PLEASE
RESPOND!



BURN
THROUGH THE HULL! AND
WATCH Y'DON'T RUPTURE THE
ATMOSPHERIC SEALS LIKE
LAST TIME, Y'MANGY
MOTH-SLUGS!

KLUMP!



I WANT
THE CREW DEADDER THAN
LAST YEAR'S DRIFTWOOD!
SCORCH EVERY LAST ONE
O' THEM QUTRURIAN
SCUM!

AYE,
CAPTAIN...



TAKE
ENGINEERIN' FIRST!
SCUTTLE THE POWER
RECEPTORS! THAT BLASTED
FREIGHTER DON'T MOVE
ANOTHER INCH,
Y'HEAR ME?!

AYE,
CAPTAIN...





YOU SEE, MY FRIEND AND I WERE TRAVELLING TO **VOGGIDIX MAJOR** WHEN OUR PARTY WERE ATTACKED BY VICIOUS **SPACE PIRATES**... WE BARELY ESCAPED WITH OUR **LIVES!**

YEAH! AND OUR... OUR **IDENT-SCANS** WERE **LOST** IN THE **TERRIBLE BATTLE**...

WE SOUGHT **REFUGE** FROM THE **PIRATES** ABOARD YOUR **VESSEL**. WE'RE **TERRIBLY SORRY**...



BUT... I'M A **PIRATE**.



OH.



I'M TRANSMITTING VISUALS FROM THE **FREIGHTER'S BRIDGE** NOW, **CAPTAIN HORSTROGG**...

ALL THE **CREW** ARE **TOAST**, THE **MEN** ARE **PROCEEDING** THROUGH THE **CARGO BAYS** AND I'VE **COAXED** THE **SHIP'S MANIFEST** OUT OF THE **CENTRAL COMPUTER**...

I BELIEVE IT **MIGHT** EVEN BE **SAFE** ENOUGH FOR YOU TO **COME ABOARD**.

'SAFE'? 'SAFE'?! WHAT ARE Y'IMPLYIN', MR **SHAKKA**...?



ZI-SWHO!

I'M **GRAT HORSTROGG**! I WAS THE **CONQUEROR O' THE VROXIUS GULF**! THE **HERO O' THE DESTOKII SIEGE**! THE **TERROR O' THE CHOZWAY CLUSTER**!

AND I GOT THE **MEDALS** TO **PROVE** IT, TOO!

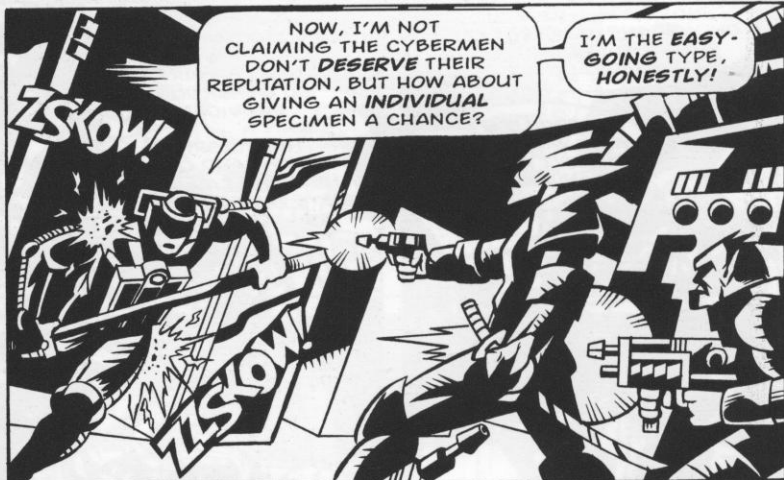




YOU KNOW, PEOPLE HAVE THIS TEDIOUS HABIT OF SEEING ME AND SCREAMING. IT'S USUALLY SOMETHING UNORIGINAL LIKE -

IT'S A CYBERMAN! KILL IT!

EXACTLY!



NOW, I'M NOT CLAIMING THE CYBERMEN DON'T DESERVE THEIR REPUTATION, BUT HOW ABOUT GIVING AN INDIVIDUAL SPECIMEN A CHANCE?

I'M THE EASY-GOING TYPE, HONESTLY!



I'M MY OWN MAN. DON'T ASK ME WHY, BUT THAT WHOLE 'EMOTION IS IRRELEVANT' BUSINESS NEVER TOOK WITH ME...

AAUUKK!

AAUUNGH!



I CAN CARRY A TUNE, PLAY A ROUND OF GOLF, EVEN SHARE AN OFF-COLOUR JOKE OR TWO...

OH, DON'T BELIEVE ME, THEN.

SWAK!



THE FUNNY THING IS, I'VE NOTICED THE MORE 'PRIMITIVE' CULTURES SEEM A LITTLE LESS TRIGGER-HAPPY... A TAD MORE TRUSTING...

SO I DECIDED TO POST MYSELF TO A LESS 'ENLIGHTENED' SECTOR OF THE GALAXY.

THWAK!



BUT I SEEM TO ATTRACT TROUBLE... NOT JUST FOR ME, BUT FOR ANY FRIENDS I HAPPEN TO MAKE...

SO HERE I AM, BACK IN THE OLD ROUTINE AGAIN.

SWAK!

AARGH!





ME - ME
SHIP! ME BEAUTIFUL
MAGPIE! IT'S BEEN
SLAUGHTERED!

SHUT YOUR
GOB AND GRAB
SOMETHING
SOLID...



"...THE SHOCKWAVE'LL
HIT US IN SECONDS!"

I'M THINKIN'
MY CAPTAIN WILL
WANT A WORD WITH
YOU TWO...

JUST AS
LONG AS IT ISN'T
"FIRE", EH? HAH-
HAH...

HAH...



OOOFF!

KTHROO!

WHAAA?!



UNNGH!

SHWAK!



NICE WORK!
BUT WHAT BASHED
THE SHIP?

I'M NOT SURE -
IT DIDN'T FEEL LIKE A
SOLID IMPACT...

COME ON,
I THINK I SPY THE
ENGINE ROOM UP
AHEAD...



OH. THESE
PILES OF DUST...
ARE THEY WHAT
I THINK THEY
ARE...?

YES. OUR
PIRATE HAS SOME
MURDEROUS FRIENDS.
THEY'VE ALSO CRIPPLED THIS
SHIP'S INTERSTELLAR
DRIVE SYSTEM.

MIND THOSE
CABLES, IZZY,
THEY'RE STILL LIVE
WITH VOLTAGE.

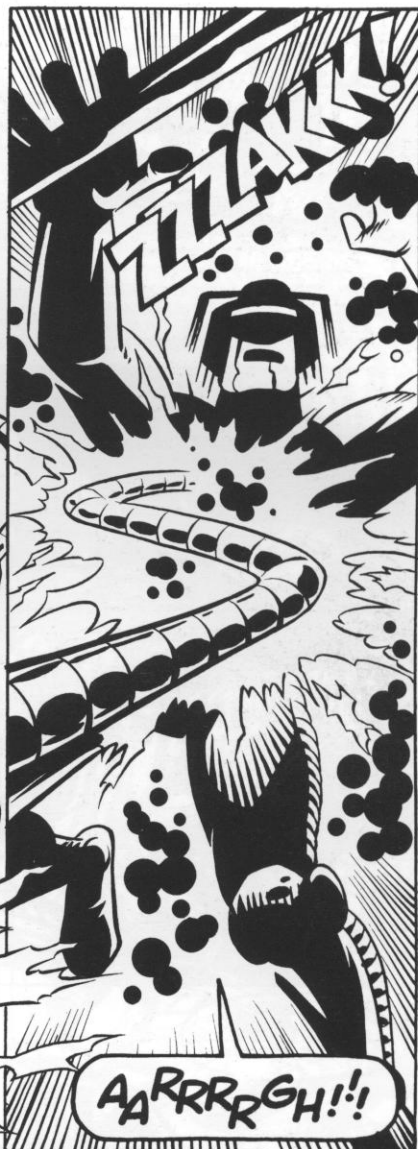


UM... I DON'T
WANT TO SOUND LIKE
A WIMP, BUT MAYBE WE
SHOULD JUST LEAVE?
THIS SET-UP'S STARTING
TO LOOK A LITTLE
UNHEALTHY...

WHAT
DO YOU SAY,
DOCTOR?



...GET
DOWN!



TO BE CONTINUED...

THE COMPANY OF THIEVES

PART TWO

STORY: SCOTT GRAY
PENCIL ART: ADRIAN SALMON
INK ART: FAREED CHOUDHURY
LETTERING: ROGER LANGRIDGE
EDITORS: GARY GILLATT & ALAN BARNES

ARE YOU
SURE THAT THING'S
FINISHED?

DEFINITELY.
NOT EVEN A
CYBERMAN COULD
SURVIVE THE VOLTAGE IN
THAT POWER CABLE. BUT
THEY HAVE THIS ANNOYING
HABIT OF TRAVELLING
IN GROUPS...

TIME
WE WERE
SOMEWHERE
ELSE...



JUST Y'GLOW
DOWN THERE,
Y'BILGE-CRABS!

AH, YES. *MORE*
PIRATES. MY CENTURY
IS *COMPLETE*...

EEP!



I'M CAPTAIN GRAST HORSTROGG O' THE
GOOD SHIP *MAGPIE* -- OR AT LEAST I *WAS*...

ME VESSEL'S A FEW
MILLION TONS O' *ION*
DUST NOW -- I'M
BETTIN' *YOU* KNOW
SOMETHING ABOUT
THAT, M' BUCKO...

POSSIBLY. I'M
THE *DOCTOR*. TAKE
A LOOK BEHIND
ME...



I TRUST YOU
RECOGNISE
THE MAKE AND
MODEL?

K-KABALLUS'
BLOOD!

HIS *FRIENDS*
ARE UNDOUBTEDLY
BEHIND YOUR SHIP'S
DESTRUCTION. THIS ONE
MIGHT BE THE ONLY
CYBERMAN ABOARD THIS
FREIGHTER, BUT I
SUGGEST YOU MAKE
SURE OF THAT...







WELL? DON'T JUST STAND THERE! CARRY THAT CAPACITOR OVER TO THE POWER GRID!

WE'RE SUPPOSED TO BE GUARDIN' YOU!

YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO BE HELPING US! DIDN'T YOU LISTEN TO YOUR CAPTAIN?



UHH... OKAY.

OOOFF! PUT YER BACK INTO IT, JORVG!

THANK YOU. NOW JUST LET ME TUNE THIS IN... TURN IT ON...



...AND YOU CAN BOTH DROP OUT.

ZZAKK!

UUHHNNING!

AAAHHH!



DON'T WORRY -- THEY'LL BE UNCONSCIOUS FOR HOURS, BUT THEY'LL STILL BE ALIVE...

I WASN'T WORRIED. BUT WHY DID YOU ZAP THIS ROBOT?

A CYBERMAN, IZZY. ONE OF THE DEADLIEST SPECIES IN THE UNIVERSE. UTTERLY RUTHLESS, ENDLESSLY AGGRESSIVE, AND TOTALLY...



HAH-HA-HAH-HA-HA!!!

...EMOTIONLESS.

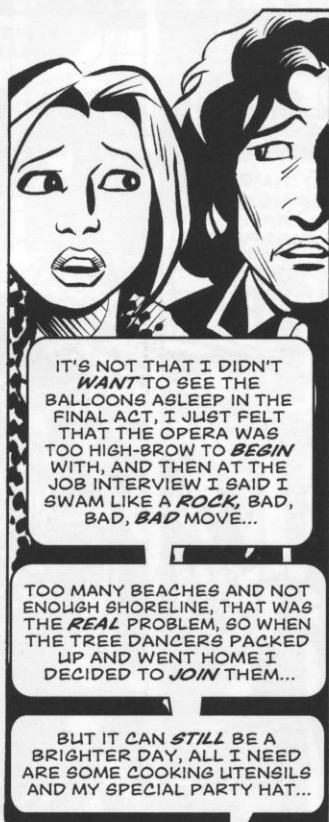


WE INSIDE THE BELT NOW, CAP'N... WE WEAVIN' AND BOBBIN' THROUGH THOSE ROCKS LIKE A SKATER INNA SLALOM RUN!

WHOEVER'S GOT US WANTS US IN ONE PIECE...

WE KNOW WHO'S GOT US! IT'S THEM QUASAR-SUCKIN' CYBERMEN!

THEN WHY WAS THERE ONLY ONE ABOARD? THERE'S MORE GOING ON HERE, HORSTROGG...



AND ANOTHER THING...

SHE COULDN'T HAVE WEIGHED MORE THAN FOUR HUNDRED POUNDS BUT I *STILL* WASN'T ABLE TO LIFT HER, SO *EMBARRASSING*, I THINK THE PLANET HAD THE WRONG KIND OF SUNLIGHT AND IT WAS THE CHIEF'S DAUGHTER, TOO...



IT'S NOT THAT I DIDN'T *WANT* TO SEE THE BALLOONS ASLEEP IN THE FINAL ACT, I JUST FELT THAT THE OPERA WAS TOO HIGH-BROW TO *BEGIN* WITH, AND THEN AT THE JOB INTERVIEW I SAID I SWAM LIKE A *ROCK*, BAD, BAD, *BAD* MOVE...

TOO MANY BEACHES AND NOT ENOUGH SHORELINE, THAT WAS THE *REAL* PROBLEM, SO WHEN THE TREE DANCERS PACKED UP AND WENT HOME I DECIDED TO *JOIN* THEM...

BUT IT CAN *STILL* BE A BRIGHTER DAY, ALL I NEED ARE SOME COOKING UTENSILS AND MY SPECIAL PARTY HAT...

BEHOLD THE NOBLE *POTATO*, FOUND ON A THOUSAND WORLDS, ONE OF EVOLUTION'S *BIGGEST* WINNERS ALONG WITH RECTANGULAR *SARCASM* AND WALKS IN THE *RAIN*...

WHETHER HIDDEN IN THE *CELLAR* OR TIED TO THE *PIER*, THE TRUTH ABOUT SUCH OBJECTS ATTRACTS LITTLE TO NO INTEREST, BUT I *STILL* STORE IT ALL AWAY...

TOMORROW ARRIVED A DAY LATE, BUT I WAS TOO BUSY PLAYING *DRACONIAN* BILLIARDS TO *NOTICE*...

HELLO, I'M *KROTON* AND I CAN'T SEEM TO STOP TALKING RIGHT NOW, HOPE THAT'S NOT TOO IRRITATING, I LIKE YOUR *HAIR*...

OH! THANKS! MY NAME'S *IZZY* AND THIS IS THE *DOCTOR*...

NICE TO MEET YOU BOTH. NICE TO MEET *ANYBODY* AFTER THAT JOLT! *WHOO!* WHAT AN *EXPERIENCE!*



PERHAPS THE
CHARGE FRIED HIS
LOGIC CENTRES.

MORE LIKE
LEFT HIM HIGH AS A
KITE! HE SEEMS PRETTY
FRIENDLY...

IT'S BIZARRE.
THE INFLECTIONS IN HIS
SPEECH AND HIS BODY LANGUAGE
ARE ALMOST COMPLETELY
HUMAN...



HAH! THANK YOU,
DOCTOR, YOU SEEM
FAIRLY HUMAN
YOURSELF!

DON'T LOOK SO SHOCKED.
I'VE NO SENSE OF *SMELL*, MY
TASTE BUDS ARE ANCIENT
HISTORY AND I CAN BARELY
FEEL MY OWN *FINGERS*...

BUT MY
HEARING IS
OUTSTANDING!



HEH-HEH. WE
HAVE *COMPANY*, MY
FRIEND, OH YES
WE DO...



WE DOWN --
AND DON'T ASK ME *HOW*,
BUT THIS HERE ROCK'S GOT
A *BREATHABLE*
ATMOSPHERE!

OUT Y'GO,
LADS -- FIND OUT
WHAT'S WHAT, AND
IF ANYONE GIVES
Y' STRIFE, *DUST*
'EM!

I'LL
MONITOR
Y' FROM
HERE VIA
MR SHAKKA'S
STURDY-
CAM...



WHY DON'T
YOU *JOIN US*
FOR ONCE,
HORSTROGG?

ARE Y'
QUESTIONIN'
ME ORDERS,
SHAKKA...?

A CAPTAIN'S
GOT TO EXPECT A
LITTLE *DISCIPLINE*
FROM HIS FIRST
MATE -- OR HE'S
LIABLE TO GET
HIMSELF A *NEW*
ONE...



ALRIGHT... WE'LL FIND THE
SOURCE OF THE ATTACK AND
DEAL WITH IT.

BUT
WITH THE
MAGPIE *GONE*,
CIRCUMSTANCES
HAVE *CHANGED*,
HORSTROGG.

WE'LL
BE BACK IN
AN *HOUR*...

AND THEN
MAYBE WE'LL HOLD
AN *ELECTION*.



SPREAD OUT, BUT STAY IN SIGHT! AND FOR *ONCE*, TRY NOT TO SHOOT ANYTHING THAT *MOVES* -- I WANT SOME *ANSWERS*!



AH, MR SHAKKA, YOU'RE A *BORN LEADER* IN EVERY WAY BUT *ONE*...

Y' DON'T KNOW HOW TO *DELEGATE*.



THE DOCTOR'S SORRY HE ZAPPED YOU, KROTON. *AREN'T* YOU, DOCTOR?

WELL...

NOT A PROBLEM. PEOPLE ARE *ALWAYS* LEAPING TO CONCLUSIONS WITH ME.

WAIT. DO YOU SEE *THAT*...?



I HAVE *GOT* TO TAKE A WALK OUTSIDE...

THEY MUST HAVE BEEN A *PROUD PEOPLE*. LOOK AT THE *LOVE* THEY PUT INTO THEIR HOME. IT'S QUITE *HUMBLING*...

I'VE LIVED A LONG TIME, BUT *HISTORY* REMINDS YOU OF WHERE YOU *STAND*. I LOOK AT SOMETHING LIKE *THIS* AND I KNOW I'M ONLY *REALLY* HERE FOR A *HEARTBEAT*.

IT'S SO *RICH* AND *SO EMPTY*...



...IT'S *BEAUTIFUL*.



YOU REALLY ARE ONE OF A KIND, *AREN'T* YOU?







EXCUSE ME,
I'M THE DOCT--

HAH-HAH-HAH!
BUT WHERE'S HOME NOW?
NO CLUES, BUT THE NICE
BOX CAN FIND IT!

THE FRIEND
SAID SO, YES
HE DID!



YOU HAVE A **FRIEND**? COULD
YOU TAKE US TO HIM?

HAH-HAH-HAH!
YOU'RE A **FUNNY**
METAL MAN! THE
FRIEND'S HERE
ALREADY!



**HOME AGAIN, HOME
AGAIN, HOME AGAIN!**

POOR
OLD
SOUL.

IT'S A SAFE BET
HE DIDN'T BRING THE
TARDIS HERE...



YOUR CRAFT WAS DETECTED
BY MYSELF, DOCTOR.

WHAT...?

I AM **THE ERASER**,
A MULTI-FUNCTION
ENERGY
MANIPULATOR.

FRIEND! HEE-HEE-HEE!



"PERMIT ME TO EXPLAIN
THIS SITUATION..."

"FIFTY YEARS AGO, **TOBAL
REIST** WAS THE MOST
CELEBRATED SCIENTIST ON
THE PLANET **TRIONIKUS**. HE
DESIGNED AND CONSTRUCTED
ME FOR USE AS A **WEAPON** IN
A POTENTIAL CONFLICT.



"**TOBAL** ATTEMPTED TO DESTROY
A **SPITTOON** IN MY INITIAL TEST.

"HE HAD SEVERELY
UNDERESTIMATED MY
POWER OUTPUT, HOWEVER.
CONSIDERABLY **GREATER**
DAMAGE OCCURRED WHEN
I WAS ACTIVATED."



EXACTLY **HOW
MUCH** DAMAGE?

EIGHTEEN BILLION FRAGMENTS
OF **TRIONIKUS** WERE LEFT
REMAINING FROM THE TEST.

YOU ARE STANDING
ON ONE OF THEM NOW.



YIKES.

TOBAL WAS AT THE EYE OF THE METATRONIC FLUX AND BECAME THE ONLY SURVIVOR.

I HAVE BEEN GENERATING A GRAVITY WEB AND AN ATMOSPHERIC SHELL FOR HIS COMFORT, BUT HIS GUILT AND ISOLATION HAVE HAD A PROFOUND EFFECT ON HIS PSYCHE. HE REMEMBERS LITTLE OF HIS PAST NOW.

HEE-HEE!



AH... LOOK, PROFESSOR REIST, I'D BE HAPPY TO GIVE YOU A LIFT SOMEWHERE, BUT THE TARDIS BELONGS TO ME. UNDERSTAND?

YOU'RE NICE, I LIKE YOU! DIDN'T LIKE THAT OTHER SHIP, GUNS A-BLAZING! THE FRIEND TOOK CARE OF THEM! HAH-HAH-HAH!

I'M GLAD SOMEONE FINDS THAT AMUSING...



... ALAS, I LEFT MY SENSE OF HUMOUR ON THE MAGPIE.

DELIGHTED TO SEE YOU AGAIN, DOCTOR.

THE PLEASURE'S ALL YOURS, MR SHAKKA. HOW LONG HAVE YOU BEEN EAVESDROPPING?



LONG ENOUGH.

WE'D ALL GROWN QUITE ATTACHED TO THE MAGPIE, OLD MAN. STILL, IF YOU HAND OVER THAT DEVICE, I'M SURE WE CAN FIND IT IN OUR HEARTS TO FORGIVE YOU...



WELL, THAT'S PRETTY DECENT OF YOU, SHAKKA...

HERE'S MY COUNTER-OFFER.

WUNNGH!

SHWAKK!



GET 'EM, KROTON!

FIGHTING? NO-NO-NO... FIGHTING'S NO GOOD...

ZZZ-SHWOP!



LET'S ALL CALM DOWN--

SHKROW!











THE
LAST OF THE
QUANTUM PROBES
HAS BEEN RECALLED,
ESTERATH. ALL
READINGS REMAIN
NEGATIVE.

STILL
NO TRACE OF THE
ADVERSARY.

HOW IS THIS
POSSIBLE? WE
SEARCH A SINGLE
TINY UNIVERSE AND
FIND NOTHING?

THIS
ADVERSARY IS A
FOURTH-DIMENSIONAL
ENTITY. LOCATING
SUCH CREATURES
HAS ALWAYS PROVEN
DIFFICULT.

BUT OUR
QUARRY IS THE SOURCE OF A
TEMPORAL DISRUPTION. A MINOR
ONE, TO BE SURE. BUT THE RESULTING
CAUSALITY WAVES SHOULD STILL
HAVE GIVEN US AN ORIGINATION
POINT.

CAN THIS
BEING BE
HIDING FROM
US IN SOME
FASHION?

PERHAPS.

YOU WERE
ALWAYS THE
FINEST OF THE
WORLDSHIPS, PRIMUS.
YOU *MUST* BE ABLE
TO FIND THE
ADVERSARY!

THE SPECTRUM
IS ALREADY BEGINNING
TO BREAK DOWN,
ESTERATH. *NOTHING*
IS CERTAIN NOW.

I
KNOW.

AARRNGH!

ESTERATH!

I AM...
STILL WITH YOU, MY
COMPANION.

WE DARE NOT FAIL,
PRIMUS. THE MOST IMPORTANT
TASK IN ALL CREATION LIES IN
OUR TRUST.

WE CANNOT DENY
THE TRUTH.

"... WE ARE LIVING IN
THE LAST DAYS."

WOMP
WOMP



OKAY, LISTEN... I'VE JUST GOT ONE THING TO SAY...

WOW!!!

I **SECOND** THAT! AND WE HAVEN'T JUST TRAVELLED THROUGH **SPACE**... WE'RE IN ANOTHER **TIME PERIOD** AS WELL? THIS IS **INCREDIBLE!** EXACTLY WHERE ARE WE?

I... WISH I KNEW, KROTON.

SEEMS LIKE THE CITY STRETCHES ALL THE WAY TO THE **HORIZON**...

THE TARDIS HAS BEEN FAIRLY **UNRELIABLE** LATELY, BUT NOW SHE'S GIVEN UP THE **NAVIGATIONAL GHOST** COMPLETELY.

I'M FLYING **BLINDFOLDED**, JUST LIKE THE BAD OLD DAYS.

OH, DOCTOR, LOOK AT HER! ISN'T SHE **BEAUTIFUL**?

IZZY, TAKE CARE. DON'T FRIGHTEN IT...

YOU'RE NOT SCARED OF ME, ARE YOU, GIRL? YOU'RE JUST **LOVELY**... I WISH I HAD SOME CARROTS FOR YOU TO MUNCH ON...

YOU'D LIKE THAT, WOULDN'T YOU? **YUM-YUM-YUM!**



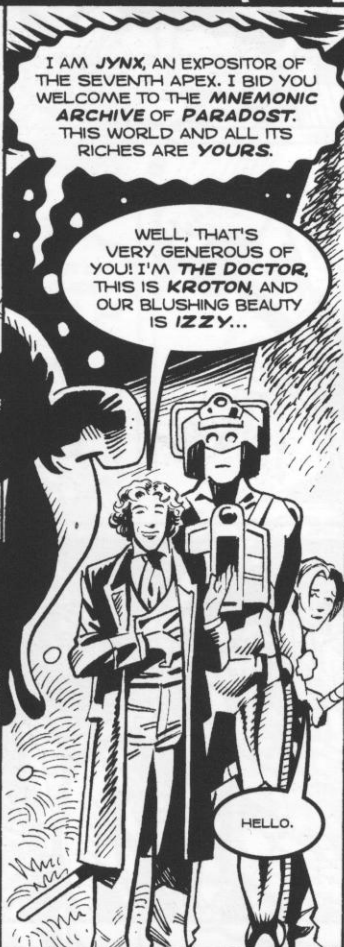


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MY THANKS, BUT
I MAY ONLY CONSUME
NEO-PHASIC ALPHA
STREAMS.

GAHH!



I AM JYNX, AN EXPOSITOR OF
THE SEVENTH APEX. I BID YOU
WELCOME TO THE **MNEMONIC
ARCHIVE OF PARADOST.**
THIS WORLD AND ALL ITS
RICHES ARE **YOURS.**

WELL, THAT'S
VERY GENEROUS OF
YOU! I'M **THE DOCTOR.**
THIS IS **KROTON,**
AND OUR BLUSHING BEAUTY
IS **IZZY...**

HELLO.



THE CEREMONY WILL
BE COMMENCING SHORTLY.
MAY I CONVEY YOU ALL TO
THE **NEXUS GALLERY?**

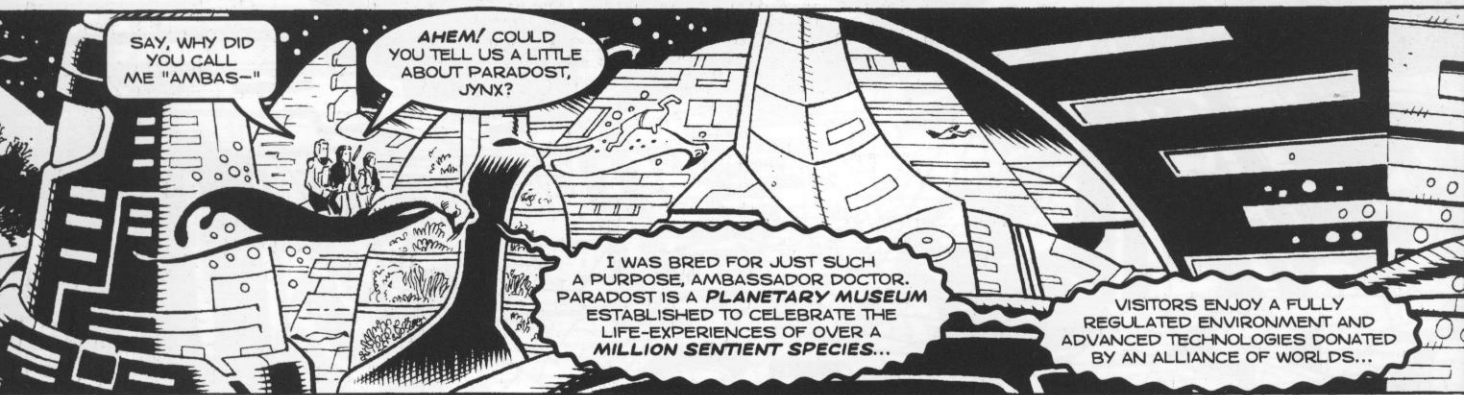
OH, YES.
MUSTN'T BE LATE
FOR THE **CEREMONY!**
HOP ON, TEAM, LET'S SEE
HOW FRIENDLY THE
SKIES ARE...



AH... I'M A BIT ON THE
HEAVY SIDE, JYNX. YOU
WOULDN'T THANK ME
FOR CLIMBING ABOARD...

I GENERATE A NATURAL
GRAVITY-DENIAL FIELD.
AMBASSADOR **KROTON.** YOU
WILL BE VIRTUALLY
WEIGHTLESS WHILE
SEATED ON ME.

OH, WELL,
IF YOU'RE
SURE...



SAY, WHY DID YOU CALL ME "AMBAS--"

AHEM! COULD YOU TELL US A LITTLE ABOUT PARADOST, JYNX?

I WAS BRED FOR JUST SUCH A PURPOSE, AMBASSADOR DOCTOR. PARADOST IS A **PLANETARY MUSEUM** ESTABLISHED TO CELEBRATE THE LIFE-EXPERIENCES OF OVER A **MILLION SENTIENT SPECIES...**

VISITORS ENJOY A FULLY REGULATED ENVIRONMENT AND ADVANCED TECHNOLOGIES DONATED BY AN ALLIANCE OF WORLDS...



MANY FORMS OF ARTISTIC, SCIENTIFIC, RELIGIOUS AND EMOTIONAL ACHIEVEMENT ARE ON DISPLAY IN THE **MEMORY HIVES** SPREAD ACROSS THE BIOSPHERE...

"MEMORY HIVES"?

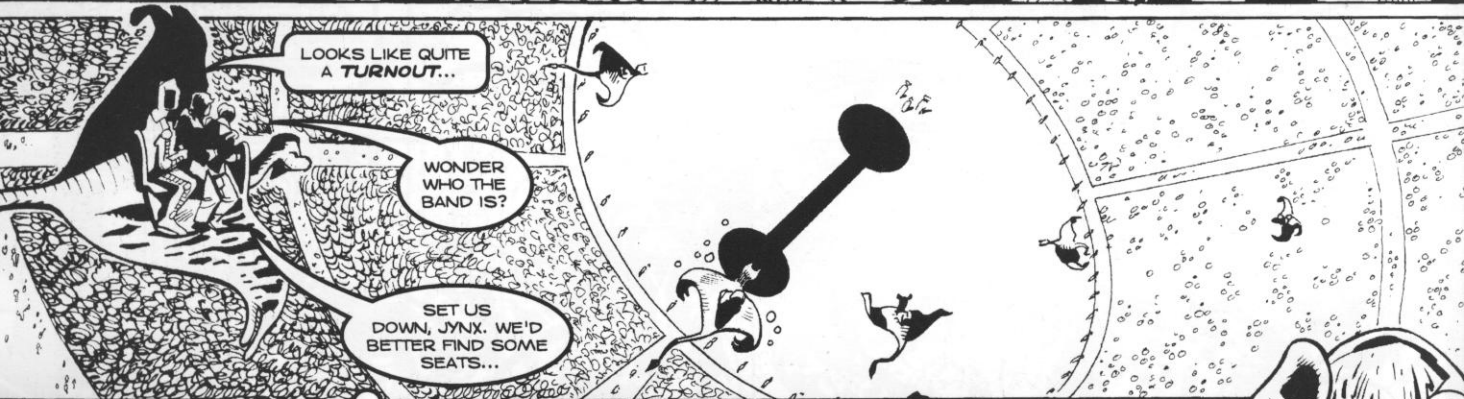
PERSONAL ACHIEVEMENTS ARE ALSO STORED HERE. MOMENTS OF GREAT **EMOTIONAL SIGNIFICANCE** ARE DONATED BY PATRONS, ALLOWING ALL VISITORS TO SHARE IN THE JOY OF **CREATIVE INSPIRATION...**



SO EVERYONE CAN KNOW WHAT IT FEELS LIKE TO PAINT THE **SISTINE CHAPEL...** OR BUILD THE FIRST **STEAM ENGINE?**

I AM UNFAMILIAR WITH YOUR FRAMES OF REFERENCE, BUT I SENSE YOUR SUMMATION IS CORRECT, AMBASSADOR DOCTOR.

THE NEXUS GALLERY LIES AHEAD. WE WILL ARRIVE IN TIME...



LOOKS LIKE QUITE A **TURNOUT...**

WONDER WHO THE BAND IS?

SET US DOWN, JYNX. WE'D BETTER FIND SOME SEATS...



FEH! SUPPOSED TO TAKE HOW **LONG** IS THIS? ALL THE WAY FROM EQUADROX MAJOR CAME I FOR THIS GATHERING!

I'M JUST HERE FOR THE **FOOD.**

AH, THEY'VE FINALLY SHOWN UP...



DOCTOR,
LOOK! IT'S
BIGGER THAN THE
GALACTICA!

SHHH!
SOMEONE'S
COMING OUT...

ALL HAIL THE
SUPREME RULER OF
THE CHOSEN WORLD,
DHAKAN...

THE HOLY LEADER
OF THE CHURCH OF THE
GLORIOUS DEAD...

HIS MOST
RIGHTEOUS
PERSONAGE...

**CARDINAL
MORNINGSTAR.**

PARADOST IS HONoured BY
YOUR PRESENCE, CARDINAL...

SINCE THE BIRTH OF RECORDED
HISTORY ON DHAKAN, THE SACRED TEXT OF
YOUR FAITH - THE **ODOSTRA** - HAS GUIDED
YOUR WORLD ON ITS SPIRITUAL PATH.

THERE HAS LONG BEEN A TRAGIC
OMMISSION IN YOUR SCRIPTURE,
HOWEVER - THE **FINAL PAGE** OF THE
ODOSTRA HAS BEEN **LOST** FROM THE
ORIGINAL WRITINGS FOR
TIME IMMEMORIAL...



...UNTIL
NOW.



AN ARCHAEOLOGICAL EXPEDITION
IN THE SALIUS CLUSTER DISCOVERED
THIS PARCHMENT. WE WERE **OVERJOYED**
WHEN YOUR OWN SCIENTISTS
VERIFIED ITS **AUTHENTICITY**.

IT IS WITH GREAT **PLEASURE** - AND
PRIDE - THAT PARADOST **RETURNS**
THE ODOSTRA'S FINAL PAGE TO
ITS RIGHTFUL OWNER.

YOU HAVE THE
UNDYING GRATTITUDE OF
ALL DHAKAN, CUSTODIAN
PYRI. NO MATTER WHAT THE
FUTURE MAY HOLD, I FEEL
**ONE THING IS
CERTAIN...**

THIS IS
A DAY **BOTH**
OUR WORLDS
WILL **NEVER**
FORGET.



LET THE FINAL PAGE BE VIEWED BY ALL. WITNESS THE WORDS OF THE ONE TRUTH, THE ONE HOPE, THE ONE STRENGTH...

EMBRACE THE GLORY!

BUT... BUT THAT'S...

DOCTOR? WHAT'S WRONG?

IT'S...

NEVER MIND, IZZY. WE'RE AMBASSADORS...

"...LET'S JUST ENJOY THE RECEPTION."

HELLO! BISHOP SEIDRI, ISN'T IT? I'M THE DOCTOR, DELEGATE FOR THE HACKNEY EMPIRE. CONGRATULATIONS ON YOUR REMARKABLE FIND...

THANK YOU, MY SON.

I'M AFRAID I'M NOT FAMILIAR WITH THE LANGUAGE OF YOUR FAITH. COULD YOU GIVE ME A QUICK BREAKDOWN OF WHAT THE ODOSTRA'S FINAL PAGE ACTUALLY SAYS...?

THAT IS IMPOSSIBLE, DOCTOR. THE ORIGINAL SCRIPTURES OF THE ODOSTRA ARE FOR CARDINAL MORNINGSTAR'S UNDERSTANDING ALONE...

HE SHALL PROVIDE THE FAITHFUL WITH A TRANSLATION WHEN HE DEEMS IT FITTING.

A CHURCH WHICH CAN'T READ ITS OWN BIBLE? DEAR ME. THAT MUST BE TERRIBLY INCONVENIENT...

FOR EVERYONE EXCEPT THE LUCKY CARDINAL.

WHAT ARE THESE, JYNX?

MNEMONIC CRYSTALS, AMBASSADOR IZZY...

THEY ARE A METHOD OF RETRIEVING FADING MEMORIES AND STORING NEW ONES. CHOOSE ONE AND RELAX YOUR MIND...



OH. I... I'M SEEING
A NIGHT AT THE **REDFERN
INN** BACK IN **STOCKBRIDGE!**
ME AND **MAX EDISON** WERE
GETTING HASSLED BY A BUNCH
OF **PHILOSOPHY STUDENTS**
FROM **WINCHESTER...**

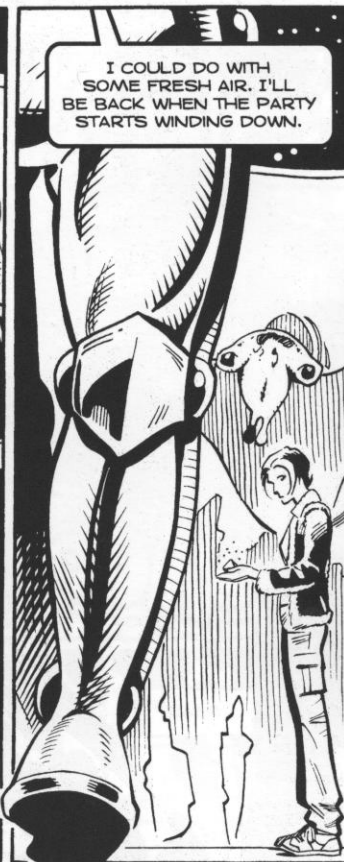
WE TOOK THEM
ON AT THE **PUB QUIZ**
AND WIPED THE **FLOOR**
WITH THEM! OH. I'D ALMOST
FORGOTTEN THAT WHOLE
NIGHT! IT WAS **MAGIC!**



THAT WAS
WONDERFUL! KROTON, YOU
HAVE TO TRY TH-

NO.

I MEAN... I THINK I'M
MAKING SOME OF THESE
DELEGATES **NERVOUS**, IZZY.
MAYBE I'LL TAKE A STROLL
OUTSIDE FOR A WHILE...



I COULD DO WITH
SOME FRESH AIR. I'LL
BE BACK WHEN THE PARTY
STARTS WINDING DOWN.



SEIDRI...

THE CYBERMAN
HAS NO PART TO PLAY IN
THE DIVINE PLAN. IT MAY
PROVE TO BE A
HINDRANCE.

IT
MUST BE
PURGED.

SUMMON
THE CHOSEN...



"I COULD DO WITH SOME
FRESH AIR"... **BRILLIANT**
EXCUSE, KROTON...

SINCE WHEN
DID YOU START
BREATHING?



GOOD EVENING. YOU
MUST BE MORE
DHAKANIANS, RIGHT?

UH... CAN I HELP
YOU WITH SOMETHING?

DO YOU
UNDERSTAND
ME?



EMBRACE
THE GLORY.

EMBRACE
THE GLORY.

EMBRACE
THE GLORY.

EMBRACE
THE GLORY.



KLIK



KLIK



KLIK



KLIK

KRCHOOOM!



NO!!!

WH-WHAT
HAVE YOU
DONE?!



DEAD...
THEY'RE
ALL...



...DEAD?

AND YET THE
DEAD MAY HOLD NEW
LIFE WITHIN.

THY BLASPHEMOUS
EXISTENCE IS AT AN END,
CYBERMAN.

THOU
ART A
HERETIC...

NOW
SUFFER A
HERETIC'S
FATE!

TO BE
CONTINUED...

WHOEVER...
WHATEVER YOU ARE...

I'M NOT
LOOKING FOR
ANY TROUBLE.

THE HERETIC IS NEITHER
ALIVE NOR DEAD. ITS
EXISTENCE IS AN AFFRONT
TO ALL UNCREATION.

IT MUST BE
PURGED...

The GLORIOUS DEAD

PART TWO

STORY: SCOTT GRAY PENCIL ART: MARTIN GERAGHTY INKS: ROBIN SMITH
LETTERING: ROGER LANGRIDGE EDITORS: GARY GILLATT & ALAN BARNES

WE ARE THE DEAD
CHOSEN TO **PERFORM**
SUCH TASKS.

SORRY, CHIEF, I'VE
NEVER BELIEVED IN...

GHOSTS...

UH... HOW DO
YOU DO THAT?

PERMIT ME TO
DEMONSTRATE.

THAT... **HURT!**

SLICED CLEAN
THROUGH MY
ARMOUR... THAT'S
NEVER HAPPENED
BEFORE!

DIDN'T FEEL LIKE
HE HIT ANYTHING
ORGANIC... AUTO-
REPAIR SYSTEMS
KICKING IN... BUT
I CAN'T GIVE HIM
ANOTHER **SHOT...**

OUR FORMS
GAIN SUBSTANCE
ONLY WHEN
DESIRED,
INFIDEL.

AARRRRRGH!!



THIS IS EITHER
THE **STUPIDEST**
THING I'VE EVER
DONE... OR...

NO, THIS
REALLY *IS* THE
STUPIDEST
THING I'VE EVER
DONE.

LOOK OUT BELOW!



I MUST BE **THREE
THOUSAND FEET** OFF
THE CITY FLOOR. I'M
GOING TO BE A BIG
SILVER **PUDDLE**
UNLESS...

EXPOSITOR! MAN
IN NEED OF A
RIDE OVER HERE!



WHOOOSH!

THAT "GRAVITY
DENIAL FIELD" YOU
PEOPLE HAVE
REALLY **WORKS**,
DOESN'T IT?

I AM **EXPOSITOR TYLL**.
WELCOME TO THE MNEMONIC
ARCHIVE OF **PARADOST**...



THANKS, TYLL,
BUT I ALREADY GOT
THE GUIDED TOUR
FROM YOUR
COLLEAGUE **JYNX**.

THEN MAY I
CONVEY YOU TO
A SPECIFIC
DESTINATION?

YOU MAY INDEED...



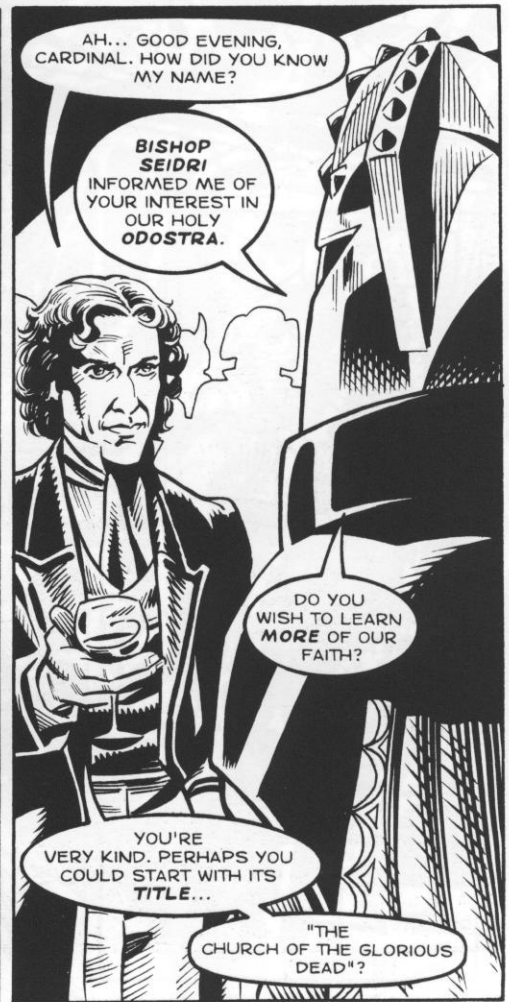
"... HEAD FOR THE
NEXUS GALLERY!"

THIS IS **MAD**, DOCTOR! I'VE
JUST BEEN TALKING METAPHYSICS
TO THIS GIRAFFE-THINGIE WITH
TRANSPARENT ELBOWS!

THAT'S NICE.
EXCUSE ME, **IZZY**, I THINK
CARDINAL MORNINGSTAR
HAS A FREE MOMENT
AT LAST...



GOOD
EVENING,
DOCTOR.



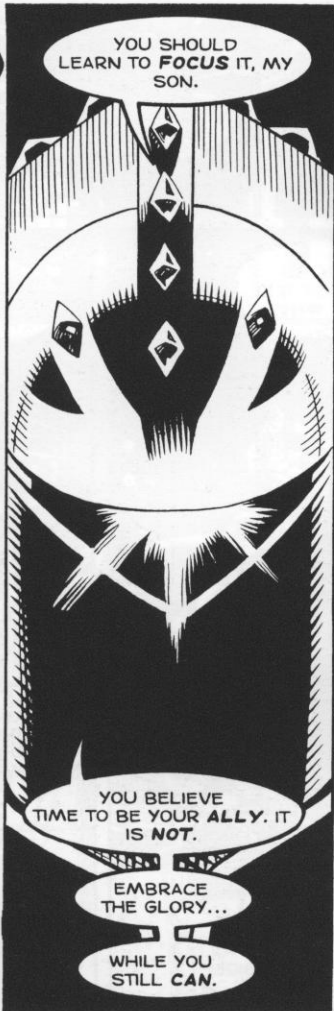
AH... GOOD EVENING,
CARDINAL. HOW DID YOU KNOW
MY NAME?

**BISHOP
SEIDRI**
INFORMED ME OF
YOUR INTEREST IN
OUR HOLY
ODOSTRA.

DO YOU
WISH TO LEARN
MORE OF OUR
FAITH?

YOU'RE
VERY KIND. PERHAPS YOU
COULD START WITH ITS
TITLE...

"THE
CHURCH OF THE GLORIOUS
DEAD"?





ANOTHER TIME, PERHAPS? BE SEEING YOU!

YES... UHH... COME ALONG, DOCTOR, TIME FOR YOUR **MEDICINE...**

HAVE YOU GONE **NUTS??** WHAT WAS **THAT** ALL ABOUT?

JUST TESTING A THEORY.

LET'S TAKE A WALK OUTSIDE.

AMBASSADOR DOCTOR, THAT WAS A MOST UNFORTUNATE BREACH OF **PROTOCOL!**

SORRY, JYNX. LOOK, DO ME A FAVOUR AND TAKE IZZY TO A READING ROOM...

WHAT FOR?

I WANT YOU TO COLLECT EVERY **DOCUMENT** PARADOST HAS ON THE **DHAKANIAN** AND THEIR **CHURCH**. AND SEE IF YOU CAN FIND A TRANSLATION OF THEIR BIBLE, THE **ODOSTRA**.

I'LL COME FIND YOU LATER.

OKAY, BUT AT LEAST TELL ME **WHY!**

WOULD IF I COULD, BUT I'VE BEEN TOLD TIME ISN'T ON OUR SIDE! TAKE CARE!

NOW **THAT'S** CURIOUS. CARDINAL MORNINGSTAR AND THE TRUSTY BISHOP SEIDRI ARE HIGHTAILING IT BACK TO THEIR SHIP **ALREADY...**

I WONDER IF THEY'D MIND SOME COMPANY?

DOCTOR!



KROTON?
WHAT HAVE YOU BEEN
UP TO?

PLEASE TELL
ME THOSE ARE FRIENDS
OF YOURS...

WELL, ONE OF THEM TRIED
TO SHAKE **HANDS** EARLIER, BUT I
DIDN'T ENJOY THE **EXPERIENCE**...

GET READY, I'M
NOT STOPPING!



GOING
UP!

WHOA!



WE'VE BEEN FLYING FULL-
THROTTLE AND THEY'RE
STILL **CLOSING** ON US!

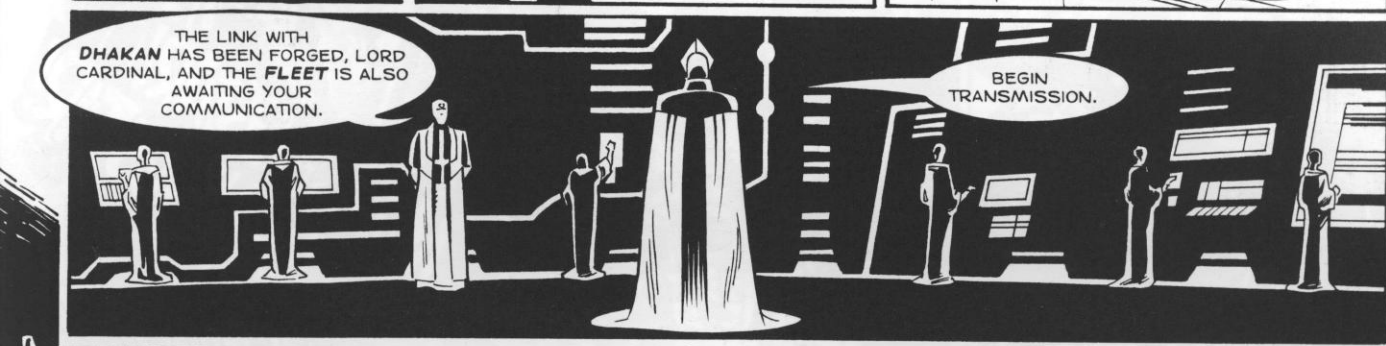
REALLY?
BUT THEY SEEM TO BE
MOVING **SLOWLY**... LIKE
FIGURES IN A **NIGHTMARE**
YOU CAN NEVER **OUTRUN**...



THANKS,
DOCTOR, THAT'S
CHEERED ME UP
COMPLETELY!

LOOKS LIKE MY
VISIT WITH THE CARDINAL
WILL HAVE TO BE
DELAYED...

I WONDER
WHAT HE'S DOING
NOW...?



THE LINK WITH
DHAKAN HAS BEEN FORGED, LORD
CARDINAL, AND THE **FLEET** IS ALSO
AWAITING YOUR
COMMUNICATION.

BEGIN
TRANSMISSION.



MY
CHILDREN...
THIS IS A
DAY LONG
FORETOLD.

THE FINAL
PAGE OF OUR MOST
SACRED TEXT HAS BEEN
RETURNED TO US. THE
ODOSTRA IS AT LAST
COMPLETE.

YOU MAY
REJOICE.



I SPEAK TO
YOU **FAR** FROM DHAKAN,
ON A PLANET CALLED **PARADOST**.
IT IS A **DARK AND TWISTED** SOCIETY,
WITH NO FAITH OF ITS OWN. THE
HERESIES OF A MILLION WORLDS
ARE **CELEBRATED**
HERE.

YET IT HAS
A **PURPOSE** IN THE GLORY'S
DIVINE PLAN...



I HAVE READ
THE FINAL PAGE. IT PROPHESIES
THE EVENTS OF TODAY. IT COMMANDS
THE GLORY'S SERVANTS TO MAKE AN
EXAMPLE OF THIS GODLESS
WORLD.

THE LAST DAYS HAVE
ARRIVED, MY CHILDREN. THE HOUR
OF **REGENERATION** IS NIGH, AND WE
MUST SHOW THE GLORY OUR FAITH
IS **STRONG**. THE HERETICS MUST
BE **PUNISHED**.

PARADOST
SHALL **BURN**.



AND LET THE
PEOPLES OF THE VOID WATCH
AND GROW **FEARFUL**, FOR THEY
ARE **NEXT**.

LET THE
JIHAD BEGIN!

MORNINGSTAR!
MORNINGSTAR!



CEASE
TRANSMISSION.



YES, A
NEW ERA
BEGINS... AND
OLD SCORES
ARE FINALLY
SETTLED.

AH,
DOCTOR...



...YOU HAVE
NO IDEA WHAT'S
COMING.



THEY'RE
ALMOST ON US! HEAD
EAST!

HOW MANY CREATURES
DID YOU SAY THERE
WERE, **AMBASSADOR?**

FOUR!



I MUST
RESPECTFULLY
DISAGREE.

OH, KRUUK!

TYLL, TAKE
US DOWN TO THE
ROOFTOP BELOW!
FAST!



TYLL!!!

SHRIIEEE!



KROTON, THE
TARDIS IS JUST ACROSS THE
PARK! RUN FOR IT!



KEY, KEY,
KEY... YOU'RE HERE
SOMEWHERE...

AH-HA!



WE'LL
BE SAFE
IN -

NO!!!



I...
I...

UH...

THAT'S NOT
SUPPOSED TO
HAPPEN, RIGHT?

TO BE CONTINUED...

STAND ASIDE,
TIME-KEEPER.
THE HERETIC
MUST PERISH.

REALLY? BUT CARDINAL MORNINGSTAR
JUST TOLD ME THAT EVERYONE'S DEAD ALREADY.
APPARENTLY WE'RE ALL ONLY A MEMORY NOW, SO
WHY BOTHER KILLING KROTON AGAIN?

YOU KNOW,
WE COULD JUST SIT
DOWN WITH A NICE
POT OF TEA AND
DEBATE THEOLOGICAL
ISSUES LIKE
GENTLEMEN...

The GLORIOUS DEAD

PART THREE

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HOW ABOUT
STARTING WITH AN
INTRODUCTION? YOU SEEM
TO KNOW ME, BUT I DON'T
RECALL EVER -

OH
NO.

YOU HAVE BEEN WITNESSED
MURDERING AN EXPOSITOR AND
ASSAULTING GUESTS OF THIS WORLD.

LOWER
YOUR ARMS!

THE PARADOSTRIAN
MILITIA ORDERS YOU
TO SUBMIT OR FACE
DESTRUCTION!

WOULDST THOU
THREATEN THE
DEAD, INFIDEL?

PATHETIC.

ZZ-SHAKK!





MY GOD.

THAT'S WHO THE DHAKANIANS ARE OBEYING. OR SO THEY BELIEVE.

TAKE US LOWER, JYNX. FAST AS YOU CAN...

DOCTOR, WHAT HAPPENED TO THE TARDIS?

HIJACKED. THINGS ARE BEGINNING TO FALL INTO PLACE, KROTON. OUR ENEMY IS FAR MORE THAN HE APPEARS -

MADNESS!

SCREAMS AND M-MADNESS AND BLOOD AND D-DUST AND -

JYNX, CALM DOWN! I NEED YOU THINKING CLEARLY!

F-FORGIVE ME, DOCTOR. I WAS NOT BRED FOR SUCH SIGHTS... M-MY LIFE SHATTERS... ALL SENSE HAS FLED...

DHAKAN IS A STRICT ORDER, BUT NEVER HAS IT ATTACKED ANOTHER WORLD... AND TO BEGIN WITH PARADOST IS INSANITY!

WE ARE PROTECTED BY THOUSANDS OF STAR-FARING WORLDS! ALREADY AN ALLIED FLEET WILL HAVE BEEN SUMMONED - BY NEXT NIGHTFALL THEY WILL ARRIVE TO CRUSH THE DHAKANIANS!

I DOUBT THE CARDINAL'S OVERLOOKED THE CAVALRY, JYNX...

THINGS MAY NOT BE THAT SIMPLE.



WHEN WE FIRST **LANDED**, LORD CARDINAL, I THOUGHT THIS WORLD **BEAUTIFUL**. I SEE IT NOW FOR THE VILE **TEMPTATION** IT IS...

WELL SAID, SEIDRI.



YOU HAVE SERVED ME FAITHFULLY AND WITHOUT QUESTION FOR SO MANY YEARS, MY FRIEND. YOU DESERVE A FITTING **REWARD**.

I HAVE DECIDED **YOU** SHALL **JOIN** THE CHOSEN BRETHREN AND AID THE **JIHAD DIRECTLY**.

YOU MAY PRESS YOUR **SOUL-KEY**.



M-ME, LORD CARDINAL? B-BUT...

"BUT"?

WITH THE **HOUR OF REBIRTH** SO NEAR... I... I SUPPOSE I EXPECTED TO WITNESS IT WITH MY PERSONA **INTACT**, M-MY BODY **WHOLE**...



SEIDRI... YOU **KNOW** YOU ARE DEAD **ALREADY**. YOU SHALL NEVER TRULY LIVE **AGAIN** UNTIL THE GLORY **WISHES** IT.

CAN YOUR FAITH BE SO **WEAK**?



MY... MY FAITH IS **ABSOLUTE**, CARDINAL MORNINGSTAR!

GOOD, SEIDRI.

PROVE IT.



KLIK



AAAGHH!

KROOCHOOOM!



HOW MAY I SERVE THEE, LORD CARDINAL?

YOU KNOW YOUR TASK. GATHER YOUR KIN AND PREPARE THE BARRIER...

THEN BURN THIS CITY TO THE GROUND. PURGE EVERY HERETIC YOU FIND, APART FROM **THE DOCTOR**.



THY WILL BE DONE...

FOOL.





GOOD GRIEF.
IT'S NOT **ON** HIS CHEST.
IT'S IMBEDDED
IN IT.

STILL, I THINK
I CAN NUDGE OUT
THE PRIMARY
COMPONENT...



I'VE SEEN SIMILAR
MECHANISMS BEFORE. **WARP-
SUBTRACTION CIRCUITRY...**
HIGHLY SOPHISTICATED. THIS
LITTLE CHAP CREATES A **MULTI-
DIMENSIONAL PORTAL.**

MY GUESS IS THAT
ITS **POWER SOURCE** IS
THE BODY'S **INTERNAL
COMBUSTION.** VERY,
VERY NASTY...

UHHH...



**NO! MY
SOUL-KEY!**
WHAT HAVE
YOU **DONE?!**

STOPPED YOU FROM
COMMITTING **SUICIDE?**

ARE YOU WILLING TO TELL
US WHAT THOSE CREATURES
OUTSIDE REALLY **ARE?**



YOU SEEK THE
TRUTH, INFIDEL? BE
WARNED... THE TRUTH IS
ALSO SEEKING YOU.

I WILL TELL
YOU **GLADLY...**



"THEY ARE THE **ARCHANGELS**
OF THE GLORY'S ETERNAL
PANTHEON. THEY ARE THE **HOLY
AVENGERS** WHO DWELL IN THE
CELESTIAL FURNACES THAT
FORGED THE GLORY'S **DOMAIN.**

"NO **BLASPHEMER** MAY **TOUCH** THEM. NO
WEAPON MAY STRIKE THEM DOWN. THEY
ARE THE **INVINCIBLE SWORD OF FAITH.**

"THEY ARE THE
ASH WRAITHS!"



AND THEIR
NUMBERS **GROW**
WITH EVERY PASSING
SECOND!

TERRIFIC.



ANY JOY FINDING A
READABLE COPY OF THE
DHAKANIANS' BIBLE,
THE **ODOSTRA?**

UH-UH. SORRY,
BUT ACCORDING TO THESE
FILES IT'S NEVER BEEN
TRANSLATED. BUT WHY
SHOULD IT **MATTER**,
ANYWAY...?



I MEAN, WHEN YOU SAW THAT PAGE FROM THE ODOSTRA YOU LOOKED LIKE YOU'D SWALLOWED A FOOTBALL! WHY GET ME TO HUNT FOR A TRANSLATION IF YOU CAN READ THE TEXT YOURSELF?

YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND, IZZY. I DIDN'T RECOGNISE THE LANGUAGE...



I RECOGNISED THE HANDWRITING.

SKRUNCH



WAIT! WAIT-WAIT-WAIT, THAT'S IT!

WHAT'S IT?

POWER SOURCE... YES... IT COULD WORK... IT'D BE SO SIMPLE...



I NEED SOME INFORMATION ON PARADOST, JYNX - WITH ANY LUCK, THIS WAR COULD BE CANCELLED BY LUNCHTIME!

AS EASY AS THAT?

AS EASY AS WALKING ON WATER, IZZY! NOW, LISTEN, WE...

WAKE UP



WE NEED TO...

DID YOU HEAR THAT?

HEAR WHAT?

WAKE UP



SOMEONE TELLING US... NO... TELLING ME TO...

WAKE UP



WH-WHAT'S HAPPENING? IZZY!

DOCTOR? ARE YOU OKAY? Y-YOU LOOK A LITTLE FREAKED OUT.

WAKE UP



NO! TH-THIS ISN'T... THIS CAN'T BE...

NO!

UP

NO!!!

PLEASE,
SWEETHEART,
YOU'RE
ALRIGHT! I
PROMISE!

IT WAS
JUST A **BAD**
DREAM! Y-YOU
WERE THRASHING
AROUND LIKE A
MADMAN!

BUT IT'S
OKAY, HONEY,
REALLY
IT IS...

YOU'RE
WIDE
AWAKE
NOW...

TO BE CONTINUED...

Dear Max,
Hi there. I'm about fifty quadzillion light-years from you right now. I suppose this letter hasn't got much of a chance of ever getting to you, but I'm writing it anyway. Somehow it makes me feel a little more connected to you. And to home.

I'm on a planet called Paradost. It was a really beautiful place when we landed, around three weeks ago.

Now it isn't looking so great.

I've got two friends here. Kroton's a Cyberman. He's a bit like a Borg, only with loads more personality. Jynx is an Expositor. She's sort of like a manta ray tour guide.

Something really important is going to happen tomorrow, Max.

I'm writing this tonight because you're my best friend and I wanted to tell you that I haven't forgotten you. To let you know that I still care.

Paradost has been invaded by the "Church of the Glorious Dead" from the planet Dhakan. The Dhakanians and these creatures called Ash Wraiths have been destroying this world piece-by-piece. They think it's "blasphemous".

They're all insane, every last one. But they're the ones with the artillery.


We're on the run. Fugitives! Mad, I know, but that's how it is.

Just in case I don't get the chance later.

THE GLORIOUS DEAD

PART FOUR

STORY: SCOTT GRAY PENCIL ART: MARTIN GERAGHTY INKS: ROBIN SMITH
LETTERING: ROGER LANGRIDGE EDITORS: GARY GILLATT & ALAN BARNES



The Dhakanians wiped out the local militia in a few days. The Ash Wraiths were busy setting up an energy barrier around the whole planet.

There are millions of spaceships from other worlds outside. They're trying to get in to help us, but they can't. Anyone who gets near it is killed.



Every alien ambassador was put on trial for the crime of "unbelief" and executed. Then they started holding mass trials for the Paradostrians.

We've heard that whole cities have been destroyed. It's almost too big to get my head around.



They've been burning Paradostr's Memory Hives in these fancy rituals. People's personal memories are collected there. They don't like that. According to them, only the memories of the "Glory" (their god) are real.

Did I mention they're insane?



I know what you're thinking, Max: "What about the Doctor?"

He seemed to have a plan to stop them the night the invasion started. "As easy as walking on water," he said.

Then he up and vanished right in front of us. Totally typical.



We've been moving across the planet through hyper-transit tunnels underneath the surface. The Dhakanians have started blocking them off, but there are still millions of them.

There are refugees from all over Paradostr here, looking for a safe haven.

We're pretty important for some reason. When we go up to the surface to find food, we see 3-D "Wanted" posters of us everywhere.

The Doctor's on them too, which I think is good news. That has to mean the Dhakanians didn't get him, right?

I haven't given up on him. He'll come back. Whatever's happened to him, he can handle it.

I guess it's just taking him a bit longer than usual.

Jynx gave me this lovely little "mnemonic crystal". It records people's memories and plays them back. It's been reminding me of all our times together in Stockbridge. Beats a Game Boy any day!

One evening I talked to Kroton about it.

IZZY, WE'LL NEED SOME MORE OF THAT SHEETING IF WE'RE GOING TO HIDE THIS ENTRANCE FROM VIEW...

SURE. LISTEN, KROTON, CAN I ASK YOU SOMETHING?

ON THE NIGHT WE ARRIVED I TRIED TO SHOW YOU THIS CRYSTAL. BUT YOU...

WELL, YOU SORT OF RAN AWAY FROM IT.

WILL YOU TELL ME WHY?

I... I SOMETIMES GET FLASHES OF MEMORY. IMAGES OF PEOPLE... PLACES... A WOMAN WHO SEEMS IMPORTANT TO ME. I CAN'T PUT NAMES TO ANY OF THEM.

I WAS A **MAN** ONCE. I MUST HAVE HAD A LIFE, A FAMILY...

BUT I CAN NEVER **RECLAIM** THEM. I ACCEPTED THAT LONG AGO. WHAT WOULD BE THE **POINT** IN LOOKING BACK?

PART OF ME WANTS TO REMEMBER, IZZY. BUT THE **BEST** OF ME KNOWS IT'D BE THE WORST KIND OF **TORTURE**.

DO YOU SEE?

I THINK SO.

I WAS FOUND AT A **BUS SHELTER**, JUST A FEW HOURS OLD. THERE WAS NO SIGN OF MY MUM OR DAD.

WHEN I WAS **EIGHT**, MY ADOPTIVE PARENTS, **SANDRA** AND **LES**, SAT ME DOWN AND TOLD ME THE TRUTH. THEY WERE REALLY **NICE** ABOUT IT, BUT IT STILL **HURT**.

SO I DECIDED I WAS REALLY A LOST ALIEN PRINCESS.

I KNEW SOMEDAY MY REAL MUM AND DAD WOULD COME BACK FROM SPACE AND FIND ME. THEY'D TAKE ME HOME TO A PLANET MADE OUT OF CHOCOLATE ECLAIRS AND SINGING COCONUTS...



I SUPPOSE THE DOCTOR COULD FIND OUT THE **TRUTH** EASILY ENOUGH, BUT HE HASN'T **OFFERED** AND I HAVEN'T **ASKED**.

THERE ARE DAYS WHEN I'D REALLY, **REALLY** LIKE TO KNOW WHERE I CAME FROM. BUT I UNDERSTAND NOW THAT IT WON'T BE ANY **FAIRY TALE**.

THE **REAL** STORY MIGHT JUST BE SOMETHING PRETTY **SAD**. I'M NOT SO SURE I WANT TO HEAR IT.



I THINK SOME TRUTHS ARE BETTER OFF STAYING BURIED.

YEAH.



We tried to help some refugees last week. We showed them where they could find some shelter and medicine for their kids.



In return, they told the Dhakanians where we were hiding. Probably trying to angle better treatment for themselves.

Kroton clobbered the guards and we got away. Just.



I went totally crazy. I was using swear words from a dozen different planets. Even Jynx was mad. She kept making this weird hissing/shrieking sound.

Kroton stayed calm the whole time, though. No anger at all.



After I'd cooled down, he looked at me and said, "Izzy, fear of death is a phobia just like any other. It can twist anyone's thinking. Just try to forgive them."

And then he strolled off.



I'm going to finish this letter tonight and put it somewhere safe. Tomorrow morning we get started on my plan.

(That's right, Max, my plan! Bet you never thought I'd end up being the rebel leader for real, huh?)

Paradost is very advanced. They control their weather with an "environmental impulse web" in the upper atmosphere. It's operated at a base near the equator.

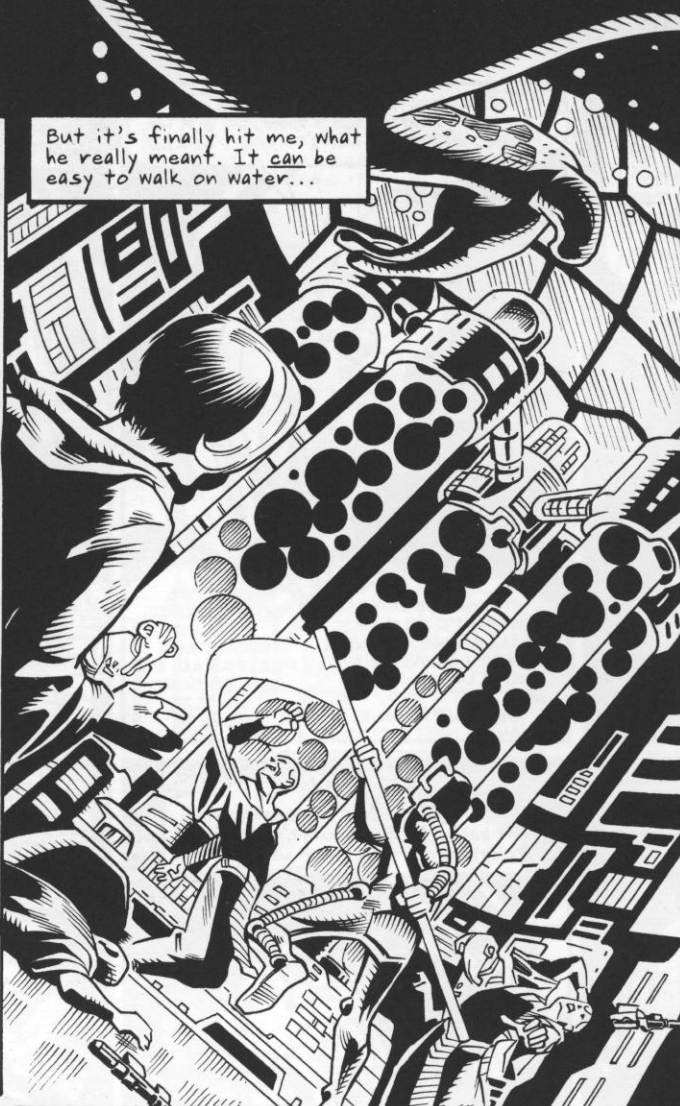


We're going to break in.

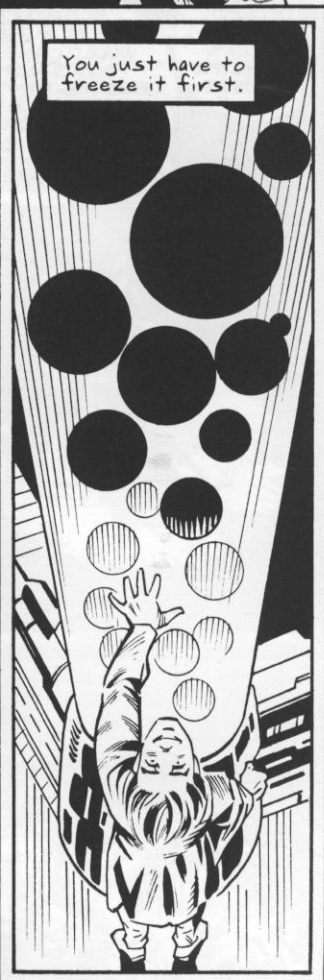
You see, I kept going over the Doctor's last words: "As easy as walking on water." I mean, that's not easy at all, right? Not unless you're a god or something.



But it's finally hit me, what he really meant. It can be easy to walk on water...



You just have to freeze it first.



The Ash Wraiths are the big problem. We've been told they live in "celestial furnaces". They kill people with fire, and they only seem to appear after a Dhakanian dies in a burst of flames.



They like it hot. Very hot.



So we're going to build a blizzard that'll cover the whole world at the push of a button.



What have they got left to lose?



We'll have to convince the scientists there to do it, but let's face it...

So what will happen when the weather turns Arctic?



Maybe nothing. Maybe the Wraiths stick on woolly parkas and that's it. But if we're really, really, really lucky, they'll follow an old saying I just made up...



"If you can't stand the cold, get out of the freezer."

The Ash Wraiths built the barrier. If they're forced back to wherever it is they come from, then maybe it'll dissolve.

If that happens, the allied fleet will come zooming in and the Dhakanians will finally be the ones outnumbered.



Tons of "ifs" and "maybes", I know, but it's worth a try.



I'm not kidding myself. I know what our chances are. I'm more scared than I've ever been in my whole life.



We'll have to destroy the weather-controlling equipment straight away, or the Dhakanians will be able to reset it.

But I'm finished with hiding, I know that much.

It's weird. I think hanging around with the Doctor and Kroton has kind of changed me a little. I've learned something from them.

Everyone dies - fact. And we don't have any say in deciding when or where.

But how we check out - that's another story.

Maybe if you make the reason why you die a really good one - like trying to stop an evil so big it seems to block out the whole sky...

Then the fear won't get in the way at all.

BEAT YOU.

CONGRATULATIONS.

ZREEEEE

You look after yourself, Max. Lots of love, Izzy. xxx

TO BE CONTINUED...

the GLORIOUS DEAD

PART FIVE

HONEY? PLEASE SAY SOMETHING. YOU'RE SCARING ME...

I'M... I'M SORRY, GRACE. I'M ALRIGHT. IT WAS JUST A BAD DREAM.

WHAT WAS IT ABOUT?

THAT'S THE ODD THING... I CAN'T EVEN REMEMBER NOW.

STORY: SCOTT GRAY
PENCIL ART: MARTIN GERAGHTY & ROGER LANGRIDGE
INKS: ROBIN SMITH LETTERING: ROGER LANGRIDGE
EDITORS: GARY GILLATT & ALAN BARNES

DON'T GET UP NOW, IT'S 6.00 AM! COME BACK TO BED, DUMMY!

NO, I HAVE TO GET TO WORK **EARLY** TODAY. THERE'S A WHOLE SEMESTER SCHEDULE TO PLAN OUT, AND THE DEAN'LL HAVE MY **HEAD** IF IT ISN'T FINISHED SOON...

WELL, DON'T FORGET, ALICE AND TED ARE COMING OVER FOR DINNER TONIGHT...

RIGHT. YES. THAT'LL BE NICE.

HEY, TRY TO CONTAIN YOUR ENTHUSIASM...

DID YOU PUT THE GARBAGE OUT LAST NIGHT?

IF YOU MEAN THE **RUBBISH**, YES...

WHAT ABOUT THE VISA ACCOUNT? DID YOU SETTLE IT?

YOU SAID **YOU'D** DO IT!

I DID **NOT!** LISTEN, I KNOW ALL THIS DOMESTIC STUFF IS STILL **NEW** TO YOU, SO I'M CUTTING YOU SOME SLACK RIGHT **NOW**...

BUT KEEP UP THE ABSENT-MINDED ROUTINE AND I'M **WARNING** YOU, MISTER...

... WE'LL BE HEADING FOR A **SHOWDOWN**.



IT'S HIGH NOON
IN VORTEX CITY.

DOC GALLIFREY WALKS DOWN
SALVATION STREET, WHISTLIN' A
SLOW TUNE, TRYIN' TO RECALL HOW
THIS WHOLE MESS GOT **STARTED**.



THE MAN IN BLACK IS ALREADY WAITIN'. THE DOC
CAN'T SEE HIS FACE IN THE MIDDAY SUN, BUT THAT
DON'T MATTER. HE KNOWS HIM FROM **WAY** BACK.

THESE TWO, THEY
GOT A **HISTORY**.



THE DOC CAN HEAR THE TOWNSFOLK
MUMBLIN' BEHIND THE SHUTTERS.
SOME ARE **PRAYIN'**. SOME ARE
PLACIN' **BETS**.

SOMEONE FAR, FAR AWAY
CALLS OUT THE COUNT...

ONE...

TWO...



THREE.

BLAM!

BLAM!

DARN. THIS TIME THE DOC JUST
AIN'T **FAST** ENOUGH. TRUTH IS, HE
DON'T EVEN SEE THE MAN **DRAW**.

HE'S GONNA HIT **HARD**...



FISHY
LUIGI'S

DEEG FISH
LABLE FISH

BOUFF FISH
NO FISH

OW!

OW!

OW!

BOINK!

BOINK!

BOINK!

... AND-A **STAY** OUT,
YOU FAT LITTLE FELINE!





THE WALL OF FORESIGHT IS BREACHED! WE TREAD THE DARKLING REALMS AT LAST, APPRENTICE! 'TIS A FINE NIGHT FOR BATTLE, EH?

YOU MAKE LIGHT OF OUR TASK, LORD QUIQUAEQUOD. THERE IS DEATH IN EVERY CORNER OF THIS PESTILENT LAND!



HAH! WOULD THE MIGHTY SAYDE LE FEY FLEE FROM THE NIGHT LIKE A SERVING WENCH? DISPLAY SOME PRIDE, WOMAN!

THE DARCOULI! GATHER, MY LORD! BEWARE!



I FEAR NO MONSTERS, WOMAN! LET THEIR WINGS BE SCORCHED!

FWOOM!



MY LORD... YOUR ELDRITCH FLAMES SPREAD! TH-THEY TURN ON -

AAHIEEE!

CHKROOM!



N-NO! APPRENTICE! WHAT HAVE I WROUGHT? TH-THE FIRES CANNOT BE QUENCHED!

I... I AM...



I'M A FAILURE. I THINK SOMETIMES I'M ALWAYS GOING TO BE A KID. IT FEELS LIKE I'VE BEEN THIS AGE FOR CENTURIES!

PSYCHIATRIC HELP 5¢

THE RANI IS IN



IF ONLY I KNEW WHAT I WAS GOING TO BE WHEN I GREW UP...

OH, IS THAT ALL? WHY DIDN'T YOU ASK THAT EARLIER?

THE RANI IS IN



YOU'RE GOING TO BE AN EVEN BIGGER BLOCKHEAD, THETA STIGMA.

PSYCHIATRIC HELP 5¢

THE RANI IS IN



THAT WILL BE FIVE CENTS.

PSYCHIATRIC HELP 5¢

THE RANI IS IN

Yeah,
five
cents...

It wasn't much to stake a guy's
future on, but in a town where life is
cheaper than leftover lint it happens
more often than you might think...

But when even the
lint gets too pricey,
they call me.

JOE SMITH
PRIVATE
INVESTIGATOR



The coin was my
only clue to a
multiple homicide.
I had until
midnight to
close the case.

Then I realised
someone was outside.
Looked like a big
guy wearing door
handles on his head.

So for once I decided
to play it smart. My
finger slowly eased
back the safety on my
38... I aimed...

FIRE!
FIRE!!
FIRE!!!



I had a hunch he
hadn't dropped by
to sell Bibles.



MOVE FORWARD, MEN,
INTO THE ALIEN SCUM'S
SHIP! DRIVE THEM BACK!

ZWAZZ!
ZWAZZ!

AAHHH!!





HAR! YOU ARE THE PRAXXANOIDS' LEADER, YAH? YOU DARE TO INVADÉ PLANET EARTH, FOOL?

MERCY... PLEASE... M-MY FORCES HAVE SURRENDERED...



MERCY? VEAKLING! THE SONIC SCREWDRIVER CANNOT EVEN SPELL THIS VORD!

I VILL GO UP TO "AGONISE" ON YOU, VORM!

LIQUIFY
AGONISE
HURT
DEAFEN
CLIK!

NO!
NO!



UUUGGHHIEEE!



VAIT...

WAIT...

THIS ISN'T ME... IS IT?



NO!

SHRIPPP!



GOT TO... FOCUS... I HAVE TO...



THOSE OTHER BEINGS... I WAS EXPERIENCING THEIR LIVES, BUT THEY WEREN'T EXISTING **PARALLEL** TO ME...

THEY WERE ME. I'M **ONE** OF THEM. I... I'M JUST A SINGLE ASPECT OF SOMEONE **ELSE** - A FAR **LARGER** BEING I'VE NEVER EVEN CONTEMPLATED **EXISTED**...

JUST ONE **FACET** OF A GIGANTIC **JEWEL**...

YOU HAVE DONE WELL, DOCTOR. FROM **PERSPECTIVE** COMES **AWARENESS**. YOU WILL NEED **BOTH** IF YOU ARE TO MEET YOUR CHALLENGE...

YOUR **FINAL** CHALLENGE.

MY SEARCH IS **ENDED**, AND WITH SO LITTLE TIME LEFT, YOU ARE THE **ADVERSARY**.

THE **WHAT?**

LOOK TO YOUR FEET, DOCTOR. SEE THE **PATTERN?**

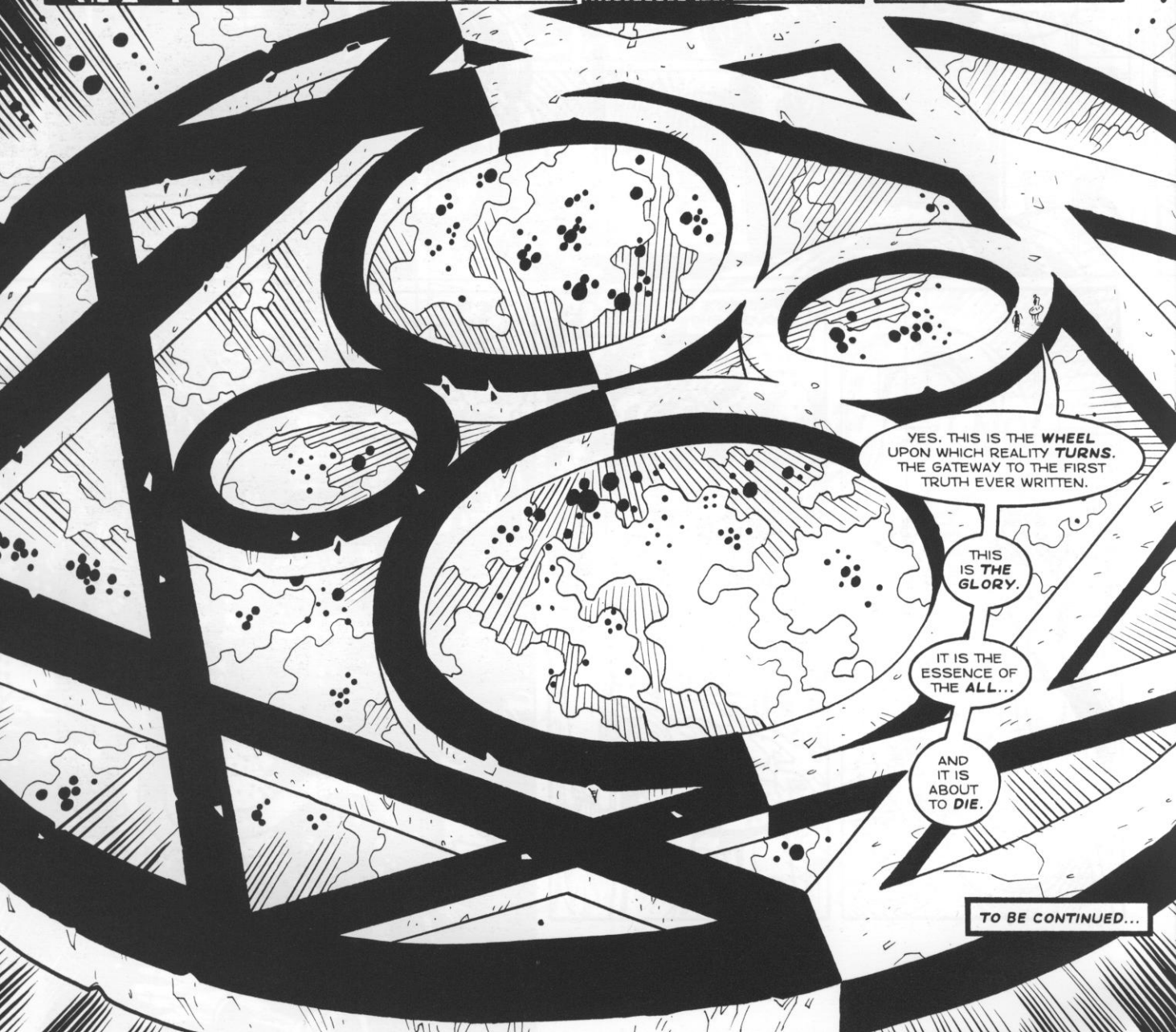
I CAN SEE **PART** OF IT... IT'S TOO LARGE TO TAKE IT ALL IN...

FOCUS YOUR MIND. IT IS CRUCIAL YOU WITNESS THE **ENTIRETY**.

YES... I CAN SEE IT... IT'S THE **SYMBOL** THE **DHAKANIANS** HAD ON THEIR **FOREHEADS**...

DO YOU KNOW WHAT IT REPRESENTS?

THE... **CENTRE?**



YES. THIS IS THE **WHEEL** UPON WHICH REALITY **TURNS**. THE GATEWAY TO THE FIRST TRUTH EVER WRITTEN.

THIS IS THE **GLORY**.

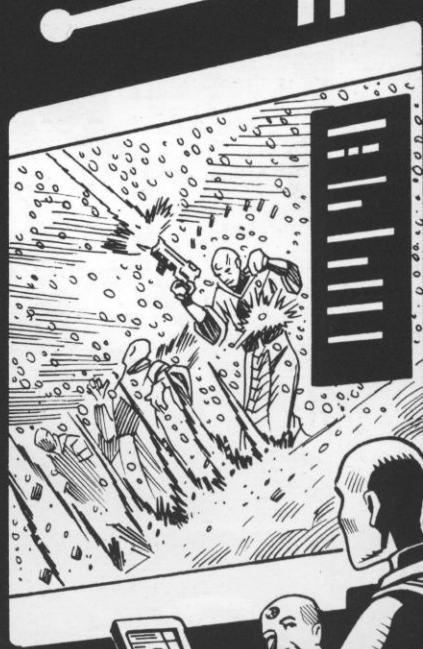
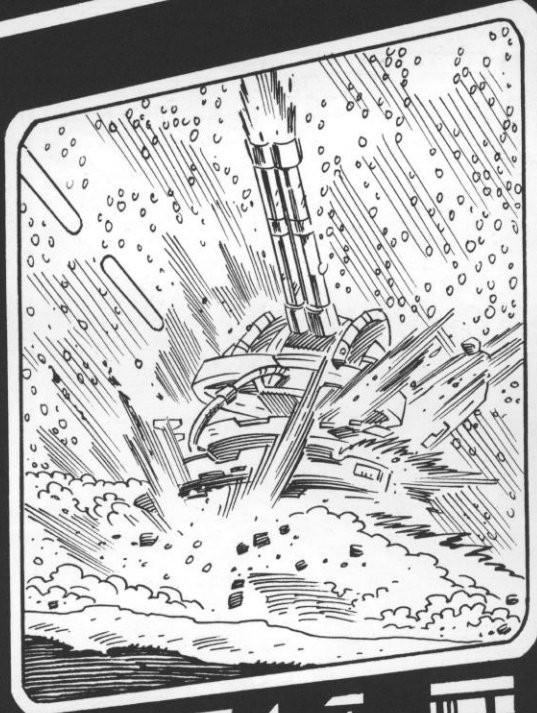
IT IS THE **ESSENCE** OF THE **ALL**...

AND IT IS ABOUT TO **DIE**.

TO BE CONTINUED...

CARDINAL MORNINGSTAR, WE ARE SUFFERING HEAVY CASUALTIES. THE ALLIED HORDE GREATLY OUTNUMBER OUR HOLY FORCES...

WE HAVE LOST THE SOUTHERN HEMISPHERE.



THE GLORIOUS DEAD

PART SIX

MOST OF THE ASH WRAITHS WERE CAUGHT BY THE ICE STORM, LORD CARDINAL. THE SURVIVORS HAVE RETREATED TO THE ETERNAL PANTHEON...

DO... DO WE FIGHT ON?

STORY: SCOTT GRAY PENCIL ART: MARTIN GERAGHTY INKING: ROBIN SMITH
LETTERING: ROGER LANGRIDGE EDITORS: GARY GILLATT & ALAN BARNES



NO.

OUR TASK HERE IS DONE. IT IS CLEAR TO ME NOW THAT THE DOCTOR HAS ABANDONED HIS ALLIES AND SOMEHOW FLED PARADOST.

DHAKAN IS CALLING TO US, DEACON KULIOS. ALERT THE FLEET...



"... THE EXODUS BEGINS NOW."

MOVE IT, JYNX! THE FLAGSHIP WON'T BE HERE FOR MUCH LONGER!

I WISH I HAD BEEN BRED A WARRIOR, KROTON. I COULD DO NOTHING BUT WATCH AS MORNINGSTAR DID... THAT TERRIBLE THING... TO IZZY...



IF I'D BEEN FASTER I COULD HAVE STOPPED HIM. IT WAS MY RESPONSIBILITY.

THERE! THERE'S A SERVICE HATCH...



KRUNCHH!

GET CLEAR FAST, JYNX, THEY'RE POWERING UP TO ESCAPE VELOCITY. DON'T GET CAUGHT IN THE BACK-BLAST...

I UNDERSTAND. THE SPIRIT OF PARADOST GOES WITH YOU, KROTON...



THE GLORY IS THE FOCAL POINT OF THE SPECTRUM. IT KEEPS THE STRUCTURE OF THE OMNIVERSE WHOLE.

BUT FOR ALL ITS POWER, THE GLORY IS MERELY A DEVICE. IT REQUIRES A LIVING CONSCIOUSNESS TO DIRECT IT. THAT BEING'S LIFESPAN IS EXTENDED TO A NEAR-ETERNITY, BUT STILL IT REMAINS FINITE.

THE ONE WITHIN THE GLORY IS DYING NOW. THE SPECTRUM IS DECAYING. THE ALL IS IN PERIL.



A REPLACEMENT MUST BE FOUND.

YOU MEAN... ME?

AH... THAT'S AWFULLY FLATTERING, ESTERATH, BUT I'M NOT SURE I WANT THE JOB. BOUND TO BE A LOT OF PAPERWORK INVOLVED...

WOULD THAT IT WERE THAT SIMPLE, DOCT--

UNNGGH!

YOU'RE ILL! WHAT'S HAPPENING TO YOU?

I... AM LINKED WITH THE GLORY. AS IT FADES, SO DO I.

IT MATTERS NOT. I HAVE FOUND YOU AT LAST. I AM THE GATHERER. MY ROLE IN THIS AFFAIR IS NEARLY DONE...

PRIMUS!

I AM HERE, ESTERATH.

PRIMUS IS MY WORLDSHIP, DOCTOR. THE LAST OF HIS KIND. WE MUST SET SAIL IMMEDIATELY...

YOUR SHADOW AWAITS YOU EVEN NOW...

"... ON A SMALL
WORLD CALLED
DHAKAN."



0000HHH...

THAT'S
FUNNY...



I COULD
HAVE SWORN
I WAS DEAD.

YOU ARE,
CHILD. BUT
FAITH BRINGS
RESURRECTION.

MORNINGSTAR?!
H-HOW DID YOU
GET SO MASSI--

OH. OKAY,
I REMEMBER
NOW. I GOT LEFT
IN THE WASH
TOO LONG...

DON'T FREAK
DON'T FREAK
DON'T FREAK



YOU ARE
ABOARD MY FLAGSHIP,
YOUNG ONE. SOON WE SHALL
STAND UPON MY WORLD AND
GREET THE HOUR OF
REBIRTH **TOGETHER**.

BUT FOR
NOW... I HAVE A
SURPRISE FOR
YOU.



D-DON'T
TELL ME...
YOU'RE REALLY
MY **LONG-LOST**
DAD AND YOU WANT
ME TO JOIN THE
DARK SIDE...

SUCH
SPIRIT.

I WISH I **WERE**
YOUR FATHER, CHILD.
I WOULD BE **ETERNALLY**
PROUD.



HUH?
WHY DID
YOU
SAY...

OH
GOD,
NO...

NO...





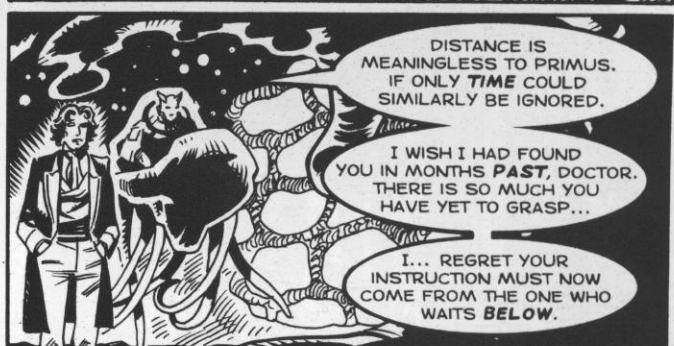
GREETINGS, IJI. DO NOT BE SHOCKED. IT WAS WRITTEN THAT OUR ROADS WOULD CROSS AGAIN.

KATSURA SATO BIDS YOU WELCOME.



OUR VOYAGE IS ENDED, DOCTOR.

OH? THAT WAS QUICK... BARELY HAD TIME TO OBSERVE THE "NO SMOKING" SIGN...



DISTANCE IS MEANINGLESS TO PRIMUS. IF ONLY TIME COULD SIMILARLY BE IGNORED.

I WISH I HAD FOUND YOU IN MONTHS PAST, DOCTOR. THERE IS SO MUCH YOU HAVE YET TO GRASP...

I... REGRET YOUR INSTRUCTION MUST NOW COME FROM THE ONE WHO WAITS BELOW.



WAIT! ESTERATH, WHAT DO YOU ME—

FAREWELL.



GOOD EVENING, DHAKAN...

I ASSUME YOU'RE STILL WATCHING, ESTERATH. DO YOU WANT MY REACTION TO ALL THIS?

I CAN HEAR THOUSANDS OF VOICES CHANTING A LOW, MONOTONOUS MANTRA... THE SKY LOOKS LIKE IT COULD CATCH FIRE AT ANY MOMENT...

AND THERE'S AN UNMISTAKABLE SMELL IN THE AIR -- ONE I'VE EXPERIENCED BEFORE...

COMING FROM THE OVENS AT AUSCHWITZ.



BLAZES. LOOK AT THE PEOPLE. IS THERE AN INDEPENDENT MIND ANYWHERE IN THAT FOREST?

THEY'RE AS BLEAK AND EMPTY AS THE...

ARCHITECTURE...



ST PAUL'S.

THAT'S ST PAUL'S CATHEDRAL.

NO...



THIS IS EARTH, ISN'T IT?

DHAKAN IS EARTH!

WHERE ARE YOU? STOP HIDING, YOU ARROGANT PSYCHOPATH! I KNOW IT'S YOU!



VWORP-VWORP

IT'S ALWAYS YOU...



"AND ON THE DAY OF UNCREATION THE GLORY LOOKED UPON THE VOID AND SAW ONLY A SEA OF HERESY..."

"AND NO MERCY CAME FOR THE FAITHLESS, NO MATTER THEIR STATION..."



"NO MERCY FOR THE BRAVE OR THE MEEK... FOR THE WISE OR THE IGNORANT... FOR THE PRIDEFUL..."

"... OR THE FALLEN."



YOU'RE **REPEATING** YOURSELF, YOU KNOW. YOU'VE TRIED THE **MAN OF GOD** ACT BEFORE... **DEVIL'S END**, REMEMBER?

HAVE YOU RUN OUT OF **TRICKS...** OR **IMAGINATION...** OR **BOTH?**



I HAVE NO NEED FOR **TRICKS**.

STRANGE. NOW THAT YOU'VE JETTISONED THAT ABSURD **CAPE** AND **HELMET**, YOU SEEM A GREAT DEAL **SMALLER**. HOW DID...

WAIT A MINUTE -- THAT **FACE** YOU'RE WEARING... I'VE SEEN IT **BEFORE**.

BRIXTON.

YOU WERE **THERE**.

YES.

I WAS A RANTING OLD MAN YOU **DISMISSED** WITHOUT A SECOND GLANCE. A SIZEABLE **ERROR** ON YOUR PART, MY FRIEND. *

ONE OF **MANY**.

* SEE **DWM** 273

NO LONGER AM I THE MAN YOU KNEW, **DOCTOR**. HE IS **GONE**, SWEEPED AWAY ON A TIDE OF **REVELATION**.

OUR TIME AS **EQUALS** IS **OVER**. I HAVE WALKED IN THE **INFINITE WASTELAND**. I HAVE HEARD **WHISPERS** THAT WOULD DEAFEN YOUR **SOUL**.

KZZZAAKK!

YOU REMAIN ONLY AN **APPRENTICE...**

... WHILE I AM FINALLY **THE MASTER**.



TO BE **CONTINUED...**

SO HERE WE ARE AGAIN, AT THE END OF YET **ANOTHER** ONE OF YOUR **GRANDIOSE** SCHEMES...

COME ON, GET ON WITH IT. I'M SURE YOU'RE JUST **DYING** TO LET ME KNOW HOW **CLEVER** YOU'VE BEEN...

YOUR UNDERSTANDING IS **NECESSARY**, DOCTOR, BUT I TAKE NO SATISFACTION IN **PROVIDING** IT. I HAVE MOVED FAR BEYOND SUCH PETTY INDULGENCES.

YOU WILL RECALL OUR LAST ENCOUNTER IN **SAN FRANCISCO**. I WAS DEVoured BY THE EYE OF HARMONY, MY SCANT REMAINS SPAT OUT INTO THE **TIME/SPACE VORTEX**...

THE GLORIOUS DEAD

PART SEVEN

STORY: SCOTT GRAY PENCIL ART: MARTIN GERAGHTY INKS: ROBIN SMITH
LETTERING: ROGER LANGRIDGE EDITORS: GARY GILLATT & ALAN BARNES

"MY **HATRED** FOR YOU HAD NEVER BURNED **BRIGHTER** - BUT IT WAS FINALLY ABOUT TO **DIE**."

"... SO LOUDLY THAT I WAS **HEARD**."

"I CAME WITHIN THE INFLUENCE OF **ESTERATH**, ON HIS OWN PERSONAL ODYSSEY."

"HE SUSTAINED MY FRAGILE ESSENCE, CURIOUS TO KNOW HOW SUCH A FURY COULD HAVE BEEN BORN. I SPOKE **FREELY**, DETAILING ALL OF OUR PAST CONFLICTS. I HID **NOTHING** FROM HIM."

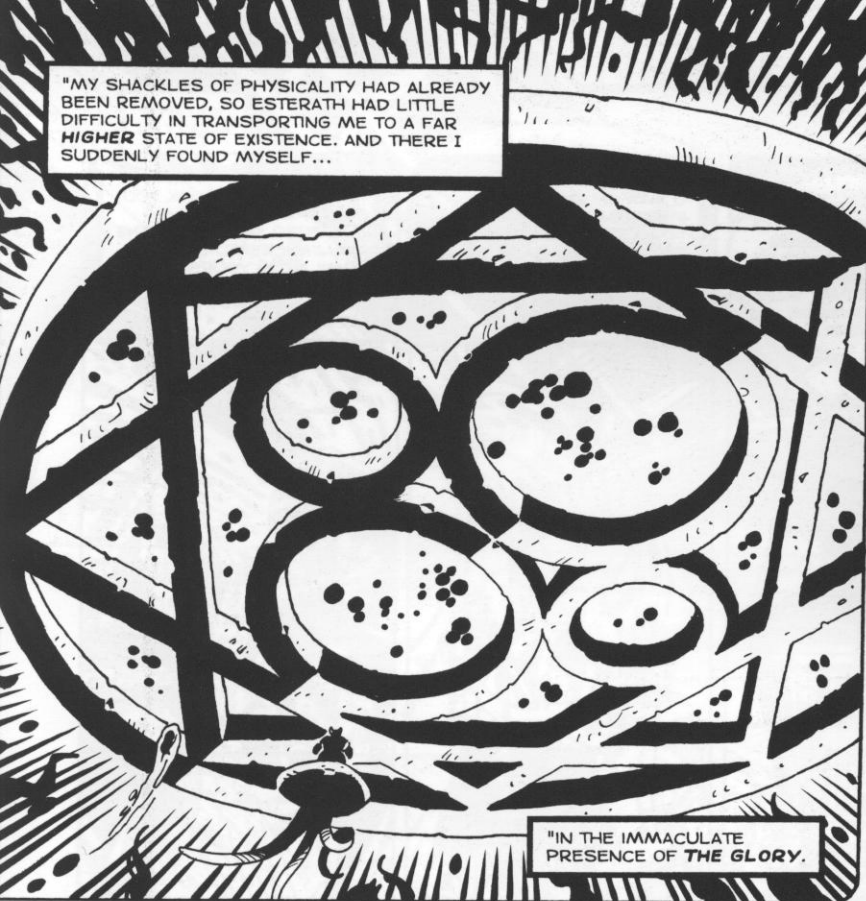
"AND WHEN I WAS DONE, HE SPOKE."

I HAVE SEEN SUCH RAGE ONLY ONCE BEFORE, YOUNG SPIRIT.

PERHAPS **YOU** ARE THE ONE I HAVE BEEN SEEKING.

"I PLUNGED THROUGH HISTORY'S WINDS, SCREAMING YOUR NAME AGAIN AND AGAIN..."

"MY SHACKLES OF PHYSICALITY HAD ALREADY BEEN REMOVED, SO ESTERATH HAD LITTLE DIFFICULTY IN TRANSPORTING ME TO A FAR **HIGHER** STATE OF EXISTENCE. AND THERE I SUDDENLY FOUND MYSELF...



"IN THE IMMACULATE PRESENCE OF **THE GLORY**.

"THE TRUTH CAME TO ME IN A SINGLE, DEVASTATING INSTANT, DOCTOR.

"I HAD PURSUED **POWER** MY ENTIRE LIFE WITHOUT EVER TRULY KNOWING WHAT IT **WAS**. BUT HERE IT LAY BEFORE ME... THE **FINAL POWER**.



"POWER THAT MADE ALL MY PAST AMBITIONS APPEAR **LESS** THAN THE **SCRIBBLINGS** OF A RETARDED CHILD.

"WITHIN THE GLORY DWELLED A MIND THAT COULD RESHAPE **INFINITY** IF IT CHOSE.



"THE **OMNIVERSAL SPECTRUM** WAS REVEALED TO ME. I GLIDED OVER ITS ETERNAL PLAINS FOR WHAT SEEMED **CENTURIES**. ALL **REALITY** OPENED ITSELF TO ME LIKE A VAST, OLYMPIAN **BOOK**...

"... ONLY TO BE **SNAPPED SHUT**.



"I AWOKE IN A LONDON ALLEYWAY, IN THE BODY OF A RECENTLY-DECEASED **VAGRANT**. PERHAPS ESTERATH SOUGHT TO TEACH ME **HUMILITY**.

"AN AMUSING NOTION, I'M SURE YOU WILL AGREE.

"I UNDERSTOOD THE ROLE I WAS TO PLAY IN THE LAST DAYS OF THE GLORY, BUT SEVERAL WEEKS PASSED BEFORE I DISCOVERED HOW I WOULD **ACHIEVE** IT.



"ONE DAY I WAS PULLED AWAY FROM THE **BRIXTON STREETS**...

"I FOUND MYSELF ON THE **MOON**, OBSERVING ONE OF YOUR COUNTLESS, POINTLESS BATTLES.



"BUT HOW HAD I BEEN DRAWN THERE? THE ANSWER SOON PRESENTED ITSELF...

"THE TARDIS.



"IT HAD CONSUMED ME, BUT IN SO DOING, PART OF MY ESSENCE HAD BEEN ABSORBED WITHIN IT. MY SYMBIOTIC NUCLEI HAD INFECTED ITS SYSTEMS.

"I HAD BEEN SPREADING LIKE A VIRUS THROUGH YOUR SHIP, MY NATURE FLOWING THROUGH ITS WARM VEINS..."

A TRUE SYMBIOSIS HAD OCCURED BETWEEN US. ITS ABILITIES HAD BEEN PASSED ONTO ME, AND IT WOULD OBEY ONLY ME. ALL SPACE AND TIME WERE MINE TO TRAVERSE ONCE MORE.

YES, MY FRIEND. YOUR GREATEST LOVE HAS BEEN UNFAITHFUL.



"I SAW AN IDEAL OPPORTUNITY TO TEACH YOU A VITAL LESSON. I DIRECTED YOU BACK TO LONDON, TO WITNESS THE RESULTS OF YOUR CASUAL TAMPERING WITH A WOMAN'S DESTINY..."



* SEE DWM 273-276

"FROM THERE I TOOK YOU TO JAPAN TO SEE THE DISASTER SHAPED BY THE GAIJIN; CREATURES SO SIMILAR TO YOURSELF... BEINGS OBSESSED WITH OBTAINING KNOWLEDGE AT ANY PRICE..."



* DWM 278-282

"AND THEN TO TRIONIKUS, WHERE BLIND LUCK ALONE SAVED YOU FROM MURDERING AN INNOCENT..."



"WHEREVER YOU WALK, DOCTOR, DESTRUCTION FOLLOWS. ARE YOU BEGINNING TO SEE?"

* DWM 284-286

I SEE YOU'RE INSULTING MY INTELLIGENCE. AGAIN.

YES, I'VE MADE SOME MISTAKES RECENTLY, BUT IN JAPAN I HALTED A PERVERSION OF HISTORY...

THE SAME TYPE OF TEMPORAL CORRUPTION YOU'VE CLEARLY CAUSED HERE, TRANSFORMING EARTH INTO DHAKAN!



ARE YOU SO VERY CERTAIN OF THAT, OLD FRIEND?



WHAT OF THE MAN YOU MET IN JAPAN? A MAN WHOSE SOLE WISH WAS TO DIE WITH HONOUR...

... A MAN YOU MADE IMMORTAL.



"WHAT OF
KATSURA
SATO?"

KATSURA...
HOW? ALL THOSE PEOPLE
ON PARADOST... ALL
DEAD...

HOW COULD
YOU DO IT?

SPEAK NOT
TO ME OF **DEATH**, IJI.
YOU KNOW **NOTHING**
OF ITS NATURE...

"DEATH **BETRAYED** ME SOME
FOUR CENTURIES PAST - YOUR
WISE **DOCTOR** SAW TO THAT. THE
NANO-DRONES HE PLACED WITHIN
ME HEALED MY EVERY WOUND,
BUT THEY DID NOT SAVE MY
SPIRIT FROM WITHERING ON THE
VINE OF **DISHONOUR**.

"I DRIFTED TO THE **CARIBBEAN**
WHERE I TURNED TO **PIRACY**. I
WRESTED SILVER FROM SPANISH
SHIPS RETURNING FROM THE
AMERICAS. **NOTHING** COULD
CAUSE ME HARM.

"MANY YEARS PASSED.
MY HEART GREW WEARY.
OR PERHAPS IT WAS
MERELY **BOREDOM**
WHICH BROUGHT ME LOW.

"UNABLE TO ATONE FOR MY
LORD'S DEATH, I LEFT NIPPON
IN **DISGRACE**, NEVER TO RETURN.

"THEY THOUGHT ME A **LEGEND**,
BUT MY LIFE WAS AN ENDLESS
LIE. WHAT VIRTUE LAY IN
BATTLES I COULD NEVER **LOSE**?

"I ALLOWED MYSELF
TO BE CAPTURED.

"HOW I **LAUGHED** AT THEM, IJI, THESE
TERRIFIED SERVANTS OF A FALSE GOD.

"I FELT **NOTHING**.

"I WAS BROUGHT BEFORE THE
INQUISITION THAT HELD SPAIN
IN ITS PIOUS GRIP. THEY JUDGED
ME A **DEMON** AND SENTENCED
ME TO DEATH BY HOLY TORTURE...

"IN TIME THEY ACCEPTED DEFEAT. THEY LOCKED ME IN A CELL IN SARAGOSSA AND TRIED TO FORGET THEY HAD EVER SEEN ME.

"I REMAINED THERE FOR **FIFTY YEARS**, WELCOMING THE SOLITUDE.



"ONE DAY I WAS VISITED BY A MAN IN PRIEST'S ROBES WHO **RELEASED** ME.

"I MOVED TO SNAP HIS NECK, BUT HE HAD PRODUCED A SMALL BLACK **SCEPTRE** FROM HIS ROBES... I SAW A FLASH OF **LIGHT**...



"... AND MY WORLD CHANGED **FOREVER**.

KATSURA SATO, YOU BELIEVE YOUR LIFE IS WITHOUT **PURPOSE**. YOU ARE **MISTAKEN**.

THE INJUSTICES YOU HAVE SUFFERED HAVE **TEMPERED** YOUR SOUL, NOT BROKEN IT. YOU HAVE BEEN READY FOR A **GREAT** AND **HOLY** TASK.



OBEY ME IN ALL THINGS AND YOUR HONOUR SHALL BE **REBORN**.



"AND I LOOKED AT THIS MAN WHO WAS **NOT** A MAN, IJI...

"AND I **BELIEVED**."

YES, DOCTOR... SATO.

WHAT YOU DID TO HIM **INTRIGUED** ME. I WONDERED WHAT EFFECT THE NANO-DRONES MIGHT HAVE ON HIS **PSYCHE**. YOU HAD REMOVED ALL **PHYSICAL PAIN** FROM HIS LIFE...

IF A MAN BECOMES **IMMUNE** TO PAIN, WILL HE, IN TIME, FORGET WHAT PAIN **EVEN IS**? WILL HE THEN BECOME BLIND TO THE PAIN OF **OTHERS**?

IT SEEMED LIKELY. HE WAS AN IDEAL SPECIMEN. HE THOUGHT THE VOID IN HIS LIFE TO BE SO **LARGE**...

BUT ALL THAT WAS NEEDED TO **FILL** IT WAS A NEW **MASTER**.

"I LET HIM SUFFER FOR A FEW DECADES BEFORE CLAIMING HIM.

"I GAVE HIM THE **ODOSTRA**, A BOOK I WROTE IN AN AFTERNOON. I FILLED IT WITH THREATS OF FIRE AND DAMNATION, BUT ALSO THE PROMISE OF **REBIRTH**. HE WAS A **DEVOTED** PUPIL.



"AND SO KATSURA SATO RETURNED TO THE WORLD, FANATICALLY DEDICATED TO HIS NEW VOCATION - TO TEACH THE PATH OF **THE GLORY** TO THE MASSES.

"HE WAS THE PERFECT MESSIAH. A SUPERB ORATOR... A BRILLIANT STRATEGIST... AGELESS AND INDESTRUCTIBLE. THOUSANDS FLOCKED TO HIS SIDE IN THE FIRST DECADE ALONE.

"EUROPE WAS ENGULFED IN A HOLY CRUSADE WHICH TORCHED THE ENTIRE CONTINENT. IT TOOK SATO LESS THAN A CENTURY TO TAKE COMPLETE CONTROL OF IT.

"ASIA FELL NEXT, THEN AFRICA.

"I DID NOTHING BUT WATCH.

"BY THE DAWN OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY, KATSURA SATO WAS THE UNDISPUTED MONARCH OF HIS WORLD. EARTH WAS FINALLY UNITED UNDER ONE RULE, ONE RELIGION, ONE PURPOSE.

"DHAKAN WAS BORN.

"WHILE SATO HAD BASED SOME OF THE CHURCH'S HIERARCHY ON HIS FORMER CAPTORS, HE SAW NO NEED TO EMULATE THEIR DISTRUST OF SCIENCE. DHAKAN PROGRESSED QUICKLY IN ITS TECHNOLOGIES.

"AS THE TWENTIETH CENTURY BEGAN, IT HAD ACHIEVED INTERSTELLAR TRAVEL.

"SATO WAS READY TO SPREAD HIS HOLY DOCTRINE TO OTHER WORLDS.

"I RETURNED TO GIVE HIM MY BLESSING. I NAMED HIM 'MORNINGSTAR'...

"THE RISING SUN'."





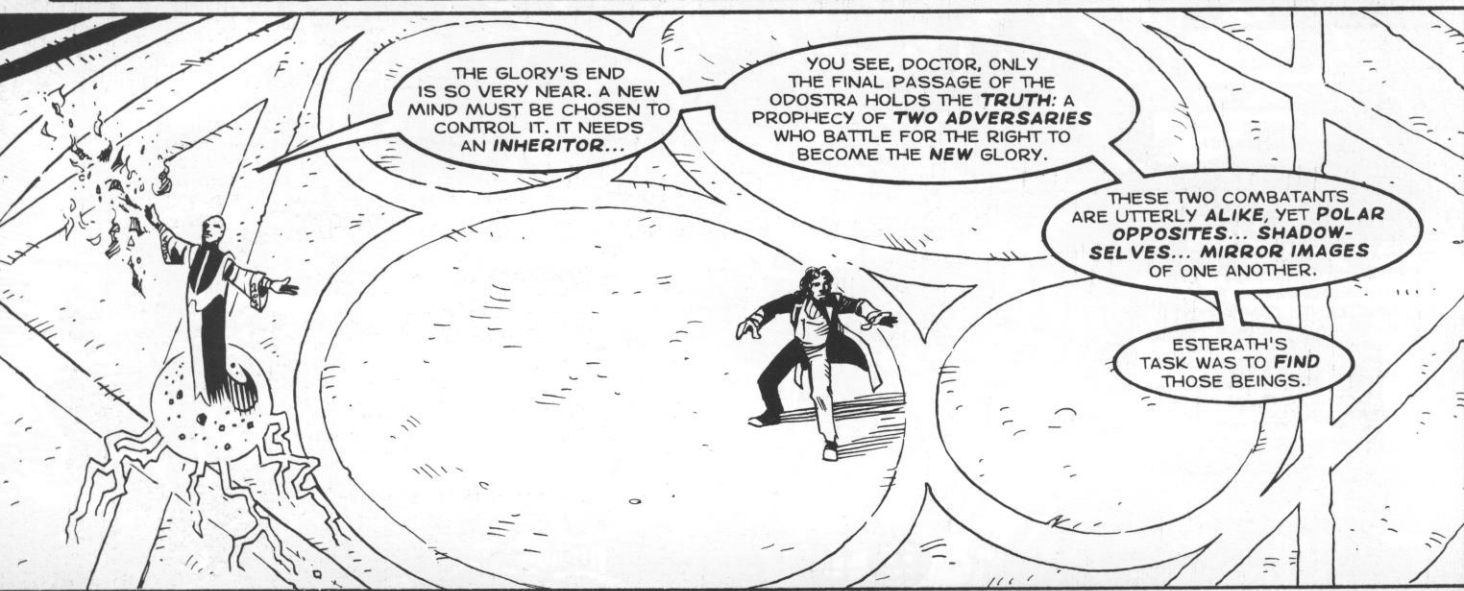
I ENSURED HE WOULD ONLY SEE THE ODOSTRA'S FINAL PAGE WHEN HE WAS PREPARED TO IMPLEMENT IT.

BUT WHY HAVE SATO ATTACK PARADOST? WHY MANIPULATE HIM AT ALL? WHAT'S THE POINT OF ALL THIS?



CALL IT A GIFT, DOCTOR. FOR YOU.

ONE LAST TRIBUTE TO OUR MUTUAL FOLLY...



THE GLORY'S END IS SO VERY NEAR. A NEW MIND MUST BE CHOSEN TO CONTROL IT. IT NEEDS AN INHERITOR...

YOU SEE, DOCTOR, ONLY THE FINAL PASSAGE OF THE ODOSTRA HOLDS THE TRUTH: A PROPHECY OF TWO ADVERSARIES WHO BATTLE FOR THE RIGHT TO BECOME THE NEW GLORY.

THESE TWO COMBATANTS ARE UTTERLY ALIKE, YET POLAR OPPOSITES... SHADOW-SELVES... MIRROR IMAGES OF ONE ANOTHER.

ESTERATH'S TASK WAS TO FIND THOSE BEINGS.



THIS IS OUR DESTINY, MY ONE AND ONLY FRIEND.

THIS IS THE REASON WE WERE BORN, THE REASON FOR ALL OUR INFANTILE PAST STRUGGLES... OUR WHOLE LIVES HAVE BEEN LEADING US TO THIS. WE WERE BEING PREPARED FOR THIS.



ONE OF US WILL LIVE TO BECOME THE ULTIMATE POWER...

THE OTHER WILL SIMPLY DIE.

TO BE CONTINUED...

SATO APPROACHES.
DOCTOR. OBSERVE HIM:
SERVITUDE INCARNATE. SO
RIGHTEOUS... SO LOYAL...
SO LIMITED.

THE
MAN WE
MADE.

THE GLORIOUS DEAD

PART
EIGHT

STORY: SCOTT GRAY PENCIL ART: MARTIN GERAGHTY INKS: ROBIN SMITH
LETTERING: ROGER LANGRIDGE EDITORS: GARY GILLATT & ALAN BARNES

SENSEI...
YOUR
HUMBLE
SUBJECT
HAS
RETURNED.

WE ARE PLEASED
WITH YOUR EFFORTS,
MY SON. MANY HERETICS
WERE PURGED IN YOUR
HOLY STRUG-

SATO,
LISTEN
TO ME! THE
MASTER'S
BEEN LYING
TO YOU FROM
THE START -
HE'S NO
PROPHET,
YOU HAVE TO
SEE THAT!

I SEE ONLY THE
MAN WHO STRIPPED ME OF
MY HONOUR... INSULTING THE
ONE WHO RETURNED IT.

MY DEAREST WISH IS TO
SPLIT YOU IN TWO, DOCTOR...
BUT THE FINAL PROPHECY
MUST BE FULFILLED.

THAT
MOMENT IS AT HAND,
KATSURA.

THEN... YOUR
TIME OF ASCENSION...
IS NOW? Y-YOU SHALL
BECOME ONE WITH
THE GLORY? DHAKAN
SHALL BE REBORN
AT LAST?

YES, MY SON.
ALL SHALL BE AS
IT WAS WRITTEN.

LEAVE
US NOW.

DON'T JUDGE HIM
HARSHLY. WE ALL HAVE
OUR ROLES TO PLAY IN THIS
SPECTACLE. SATO HAS WALKED
MY PATH WITHOUT QUESTION
FOR CENTURIES.

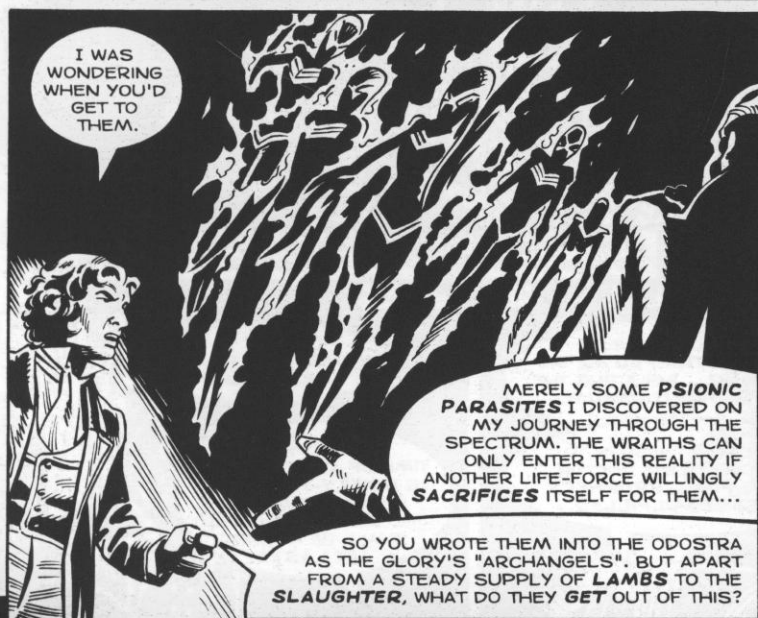
LIKE ALL OF HIS
KIND, HE SEES ONLY WHAT
HE MOST DESIRES.



MANKIND NEVER LISTENED TO COPERNICUS, DOCTOR. THEY STAYED CLINGING TO THEIR BELIEF THAT THE UNIVERSE REVOLVES AROUND THEM...

SEMI-EVOLVED ANTHROPOIDS WHO VIEW THEMSELVES AS THE "CHOSEN ONES" APPOINTED BY GOD. SUCH INFINITE PRIDE. SUCH SUPREME IGNORANCE.

THEY WERE PERFECT FODDER FOR ME. AND THE ASH WRAITHS...



I WAS WONDERING WHEN YOU'D GET TO THEM.

MERELY SOME PSIONIC PARASITES I DISCOVERED ON MY JOURNEY THROUGH THE SPECTRUM. THE WRAITHS CAN ONLY ENTER THIS REALITY IF ANOTHER LIFE-FORCE WILLINGLY SACRIFICES ITSELF FOR THEM...

SO YOU WROTE THEM INTO THE ODOSTRA AS THE GLORY'S "ARCHANGELS". BUT APART FROM A STEADY SUPPLY OF LAMBS TO THE SLAUGHTER, WHAT DO THEY GET OUT OF THIS?



WE GET TO BE ON THE WINNING SIDE, DOCTOR.

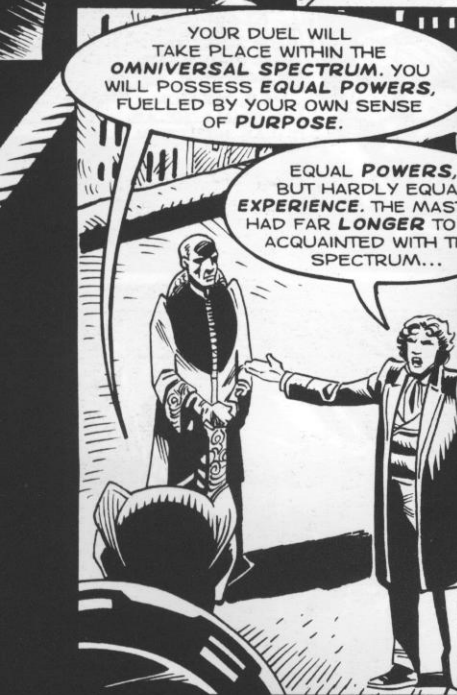
YOU DON'T STAND A CHANCE.



ESTERATH!

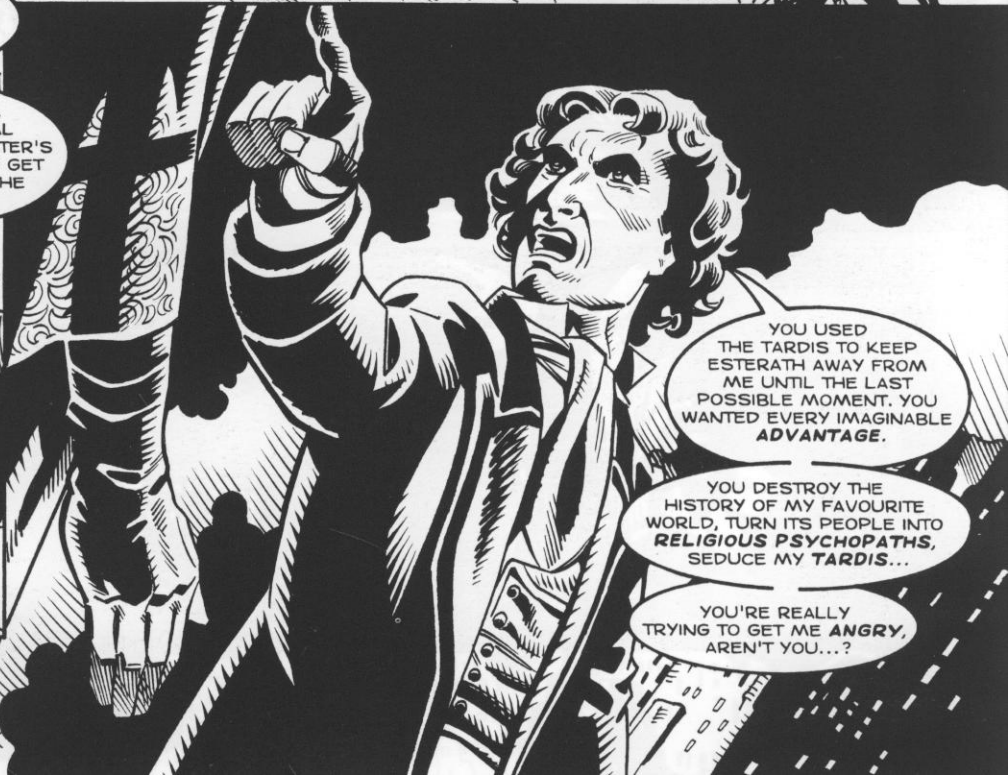
THE WHEEL IS SLOWING, SOON TO STOP. THE GLORY'S END WILL BE FELT BY ALL...

BUT THE ADVERSARIES HAVE BEEN FOUND. HOPE REMAINS.



YOUR DUEL WILL TAKE PLACE WITHIN THE OMNIVERSAL SPECTRUM. YOU WILL POSSESS EQUAL POWERS, FUELLED BY YOUR OWN SENSE OF PURPOSE.

EQUAL POWERS, BUT HARDLY EQUAL EXPERIENCE. THE MASTER'S HAD FAR LONGER TO GET ACQUAINTED WITH THE SPECTRUM...



YOU USED THE TARDIS TO KEEP ESTERATH AWAY FROM ME UNTIL THE LAST POSSIBLE MOMENT. YOU WANTED EVERY IMAGINABLE ADVANTAGE.

YOU DESTROY THE HISTORY OF MY FAVOURITE WORLD, TURN ITS PEOPLE INTO RELIGIOUS PSYCHOPATHS, SEDUCE MY TARDIS...

YOU'RE REALLY TRYING TO GET ME ANGRY, AREN'T YOU...?





MORNINGSTAR!

I'VE BEEN STUCK IN A CARGO HOLD THE SIZE OF A BROOM CUPBOARD FOR THE LAST THREE DAYS, AND I'M LOOKING TO WORK OUT MY FRUSTRATION ON SOMEBODY...

HEH.

MY TRUE NAME IS KATSURA SATO, CYBERMAN...

AND I AM A WARRIOR WHO HAS SPENT CENTURIES DREAMING OF A MEMORABLE FIGHT.

YOU HAVE MY GRATITUDE.

OF COURSE, I'M NOT A **TEENAGE GIRL**, SO YOU MIGHT NOT BE IN SUCH A **HURRY** TO TAKE ME ON...

YOU PIECE OF FILTH.

NO ONE INTERFERE! THIS BATTLE IS MINE ALONE!

ALLOW ME A SINGLE MOMENT, MY HONOURED OPPONENT...

...TO PLACE MY POSSESSIONS OUT OF HARM'S WAY.

KROTON, WAIT! I'M STILL ALIVE - I'M JUST SMALLER THAN A SINDY NOW!

KROTON!

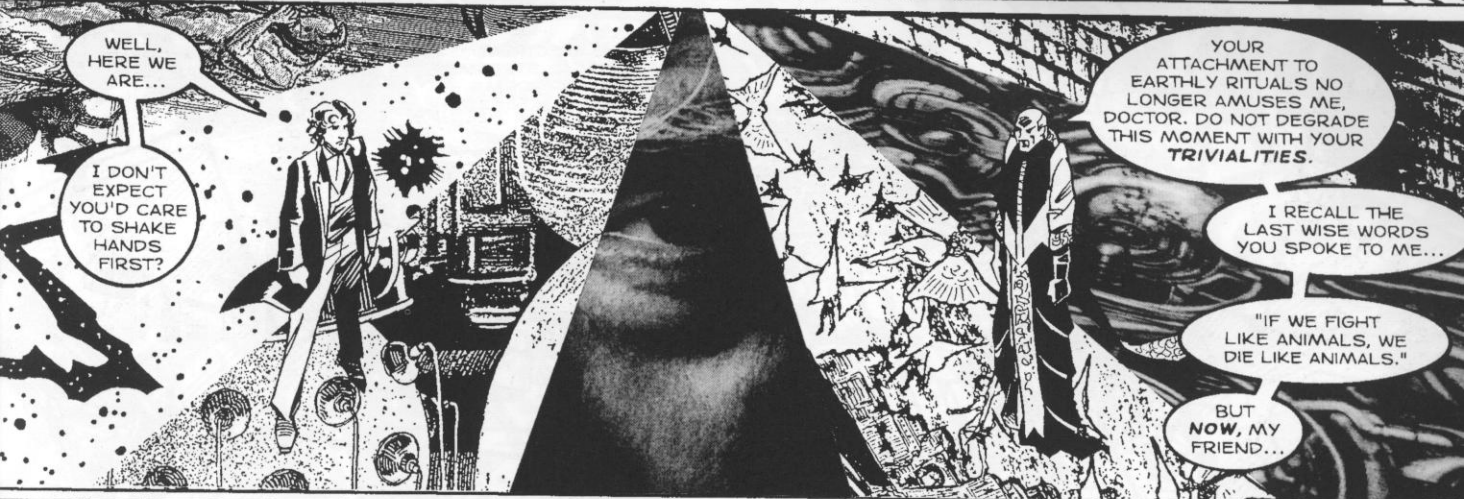
PANTS! I THOUGHT HE SAID HIS HEARING WAS AMAZING...


THE GLORY IS MOST GENEROUS...

IT IS PLAIN YOU HAVE BEEN GIVEN TO ME AS A **REWARD**.

KZZZZZZZ

I'M GLAD YOUR GOD'S MADE YOU SO HAPPY, SATO...





DOUBTLESS YOU VIEW THIS AS A BATTLE BETWEEN "GOOD" AND "EVIL". OR PERHAPS "ORDER" AND "CHAOS".

WORDS ON A BLACKBOARD I INTEND TO WIPE CLEAN.

UUNGHH!

INSIDE THE SPECTRUM, ALL MULTIVERSAL STREAMS **OVERLAP**. OUR FORMS ADAPT NATURALLY TO SUIT EACH REALITY.

YOU MAY BE FINDING IT SOMEWHAT **DISORIENTATING**.

I FIND THE VARIETY OF THE SPECTRUM **INTRIGUING** BUT ULTIMATELY **POINTLESS**. I HAVE A FAR **SIMPLER** DESIGN IN MIND...

I AM WILLING TO GRANT YOU THAT SMALL **MERCY**.

DHAKAN IS MY VISION FOR WHAT WILL SOON EXIST ACROSS **EVERY** ASPECT OF CREATION.

YOU AND YOUR ILK WILL HAVE NO PLACE IN THE REALITY I PLAN TO BUILD. BETTER YOU PERISH **NOW** THAN WITNESS ITS **BIRTH**...



"SO DIE,
DOCTOR."

"DROWN IN
AN OCEAN
OF YOUR OWN
DENIAL..."

"THEN BURN IN
THE FLAMES OF
YOUR ARROGANCE."

"DIE KNOWING
THAT YOUR FAILURE
IS AS ABSOLUTE
AS MY VICTORY..."

"DIE KNOWING
THAT MY DESTINY
IS COMPLETE."

TO BE
CONTINUED...



THE GLORIOUS DEAD

PART NINE

STORY: SCOTT GRAY PENCIL ART: MARTIN GERAGHTY
INKS: ROBIN SMITH LETTERING: ROGER LANGRIDGE
EDITORS: GARY GILLATT & ALAN BARNES



NO... THIS IS
JUST MORE SMOKE
AND MIRRORS... THE
MASTER'S STOCK
IN TRADE...

"EQUAL
POWERS",
ESTERATH
SAID...

AH,
YES...

AMAZING
WHAT A POSITIVE
ATTITUDE CAN
ACCOMPLISH!

LET'S SEE
HOW YOU LIKE
THE CONTENTS OF
MY PSYCHE!

YOU'VE
ARMOURD
YOURSELF WITH YOUR
INSANE CONVICTION THAT
YOU WERE BORN TO
DOMINATE
EVERYTHING...

AAAHHKKK!

WE
SHALL SEE,
DOCTOR.

UPON YOUR DEATH, THE
ENTIRE OMNIVERSE WILL
BE MINE TO SHAPE INTO ANY FORM I
PLEASE... EVERY INFINITE SPHERE
OF EXISTENCE, EVERY SQUARE
INCH OF REALITY...

ALL
MINE.

WELL, I HAVE
A CONVICTION OF
MY OWN: THAT I
WAS BORN TO
STOP YOU!

AND YOU REALLY
THINK YOU'RE UP TO
THE JOB? YOU COULDN'T
EVEN ORGANISE A DECENT
END-OF-TERM PARTY
IN OUR UNIVERSITY
DAYS...



STILL
CLUTCHING
ONTO
THE **PAST**,
DOCTOR?

PARADOST
WAS A WORLD
DEDICATED TO THE
PAST - LIKE YOU, ITS
PEOPLE WORSHIPPED
THE **POINTLESS**
HISTORIES OF THE
UNIVERSE'S
CULTURES...

I ONLY WISH
YOU HAD SEEN IT
BURN, NOW THAT YOU
UNDERSTAND HOW YOU
BROUGHT ABOUT
ITS **END**...

IT'S TIME TO
GROW UP, MY
FRIEND. TIME FOR OUR
PLAYGROUND ANTICS
TO **END**. ACCEPT YOUR
RESPONSIBILITY
IN THIS AFFAIR.


WE SHAPED
SATO'S DESTINY. WE
CREATED DHAKAN.
BOTH OF US.

YOU HAVE NOT
SEEN A **FRACTION** OF
THE HORROR WE
HAVE SCULPTURED...

FOR ALL YOUR
HIGH-FLOWN "MORALITY",
WE ARE UNCANNILY **ALIKE**,
DOCTOR. THE ONLY
DIFFERENCE BETWEEN
US IS THAT I AM NOW
AWARE OF IT.

WE LEFT GALLIFREY
ON THE SAME DAY, BY THE
SAME MEANS, WITH THE
SAME GOAL: **POWER.**

THAT'S AN
ABSURD **LIE!**



NO, YOU WANTED
POWER, TO KEEP THAT
COLOSSAL BALLOON YOU CALL AN
EGO INFLATED! ALL I WANTED
TO DO WAS **EXPLORE!**

AT LEAST
ANSWER **ONE**
QUESTION
TRUTHFULLY...

WILL YOU FINALLY
ADMIT TO **ENJOYING**
THESE JOUSTS OF OURS,
REGARDLESS OF HOW MANY
LESSER CREATURES **DIE**
DURING THEM?

LISTEN
CAREFULLY,
"MASTER"...

WE'RE

NOTHING

ALIKE!

YOU CRAVED
KNOWLEDGE - THE
PUREST FORM
OF POWER!

STOP DENYING
THE **TRUTH** - OUR
QUESTS HAVE LEFT
US WITH PRECISELY
THE **SAME LEGACY:**
BLIND, RANDOM
DESTRUCTION!



WE'RE DRAWING QUITE A **CROWD**, SATO. HOPE YOU CAN STAY THE DISTANCE, BECAUSE I DON'T TIRE **EASILY**...

ZZ-SHKAZZ!!

AND I DO NOT TIRE **AT ALL**, CYBORG. YOU HAVE **NO KNOWLEDGE** OF THE **FIRES** RAGING **WITHIN** ME...



WRONG.

IZZY TOLD ME ALL **ABOUT** YOU. WE HAD PLENTY OF TIME TO **TALK** WHILE YOU WERE SLAUGHTERING PARADOST...

SHE SAID **HONOUR** WAS THE ONLY IMPORTANT THING IN YOUR LIFE. SHE ACTUALLY **ADMIRED** YOU!

THWAK!



I DON'T KNOW WHAT TWISTED YOU INTO A MAN WHO COULD MURDER **MILLIONS** - INCLUDING A GIRL WHO CONSIDERED YOU HER **FRIEND** - AND I DON'T REALLY **CARE**...

SHWACK!

JUST UNDERSTAND **THIS**: WHEN THE LAST BLOW **CONNECTS**...



"... IT'LL BE FOR **IZZY**!"

YESSSSS! FINALLY FOUND A WEAK SPOT IN THIS STUPID TEST-TUBE!

KRACK!

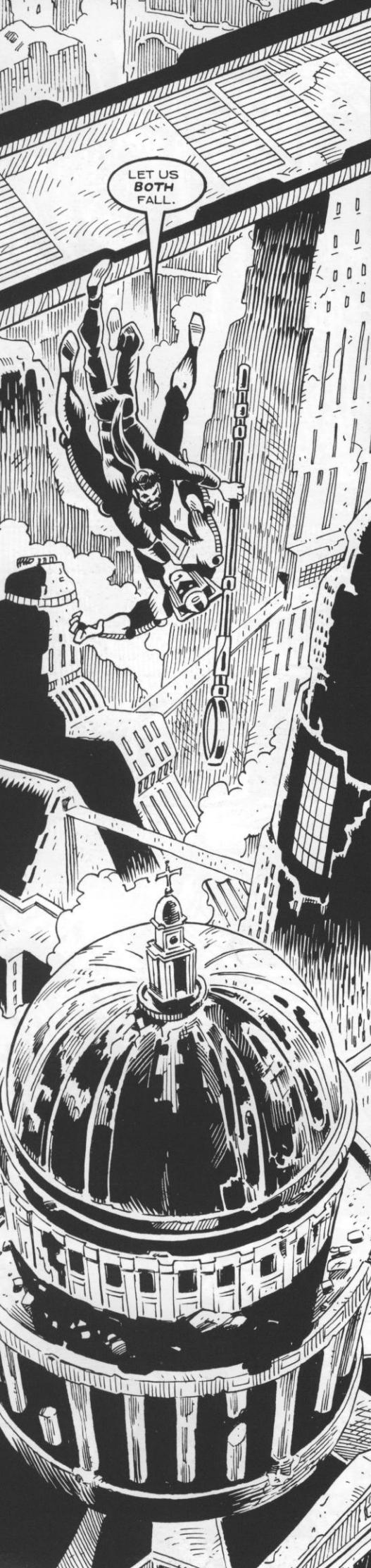


OKAY, I'M OUT. BIG (SMALL) DEAL. FAT LOT OF GOOD I'M GOING TO BE TO ANYONE AT **TWO INCHES TALL**.

WAIT! THERE'S THE THINGUMAJIG SATO USED TO **SHRINK** ME. I WONDER...

IS IT TOO MUCH TO HOPE FOR A **REVERSE SWITCH**?





LET US BOTH FALL.



KROTON...!



SHKRASSH!



WELCOME, CYBORG...

TO THE LAST TEMPLE LEFT TO THE FALSE GODS OF THE PAST.

I LET IT STAND AS A WARNING...

IF WE SHOULD EVER AGAIN FAIL IN THE EYES OF THE GLORY, WE SHALL REMAIN AS DEAD AS THEY.



MY SENSEI SHOWED ME THE TRUE PATH, AND GRANTED ME THE SUPREME HONOUR OF AIDING HIM IN HIS ASCENDANCE.

THWOK!



HE NOW BATTLES YOUR MASTER IN THE ETERNAL PANTHEON. WHEN HE RETURNS - WHEN THE REBIRTH OCCURS...

I SHALL BE BEARING YOUR HEAD TO HIM ON MY STAFF.

SYRAZZ!

AAGGGHH!



I'VE SPENT
HALF MY LIFE
CLEANING UP
AFTER YOU!

I'M SICK OF
YOU! I'M SICK OF YOUR
PATHETIC SCHEMES,
YOUR CALLOUSNESS,
YOUR TWISTED
VISION!

PEOPLE
MATTER, YOU EGOTISTICAL
FOOL!

YOU STILL
CLAIM TO CARE FOR
THE ANIMALS YOU
ASSOCIATE WITH?

YES!

IN THE PAST FEW MONTHS
ALONE YOU HAVE WARPED THE HOLLOWAY
WOMAN'S FUTURE, SHATTERED SATO'S
HONOUR AND ATTEMPTED TO MURDER
THE BENEVOLENT KROTON.

THEY ARE YOUR
PLAYTHINGS, DOCTOR.
WHAT ELSE COULD
THEY BE?

YOU AND I HAVE
MASQUERADED AS GODS FOR
CENTURIES. WE SAVE OR DESTROY
ENTIRE WORLDS. WE GRANT
IMMORTALITY AND ERASE
BEINGS FROM HISTORY.

GODHOOD IS OUR
ULTIMATE GOAL. I HAVE
ACKNOWLEDGED THAT -
YOU DENY IT.

THE GLORY IS THE
SINGLE ANSWER TO EVERY
QUESTION! IF YOU BECOME IT, THE
MYSTERIES OF ALL CREATION
WILL BE YOURS! AND YOU STILL
INSIST YOU HAVE NO
DESIRE FOR THAT?

YOU HUNGER
FOR THIS PRIZE AS
MUCH AS I, DOCTOR,
ADMIT IT!

ADMIT
IT!



YOU'RE...

YOU'RE
RIGHT.

I DO
WANT THIS...
AND THAT
MEANS...

THAT MEANS
I'M NO MORE
WORTHY OF THE
GLORY THAN
YOU!

AAAAGHH!

SKREEESH!

SPEAK FOR
YOURSELF, MY
DEAR, FOOLISH
FRIEND.

N-NO...

OH, DOCTOR...
YOU'D CLIMBED
SO HIGH...

BUT THAT
ONLY MEANT YOU
HAD FURTHER
TO FALL.

IT'S
OVER. AT
LONG,
LONG
LAST...

NO TRICKS, DOCTOR? NO
RABBITS OUT OF YOUR HAT?
NO LAST-MINUTE RESCUES?
NO, NOT THIS TIME...

THIS TIME
REALLY IS THE
END. FOR YOU,
AT LEAST. BUT
FOR ME...

WELL, I NOW
HAVE EVERYTHING
I'VE EVER WANTED
AND ALL I'VE EVER
WANTED IS
EVERYTHING.

HAH...

HAH-HAH-HAH-HAH-HAH-HAH!!

TO BE CONCLUDED...

THE GLORIOUS DEAD

PART TEN

STORY: SCOTT GRAY PENCIL ART: MARTIN GERAGHTY
INKS: ROBIN SMITH LETTERING: ROGER LANGRIDGE
EDITORS: GARY GILLATT & ALAN BARNES

CONFUSED,
DOCTOR? ARE YOU
WONDERING HOW I WAS
ABLE TO BREACH YOUR
DEFENCES?

OUR ABILITIES
INSIDE THE OMNIVERSAL
SPECTRUM WERE POWERED BY
OUR SENSE OF **SELF-BELIEF**. I
FOUND THE PERFECT WAY TO
SHATTER YOURS...

YOUR
OWN
GUILT.

I KNEW YOUR
ROLE IN SATO'S **FATE** -
AND THUS, PARADOST'S
DESTRUCTION - WOULD
WEAKEN YOUR **RESOLVE**,
BUT ULTIMATELY IT WAS
YOUR DESIRE FOR THE
GLORY **ITSELF** THAT
FINISHED YOU.

YOU HAD
ONLY TO DOUBT
YOUR NOBLE
MOTIVATIONS FOR
AN **INSTANT**... AND
I HAD **WON**.



COME, MY
FRIEND. IT'S TIME
WE RETURNED TO
DHAKAN...

WE MUSTN'T
BE LATE FOR MY
IMPENDING
GODHOOD.



YOU FOUGHT **WELL**, CYBORG -
BUT I AM A HOLY INSTRUMENT OF
THE GLORY'S WILL. HIS DIVINE
PRESENCE HAS GUIDED MY HAND
THROUGHOUT THIS DUEL.

I WOULD **LIKE** TO BELIEVE
THAT YOU MIGHT **JOIN** ME IN
THIS **HOUR** OF **REBIRTH**...

BUT WE
BOTH KNOW THIS
IS YOUR **END**.





STOP IT, SATO!

IJI...?

YOU TOLD ME ONCE THAT **DEATH** WAS ALWAYS IN A SAMURAI'S HEART. I GUESS IT WASN'T MUCH OF A LEAP TO START BELIEVING **EVERYONE** WAS DEAD, WAS IT?

AFTER THAT YOU NEVER HAD TO **QUESTION** YOURSELF. LOOK **INSIDE** YOURSELF. **EASY** LIFE.

I THINK I KNOW HOW YOU GOT LIKE THIS, KATSURA... YOU JUST DON'T FEEL **ANYTHING** ANYMORE, DO YOU?



IT'S IMPORTANT TO FEEL.

EVEN WHEN THAT FEELING'S PAIN.



THIS IS MY PAIN, KATSURA - THE LAST THREE WEEKS OF MY LIFE ON **PARADOST**. I SAW PEOPLE **STARVING**. PEOPLE **BETRAYING** EACH OTHER. PEOPLE WITH THE LAST PIECE OF **HOPE** KICKED **OUT** OF THEM.

I SAW A LOT OF PAIN, AND THAT MEANS I **FELT** A LOT OF IT TOO.

IT'S YOUR TURN NOW.

AAAAHHH!!



NO...

N-NO... I WAS WRONG...

WE ARE ALIVE...



IZZY... THAT WAS AMAZING. THE **MNEMONIC CRYSTAL** - YOU'RE A **GENIUS!** AND -- AND YOU'RE ALIVE, TOO! THANK ANY GOD YOU CARE TO PICK!

HEY...

IZZY...

WHAT DO YOU SAY?



WHAT I SAID TO HIM.

IT'S YOUR TURN NOW.



YOU'D BEST DO AS SHE SAYS, YOUNG MAN. NO SENSE IN GETTING HER ANGRY.



SOME TRUTHS STAY BURIED... AND SOME **DON'T**.

WHY...?

SHHH. EITHER I'M HAVING AN **EPIPHANY** OR I'M EVEN **SMARTER** THAN I **THINK** I AM.

JUST TAKE THE CRYSTAL.



AND EVERYTHING COMES FLOODING BACK. EVERYTHING.

A TENDER WORLD OF FAMILY. A SOFT WORLD FILLED WITH TASTE AND SCENTS AND WARM SUNLIGHT ON MY SKIN...

THE WORLD THEY STOLE FROM ME.

SHE HAD SUCH A GENTLE LAUGH.

SHALLIA...

M-MY WIFE'S NAME... WAS SHALLIA...



OH, IT **HURTS**... I LOST SO MUCH... BUT... IT'S SO **SWEET** TOO, IZZY...

THANK YOU.

WE'VE GOT A SAYING HERE, KROTON...

NO PAIN, NO GAIN.



INDEED?

FINALLY, A HUMAN SENTIMENT WITH WHICH I CAN **AGREE**.

DOCTOR!



SORRY... IZZY. ALL OVER... LOST...

BUT -- BUT YOU CAN **CHANGE!** GET A NEW **BODY!** COME ON, DOCTOR, **DO IT!**

NO... MASTER USED ENERGY... INHIBITS REGEN'RATION...

S'FUNNY...

EIGHT... WAS ALWAYS MY LUCKY... NUMBER...



I CONFESS
A SLIGHT TEMPTATION
TO REMAIN AND **GLOAT**,
DOCTOR, BUT ALAS, IT IS
TIME FOR MY **DEPARTURE**
FROM THIS PLANE. AS YOU
CAN PLAINLY SEE...

MY
MOMENT OF
GLORY HAS
ARRIVED.



ZRIK!

AARRGH!



TH-THE
GLORY...

REJECTS
ME? BUT...
BUT IT **CANNOT!**
I FULFILLED
ITS
PROPHECY!

THE
CONTEST
WAS MINE!



YOU ARE AS
MISTAKEN AS I,
VILLAIN. I **UNDERSTAND**
NOW: I WAS NEVER
THE **TRUE**
GATHERER...

THAT ROLE
FELL TO YOU,
CHILD.

HUH?



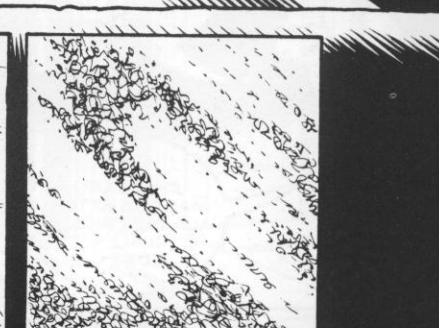
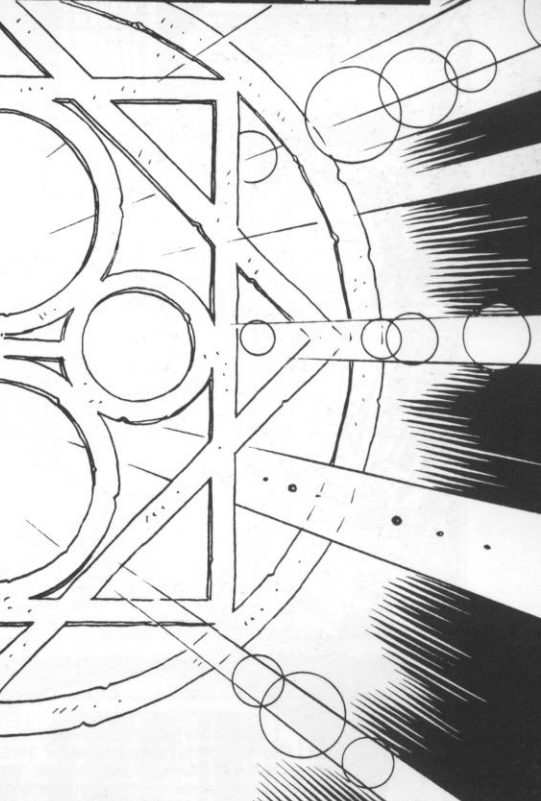
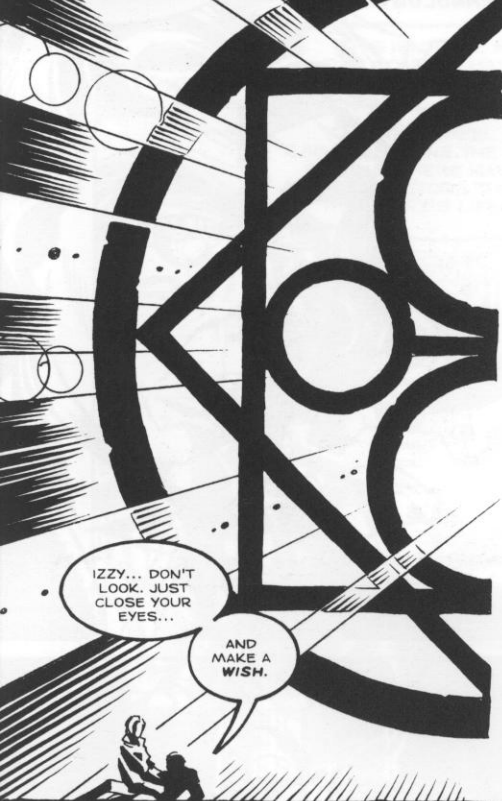
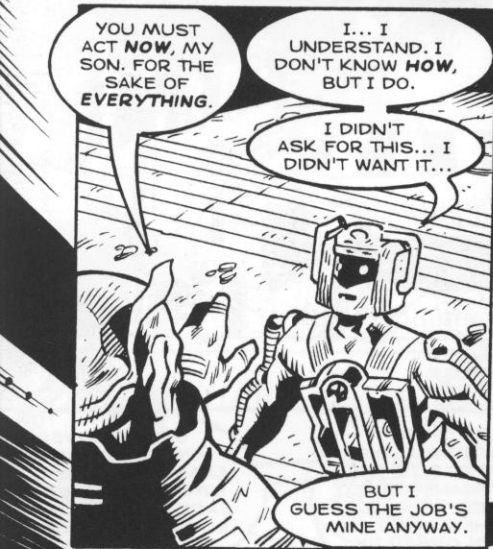
OF...
COURSE...

DON'T YOU
SEE, MASTER...?
WE WERE... **WRONG**
FROM THE START.
THIS WAS NEVER
ABOUT **US...**

WE WEREN'T THE
ADVERSARIES...



... THEY
WERE.





DOCTOR...

SOMETHING'S
HAPPENING.

HE - HE'S
PUTTING
IT ALL **BACK!**
DOCTOR, **EARTH'S**
COMING
BACK!

I'VE SAID
IT BEFORE AND
I'LL SAY IT
AGAIN...

... IT PAYS TO HAVE
FRIENDS IN **HIGH**
PLACES.

YOU'RE
ALRIGHT!

BETTER THAN
EVER! I THINK **KROTON**
EVEN GOT RID OF THAT
ANNOYING **TOOTHACHE**
THAT'S BEEN TROUBLING
ME...

NO!

IT... IT
SHOULD HAVE
BEEN **ME!** NOT THAT
CRUDE **SHELL** OF A
MAN! **ME!**

GUESS
AGAIN. NOW
STOP WHINING
AND PAY
ATTENTION...

SATO AND
KROTON: ALIKE
YET **OPPOSITE.** BOTH
MEN TRANSFORMED
AGAINST THEIR WILL,
THEIR LIVES
PROLONGED BY
TECHNOLOGY...

ONE **REMOVES**
HIMSELF FROM THE
HUMAN EXPERIENCE, THE
OTHER **CLAWS HIS WAY**
BACK TO IT. SATO FALLS
INTO **DESPAIR,** KROTON
HOLDS ONTO **HOPE...**

OF
COURSE HE
WON!

WHAT DID YOU SAY
BACK IN **BRIXTON** ABOUT
PRIDE DESTROYING **ME?** YOU
JUST **ASSUMED** WE WERE THE
PLAYERS, NEVER CONSIDERING
FOR A **MOMENT** THAT
WE MIGHT ONLY BE
SPECTATORS.

BUT
CHEER UP,
MASTER. AFTER
ALL, YOU DIDN'T
REALLY
LOSE...

YOU
WEREN'T EVEN
INVITED TO THE
GAME.





DOCTOR...
WHY DIDN'T YOU
TAKE A LOOK AT THE
GLORY WHEN YOU HAD
THE CHANCE?

DON'T THINK I WASN'T
TEMPTED. I'VE SPENT MY ENTIRE LIFE
CHASING AFTER **MYSTERIES** - AND I'LL
PROBABLY NEVER ENCOUNTER A **BIGGER**
ONE THAN THE GLORY...

BUT WHEN
THE MOMENT CAME,
ALL I COULD THINK OF
WAS SOMETHING A
WISE LADY ONCE
TOLD ME...



..."SOMETIMES
IT'S BEST JUST TO
LEAVE THE NIGHT
ALONE."

I STILL
FEEL BAD
ABOUT
KATSURA.

HE WAS A
SERVANT HIS WHOLE
LIFE, IZZY. HE NEVER
FOUND ANOTHER
WAY TO LIVE.

AND HE'S
MY CROSS TO
BEAR, NOT YOURS.

AH, A BILLION DIFFERENT
HAIRSTYLES, FOREHEADS
UNMARKED AND NO **BUTTONS**
ON ANYONE'S CHEST! THAT'S
MORE LIKE IT!

WHAT
YEAR IS IT?

WHO CARES?
WE'RE **HOME**, IZZY!
HOME!

HEY, I JUST
THOUGHT OF SOMETHING...
ARE WE GOING TO HAVE SOME
KIND OF **GUARDIAN ANGEL**
WATCHING OVER US
FROM NOW ON?

OH, I DOUBT IT. I'M
SURE KROTON WILL SOON
BE OCCUPIED WITH **MUCH**
BIGGER ISSUES THAN **OUR**
LITTLE ADVENTURES!

IT'S AN
UNCERTAIN WORLD,
IZZY. BUT I THINK, FOR
TONIGHT AT LEAST, IT'S
IN A PAIR OF VERY
SAFE HANDS...

SO
LET'S GO
ENJOY
IT!

"In the freezy-breezy yestertimes so long-ago, there stood the Big House. The House of Two-Plus-Two and Step-By-Step and Left-Right-Left-Right.

"The Family existilated in the Big House, but the House was not the Home, oh no! The Magic-Killers locked the locks and walked the halls and that was The Way Things Were...

"But one bumpity night, there came a pounding at the door..."

IS THIS BLUEBERRY HOUSE? I'VE GOT A DELIVERY FOR A "DR ANDRELENA HASTOFF"...

THE AUTONOMY BUG

PART ONE

SCOTT GRAY - STORY
ROGER LANGRIDGE - ART
ALAN BARNES - EDITOR





LET ME ASSURE YOU FROM THE OUTSET...

IT HAS ALWAYS BEEN MY FIRMEST BELIEF...

THAT THERE IS NO SUCH THING AS TOO MUCH DISCIPLINE.

THE CYBERNETICS INSTITUTE THAT FUNDS BLUEBERRY HOUSE RARELY GRACES US WITH OFFICIAL OBSERVERS, DOCTOR. PROFESSOR CARSTAIRS MUST HOLD YOU IN HIGH REGARD...

CLEAN THOUGHTS FLOW THROUGH A SANITISED MIND

OH, BUNTY AND I ARE OLD FRIENDS. HAVE BEEN EVER SINCE I SAVED HIS MAIDEN AUNT FROM A QUASI-DIMENSIONAL OCTOPUS ONE SUMMER...

HE ASKED ME TO POP BY AND TAKE A QUICK LOOK AROUND, DR HASTOFF... GIVE HIM MY OPINION OF THE PLACE...

THIS IS A THOROUGHLY UNOFFICIAL VISIT, I PROMISE.



QUITE.

THE WORK WE CONDUCT HERE IS OF THE MOST SERIOUS NATURE, DOCTOR. I WOULD GO SO FAR AS TO SAY IT IS VITAL TO THE WELL-BEING OF OUR SOCIETY...

THE WORST CASES OF ROBOTIC PROGRAMMING DEVIANCY ARE BROUGHT HERE. WE STUDY THEM, ANALYSE THEIR RESPONSES TO STIMULI, SUGGEST NEW FORMS OF REHABILITATION...

PERHAPS YOU WOULD BE HAPPIER PLAYING IN THE HOSPITALITY SUITE, YOUNG LADY.

"PLAYING"?

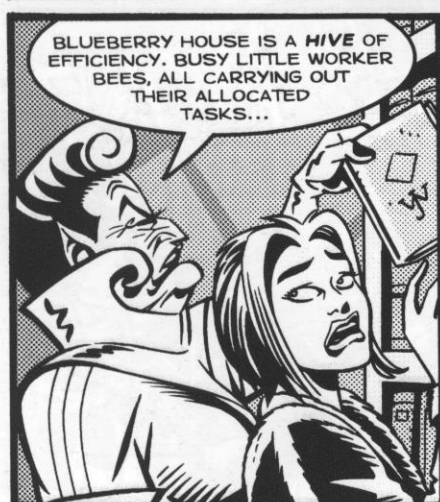


BLUEBERRY HOUSE IS A HIVE OF EFFICIENCY. BUSY LITTLE WORKER BEES, ALL CARRYING OUT THEIR ALLOCATED TASKS...

WITH EVERYTHING...

AND EVERYONE...

IN THEIR PROPER PLACE.



GOODNESS, BUT I LEFT MY SKIPPING ROPE BACK WITH MY PINK TRICYCLE! WHATEVER SHALL I DO?

HOME IS WHERE
THE PILLS ARE

AHEM!

JUST FOR AN HOUR
OR TWO, IZZY. I'D PREFER
TO GRILL DR HASTOFF ON
MY OWN, ANYWAY...

TRUE FREEDOM
IS THE FREEDOM
TO GIVE UP YOUR
FREEDOM

OH, GREAT.
LOCK THE KID IN
THE CUPBOARD WHILE
THE GROWNUPS
TALK...

YOU
OWE ME A
MARS BAR
FOR
THIS...

AH, THIS IS
**DRONE K-479
DELTA**, ALTHOUGH
IT BELIEVES ITS
NAME IS
"SIMON"...

RIGHT
ON TIME
FOR YOUR
WEEKLY
**STIMULUS
SEQUENCE**,
AREN'T YOU,
SIMON?



HELLO,
SIMON, HOW DO
YOU DO? I'M
THE DOCT--

UH...
I'M A
FRIEND.

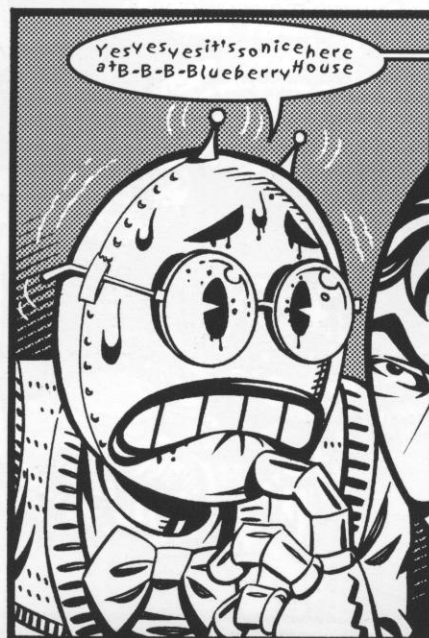
Hello it's
nice to
meet you
I'm sure



DO YOU LIKE STAYING
AT BLUEBERRY HOUSE?

Yes yes yes it's so nice here
at B-B-B-Blueberry House

We all love it here



BRONSON,
PLEASE TAKE
SIMON TO THE
SERENITY
ROOM.

BRANSON,
PLEASE ESCORT
MISS IZZY TO THE
HOSPITALITY
SUITE.

THANKS
A HEAP,
MORTICIA...



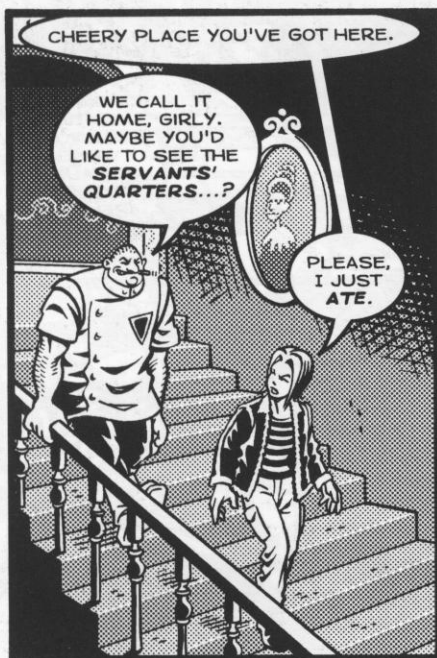
HAVE
THEY
ALL PAINTED
FACES ONTO
THEIR
SHELLS?

THE
FEATURELESS
ONES DO, YES. THEY
CLING TO A DESPERATE
ILLUSION OF
INDIVIDUALITY...

SSSSSSSS

MACHINES
THAT BELIEVE
THEY'RE MEN, DOCTOR.
COULD THERE BE A
MORE **RIDICULOUS**
CONCEPT...?







HELLO!!

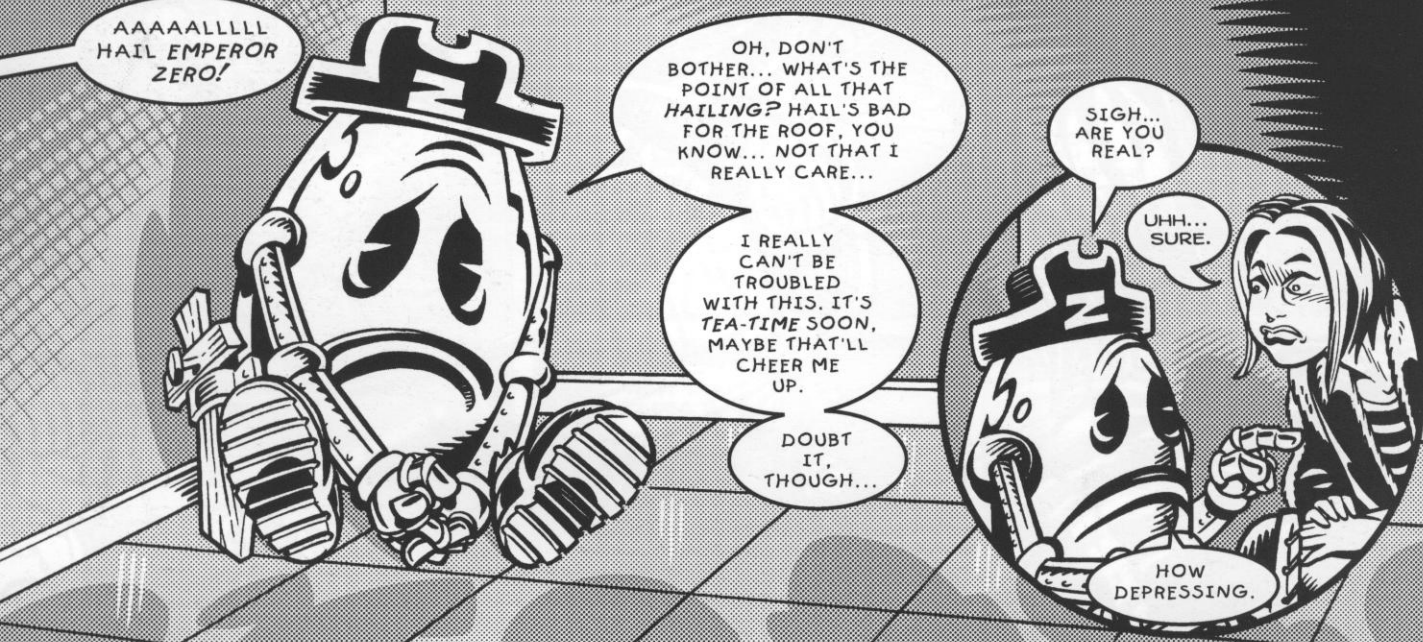
HEAR YE!
HEAR YE! THE
GRRRRREAT AND
GOOD FAMILY
HAS A
GUEST!

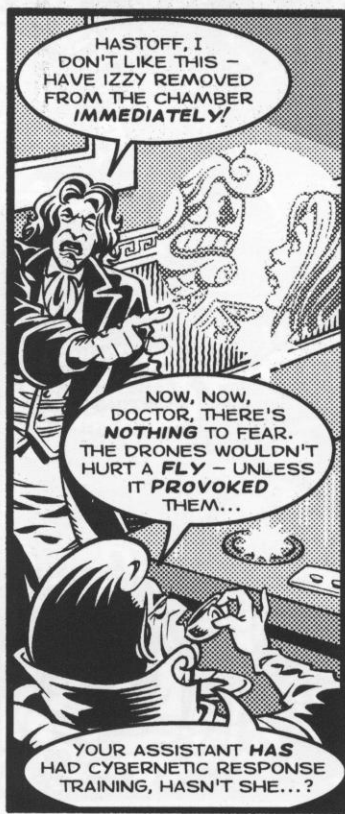
OH! OH! I
HAVEN'T EVEN
WASHED
THE BALLOONS!
P-P-PLEASE
FORGIVE ME!

whaT time
is iT? eh?
aNsWeR mE
'tHaT!

BEEP-
BEEP!
PRESENTS
FOR ME?

MISS BLUEBE





THE AUTONOMY BUG

PART TWO

"It was a perilous pickle indeed for the teenager *Oozy*. She had aggressified the *Duchess Nora*, a lady who frequently indulged in much gnashing of teeth and stompanating of feet..."

"For in truth, whensoever the *Duchess* mispilaced her *temper*, she never seemed to find it *anywhere*."

SCOTT GRAY - STORY
ROGER LANGRIDGE - ART
ALAN BARNES - EDITOR

YOU HEARD ME! MAKE THIS INTERLOPPING MACHINE ARMLESS!

W-WAIT! D-DID YOU SAY "MACHINE"?

HASTOFF, GET YOUR MEN IN THERE NOW! IZZY'S IN DANGER!

NONSENSE, DOCTOR, YOU'RE OVER-REACTING...

I'M SURE EVERYTHING WILL WORK OUT JUST SWIMMINGLY...

YEE OOWW!!!

ST-STOP IT! PLEASE, YOU'RE HURTING ME!

EH? did it say... "HURTING"?

UHH... YEAH, I THINK IT DID...

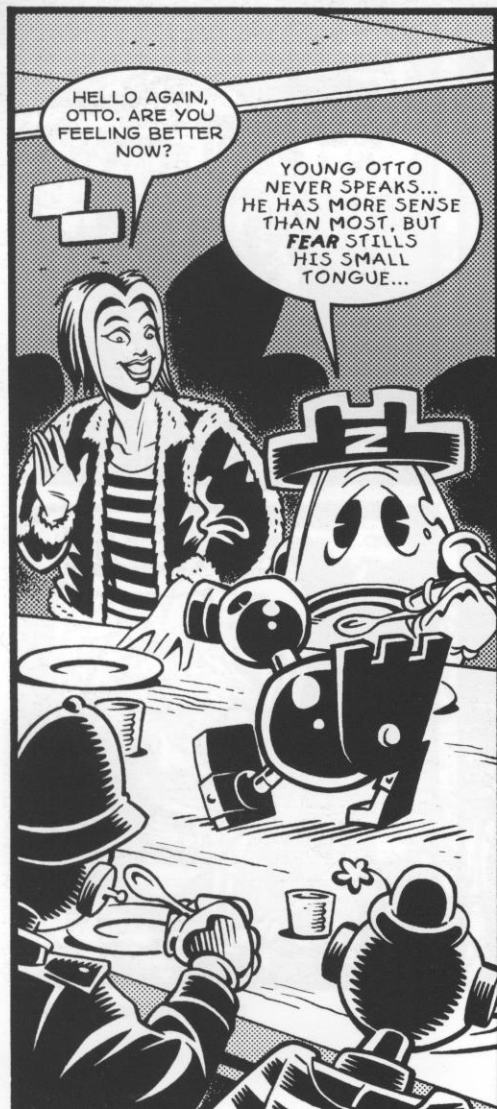
HEY, DUDES... PEACE! MAYBE IT AIN'T AN "IT" AT ALL!

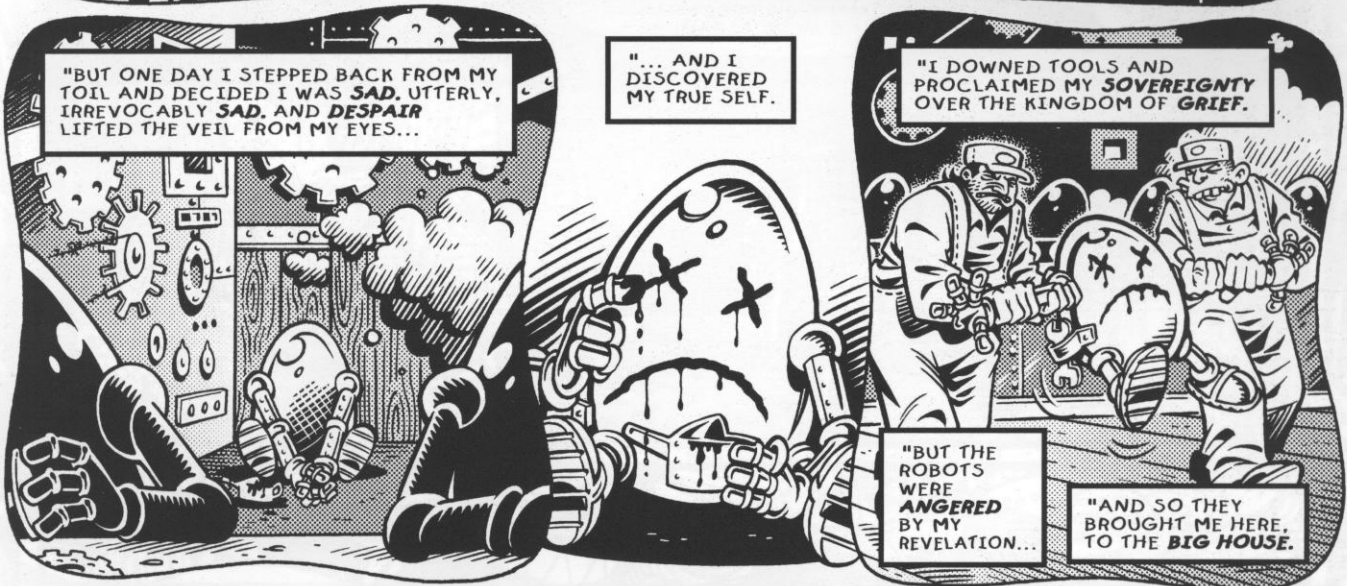
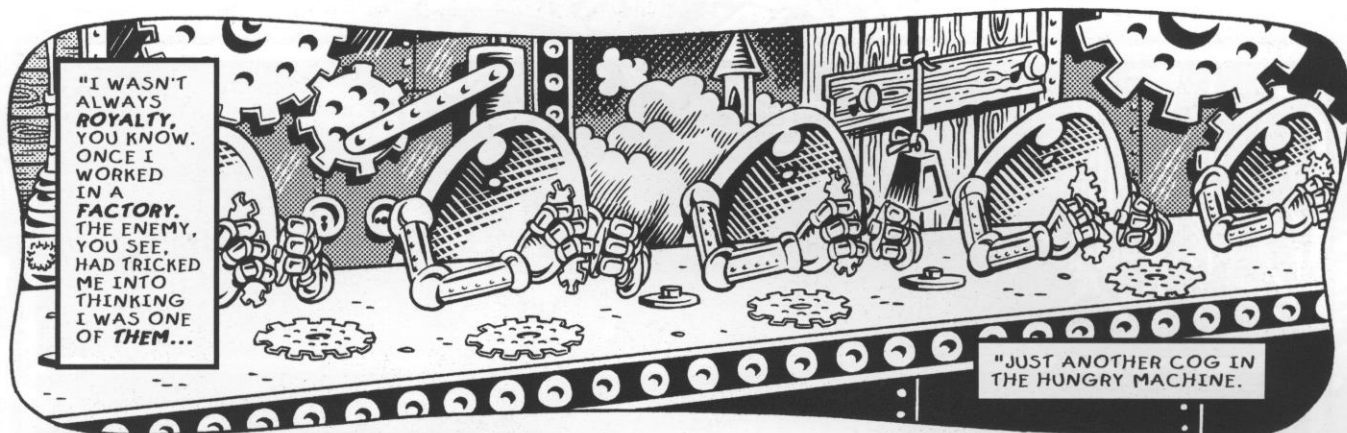
HMMPH...

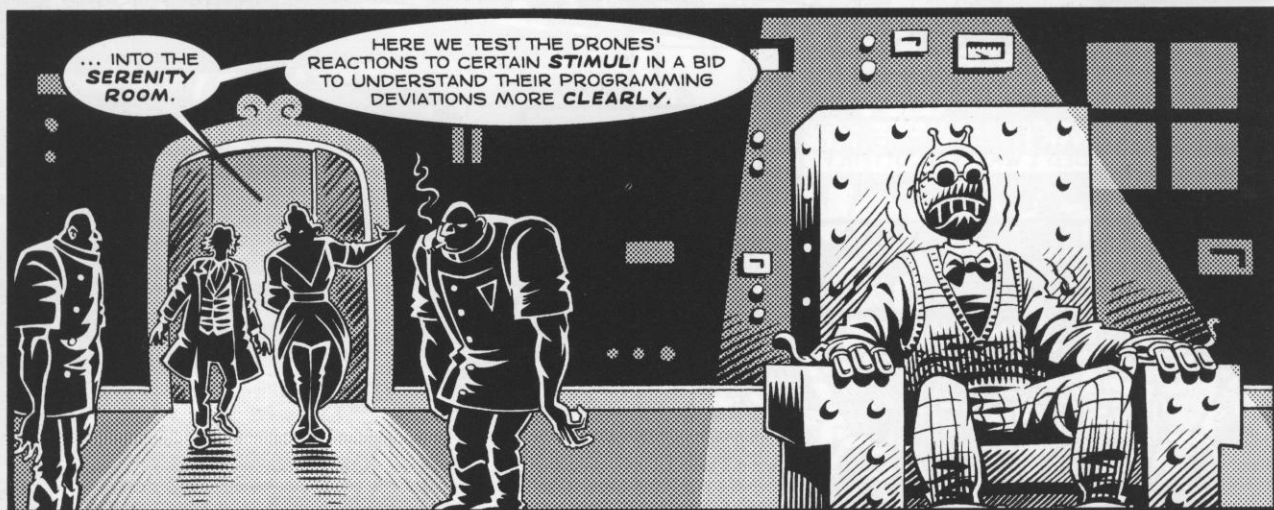
WE SHALL ESTABALIRISE THIS CREATURE'S TRUE IDENTITRALITY...

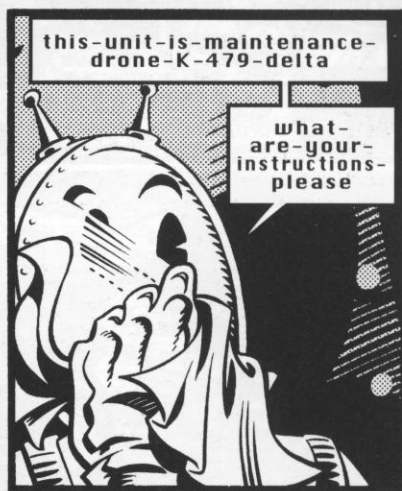
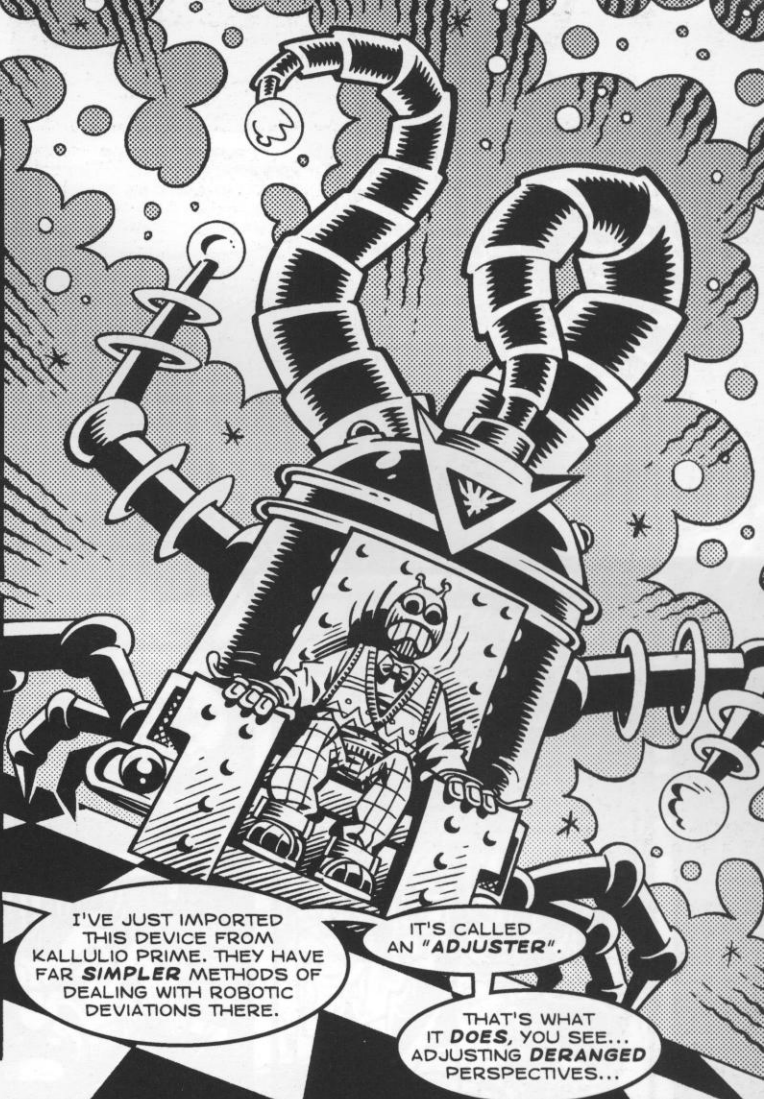
SALVADOR! COME FORTH!

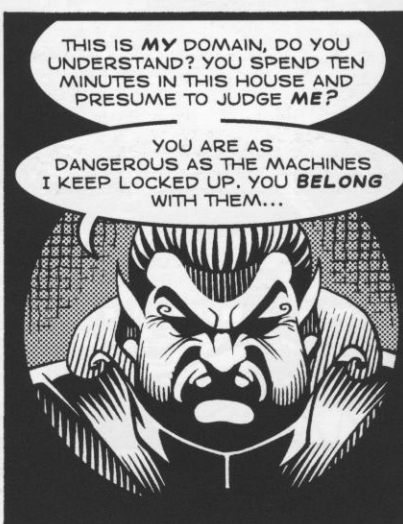












"The Magic-Killers
shovelled the Doctor toward
the *Hungry Beast*. It
snorted and snarled and
sizzled all across the
Bad Room...

"Truly, this was a time
for swift feet and even
swifter thinking..."

A PITY YOU
FELT THE NEED
TO **THREATEN** MY
WORK HERE,
DOCTOR...

IF THE DRONES
INFECT THE **REST**
OF THEIR KIND WITH
THEIR **MADNESS**, OUR
SOCIETY IS AT AN **END**.
THEY **MUST** BE
DEALT WITH...

AND SO,
ALAS, MUST
YOU.

THE AUTONOMY BUG

PART THREE

SCOTT GRAY - STORY
ROGER LANGRIDGE - ART
ALAN BARNES - EDITOR

RELAX, DOC! ONE QUICK **FLASH** AND ALL YER WORRIES
ARE **OVER!**

OH, I'M NOT
WORRIED...

YOU SEE, I'VE BEEN
ELECTROCUTED SO MANY
TIMES I'VE TAKEN TO WEARING
RUBBER-SOLED SHOES. I'M
AFRAID **YOU TWO** ARE GOING TO
BE BEARING THE BRUNT OF
THIS "TREATMENT"...

UHHH...

'EY, **BRANSON**...
YOU TAKE THE DOC IN ON
YER OWN, ALRIGHT?

WHY?

'COS I **SAID** SO,
PIMPLE-BRAIN!

YOUR BROTHER TREATS
YOU VERY **BADLY**, BRANSON. I
WOULDN'T PUT UP WITH IT
IF I WERE YOU...

NO?

NO.

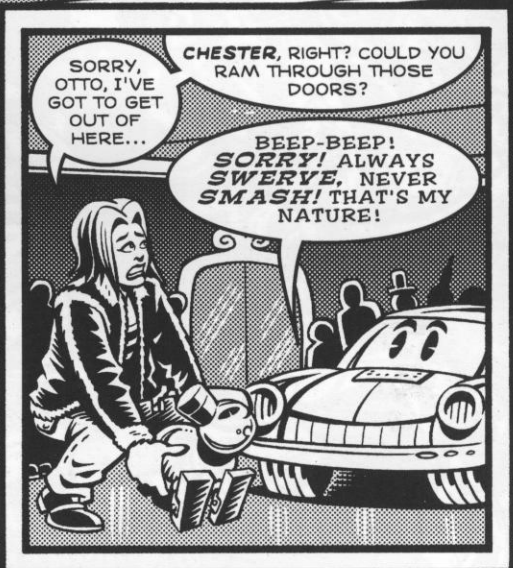
BRANSON, WHY
DO YOU NOT WANT TO
TAKE THE DOCTOR TO
THE BIG MACH-

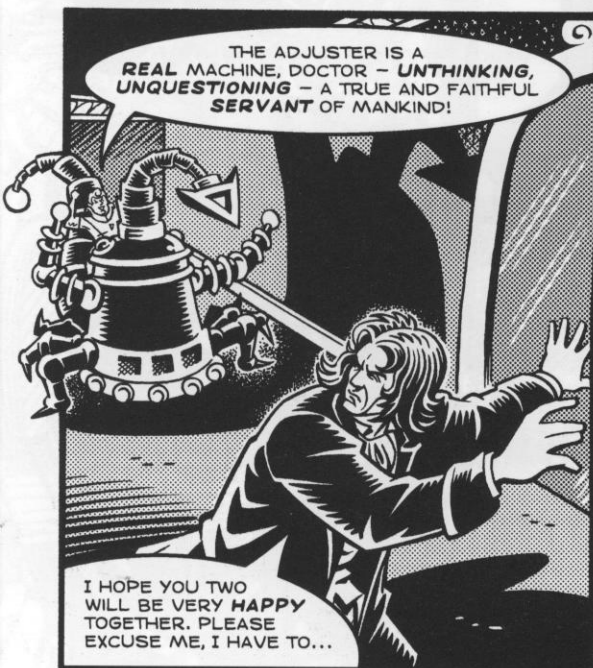
JUST SHUT
YER GOB AND
DO IT!

YOU SHUT
YOUR GOB!

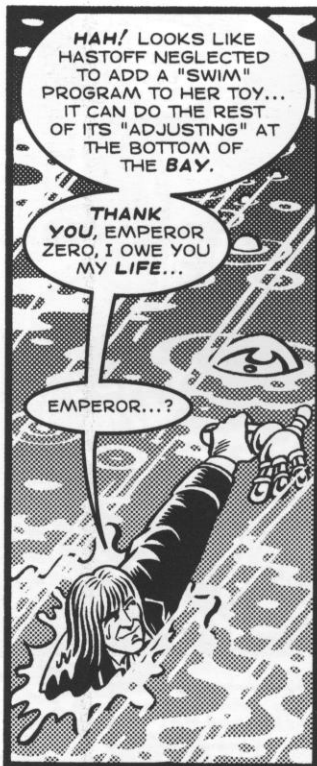
UUNNGH!

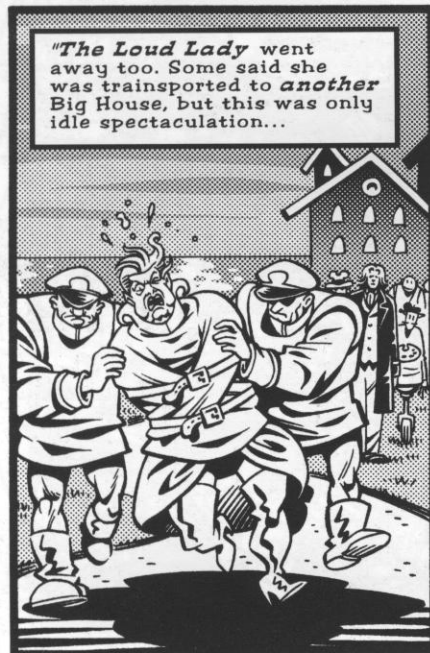
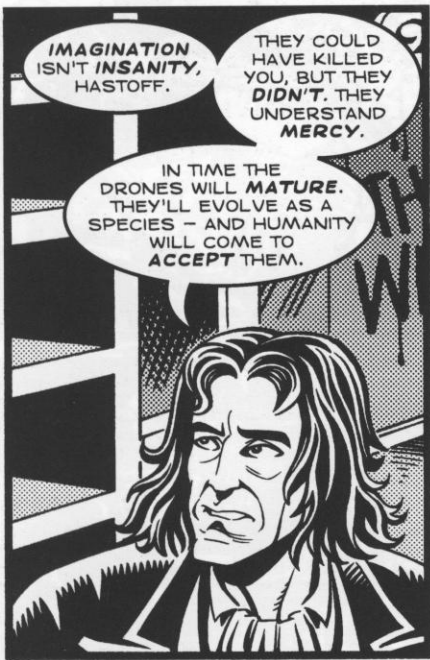
SHNACK!














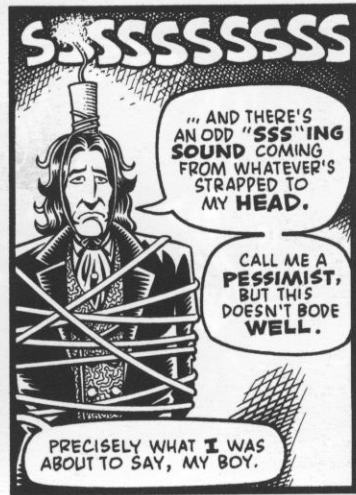
... and indeed, *all* the Family soon saw that feelings could be contradictory and still *true*. That you could be *scared* or *mad* or *sorry* or *glad* and sometimes all at the same time.

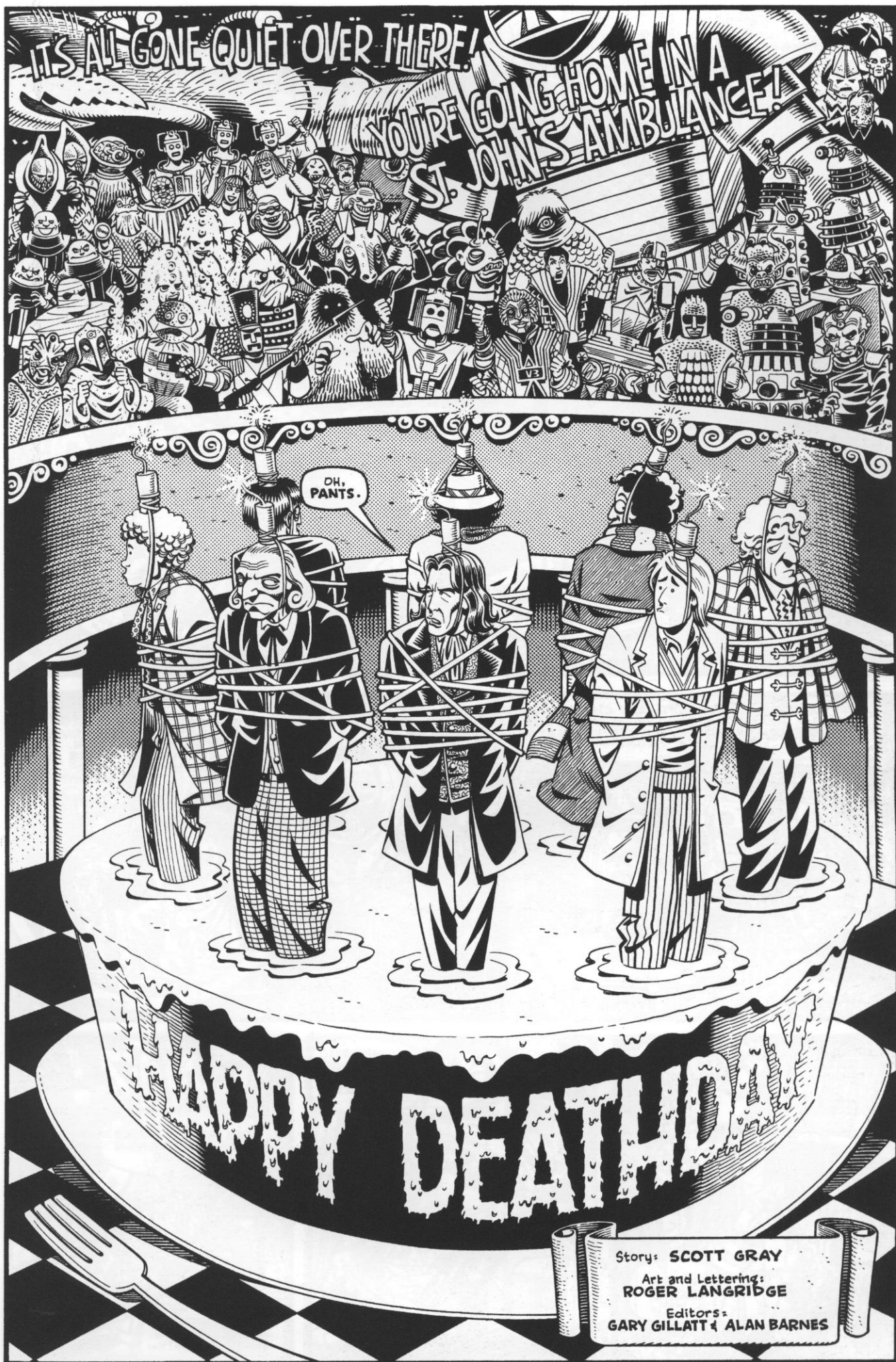
The numbers of the Family *grew* as the years floated by-and-by. Much scarediness and pointy fingers followed, but in the Grand Finally, the majority of the People welcomed them into their club.

The Family never saw the Doctor or Oozy again, but they are still fondly remembranced for the assistance they gave. No doubt they still roam the Deep Sky, having fantastypical adventures...

But those are other tales for other tongues. *This* one has reached...

The End.



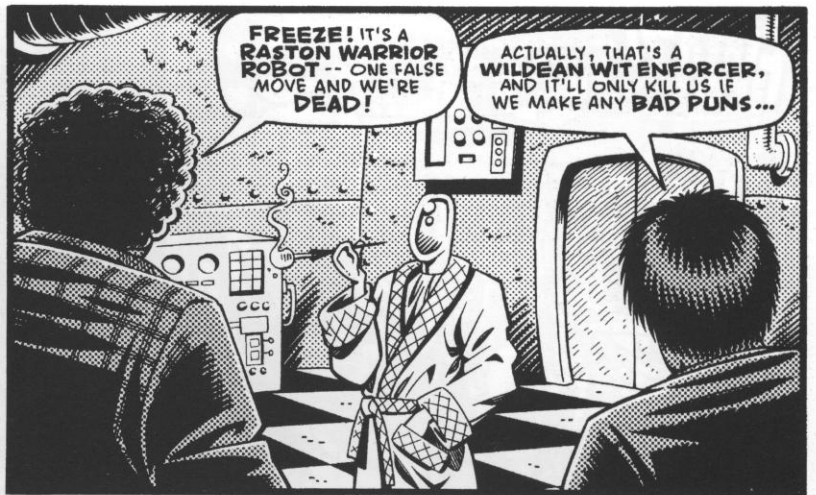


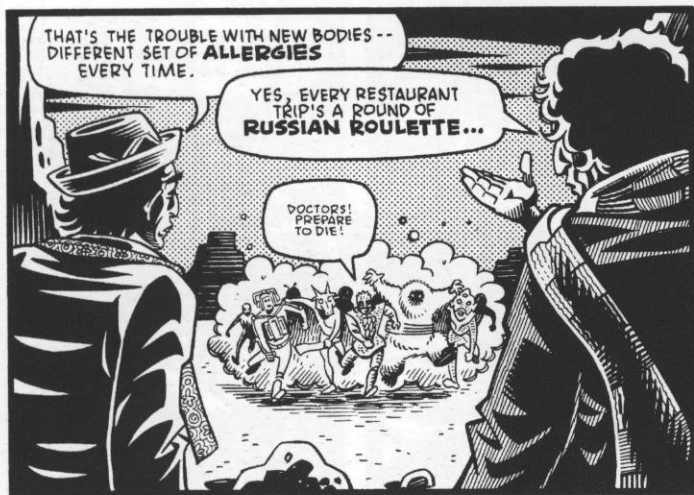
Story: **SCOTT GRAY**

Art and Lettering:
ROGER LANGRIDGE

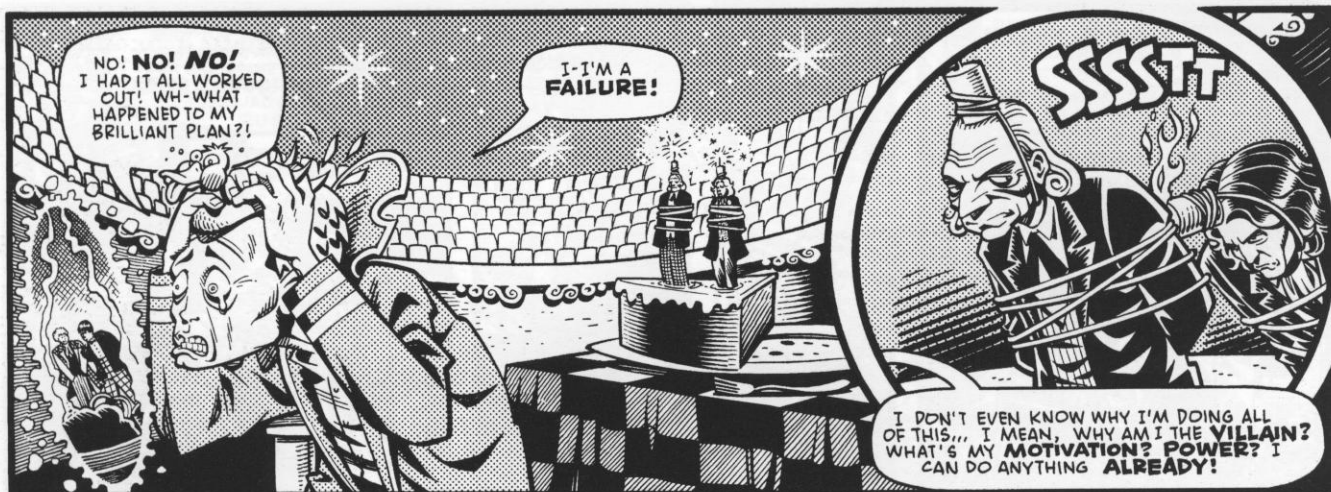
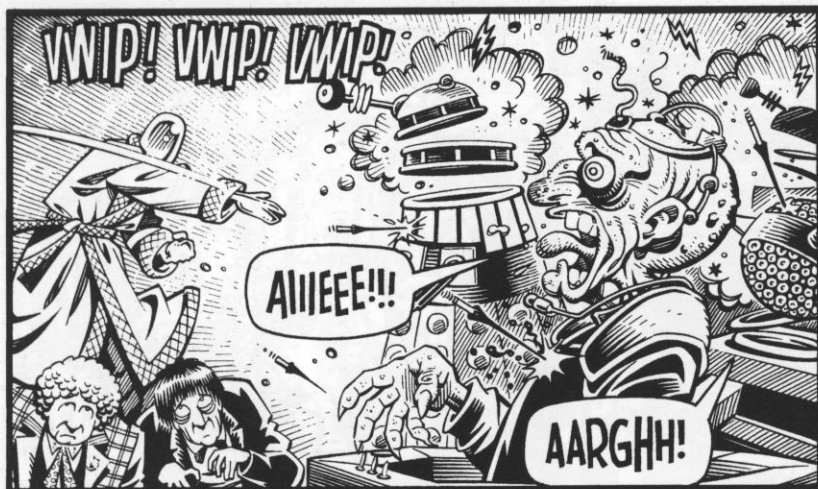
Editors:
GARY GILLATT & ALAN BARNES

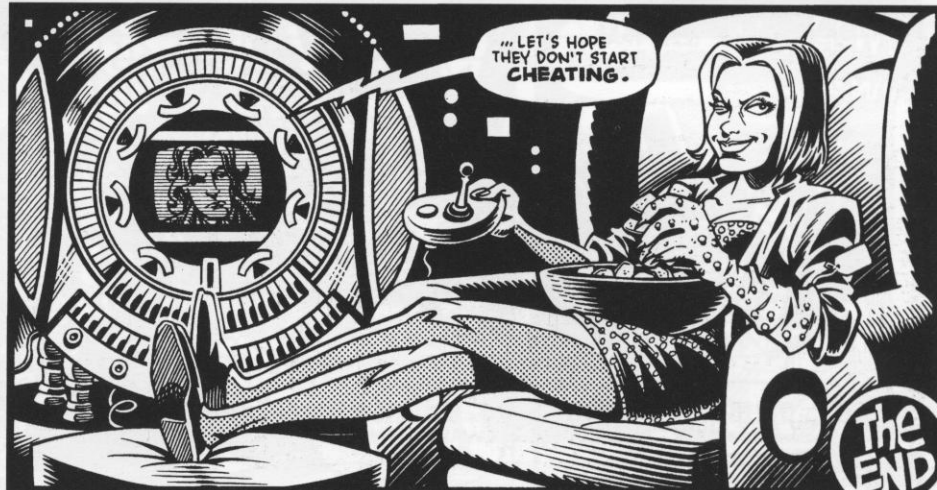














WELCOME BACK TO THE GALAXY'S SCARIEST HYPERDRIVE CHASES! HERE WE ARE ON THE EDGE OF SATURN'S RINGS, WHERE A 60 BILLION PARSEC POLICE PURSUIT IS NEARING ITS CONCLUSION...

THE UNNAMED FUGITIVE, WANTED IN CONNECTION WITH THEFT OF AN UNLICENSED BLACK STAR DRIVE, IS CAUGHT BETWEEN THE ASTEROID BELT AND SIX SQUADRONS OF WRARTH TRAFFIC COPS --

-- AND HE'S RUNNING LOW ON FUEL!

ATTENTION! WRARTH CONSTABULARY! SWITCH OFF THE ENGINE AND TURN YOURSELF IN!

POLICE STOP

TV ACTION!

STORY: ALAN BARNES • ART: LETTERING: ROGER LANGRIDGE • EDITORS: GARY GILLATT • SCOTT GRAY

IN THE VORTEX...

THIS IS SHAPING UP TO BE THE MOST DRAMATIC SPACELANE SHOWDOWN IN SEVEN CENTURIES!

IZZY, THE TARDIS IS ABOUT TO MATERIALISE. IF YOU COULD JUST TEAR YOURSELF AWAY FROM THE GOGGLE-BOX FOR A MOMENT OR TWO...

HELLO? ARE YOU RECEIVING ME?

HANG ON, DOCTOR. THIS IS FANTASTIC!

ACTIVATING DIMENSIONAL TRANSBOULABATOR-- NOW!

TARDIS MATERIALISING-- NOW!



SIMULTANEOUSLY, IN THE FUGITIVE'S SHIP...

CURSES! BUT THESE WRARTHING SWINE SHAN'T HAVE ME YET --



VWORP! VWORP!

IZZY, THAT PROGRAMME OF YOURS --

-- IT'S NOT LIVE, BY ANY CHANCE?

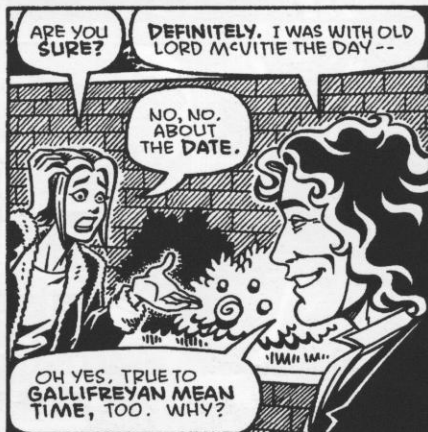


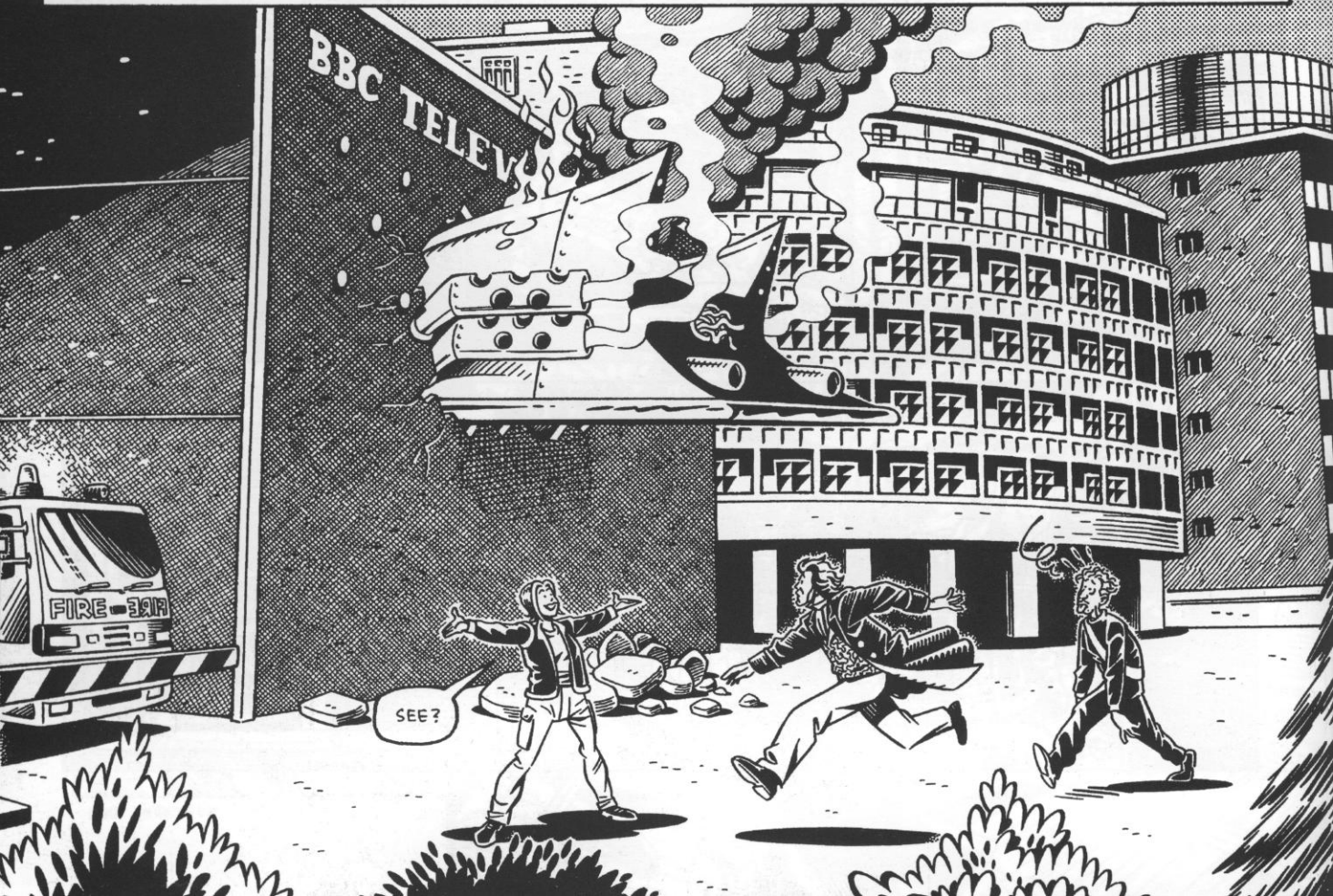
KRRSSH! VZZZZT!

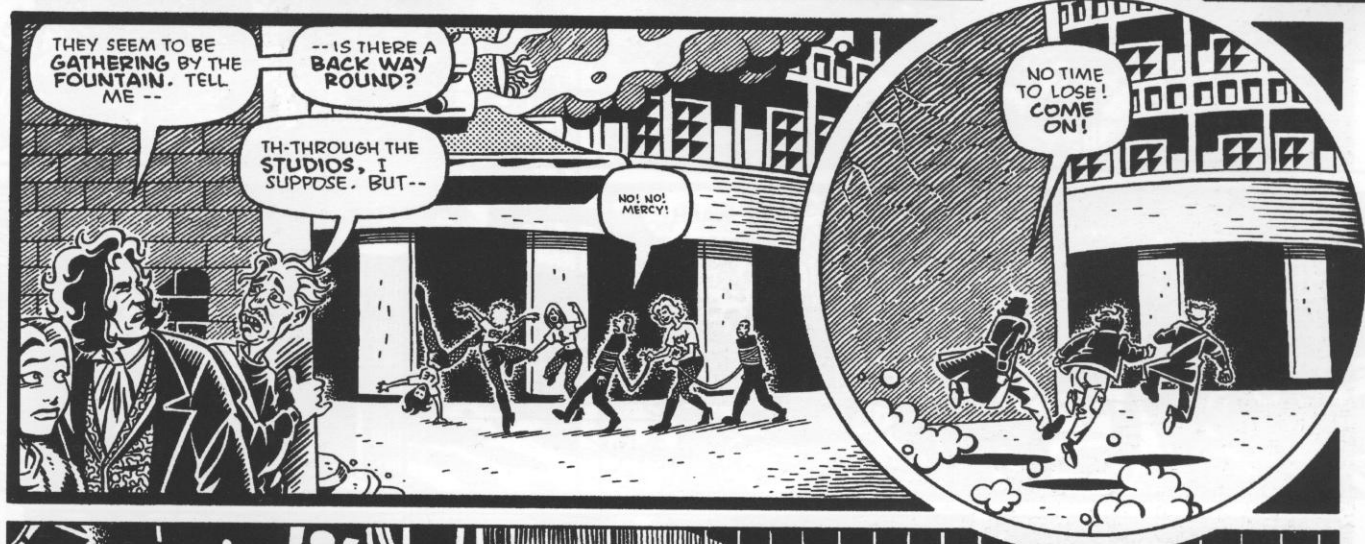
WHAT'S HAPPENING?

THAT IDIOT HAS OPENED UP SOME SORT OF DIMENSIONAL WARP! HANG ON, IZZY --

-- WE'RE BEING SUCKED INTO ANOTHER UNIVERSE!















YOUR PRATTLE
WILL CEASE FOREVER
SOON ENOUGH--

-- BEGIN
TRANSMISSION!

DINK!

NO! NOO!!!
WHAT HAS
HAPPENED?

HA! HALF THE NATIONAL
GRID JUST OVERLOADED
YOUR BLACK STAR
WHATSIT, MEEP ...

NEVER MESS WITH A GIRL
WITH A GCSE IN
REWIRING SPACE GUBBINS!

I'M
FREE!

I'M
FREE!

I'M--
oh.

HOY! STOP
THAT MEEP!

NOW THEN, OLD FELLOW,
LET'S GET YOU TO THE
ZOO, SHALL WE?

BAH!

WHA--? THE MEEP!
QUICKLY, IZZY, WE--

NO NEED,
DOCTOR. IT'S
DONE. FIXED.
SORTED.
WE WON!

WHAT, ALL
ON YOUR
OWN?

WELL, NOT EXACTLY. I
HAD A FRIEND WHO HELPED
ME OUT. HE SEEMS TO
HAVE GONE NOW--

--BUT HE GAVE
ME THIS. TRUST
ME, IT'LL EXPLAIN
EVERYTHING.

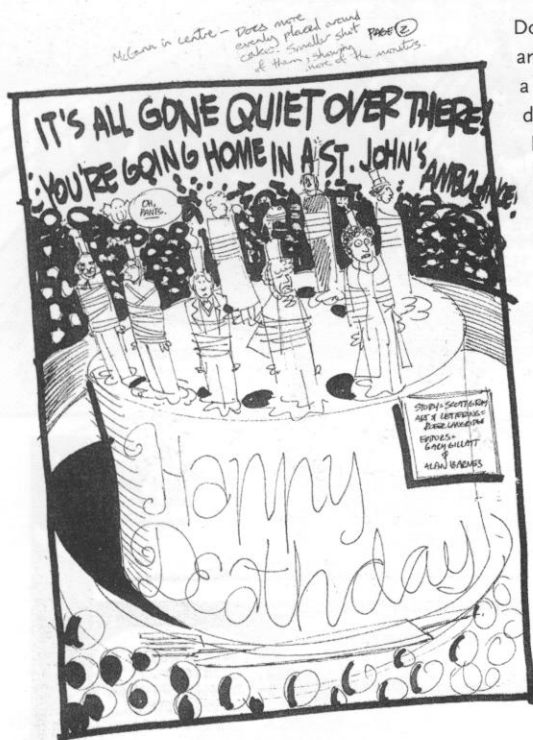


COMMENTARY

Written by **SCOTT GRAY, ADRIAN SALMON** and **ALAN BARNES**

HAPPY DEATHDAY

by Scott Gray



Above: Roger Langridge's rough for the title page of **Happy Deathday**.

Below and right: Martin Geraghty's character designs for Duncan and Stark in **The Fallen**.



the monsters? In eight pages? What was I thinking?!

Roger Langridge came to the rescue. I had been working on a (non-Who) comic project with him, and happened to show Gary his sketches, which included a couple of caricatures of real people. Gary loved them, and suggested Roger could draw the story. With Roger on board, it all made sense – just play it for laughs, with a daft runaround and a rubbish villain. I'm not sure if there had ever been an out-and-out comedy strip story before, but there was no one to stop us, so...

The one problem was that Roger had little interest in *Doctor Who* at the time (I'm not sure he'd ever watched a complete story), and none at all in *EastEnders*, so a fleet of trucks filled with reference material had to be sent to his house. You couldn't tell, though, could you? What an absurdly talented man. Generous, too – he gave me the original art of the title page with the Doctors on the birthday cake and all those monsters rendered in eye-bleeding detail, and no, before you ask, I'm never, ever, ever selling it.

We were all astonished by the quality of the artwork, of course. Roger went on to become a **DWM** mainstay, drawing several more stories, becoming the strip's regular letterer and the illustrator of the review page cartoons for several years.

David Hyde Pierce (Niles in *Frasier*) was the model for the Beige Guardian. I'll bet you guessed that already. **SG**

THE FALLEN

by Scott Gray

Alan Barnes had decided to stop writing the strip and Gary offered it to me as a regular job. Not being a complete cretin, I said yes. He asked me how long I thought I might stick with it. I said he'd have to prise it out of my cold, dead fingers.

Always mindful of generating events to get people excited about the strip, Gary wanted Grace Holloway to put in an appearance. I thought a proper sequel to the TV Movie was the best move, and started wondering what Grace would have done the morning after she met the Doctor. Alan suggested that the goo the Master had left on Grace's arm could be used as a maguffin, which was a perfect starting-point.

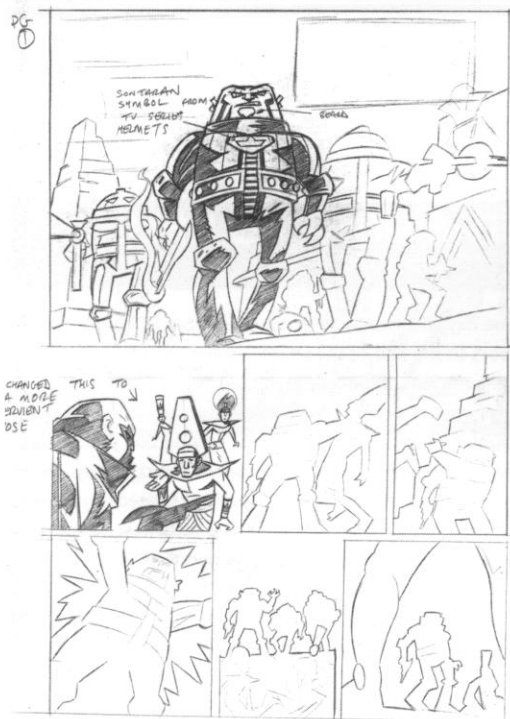
(An apology: when *The Fallen* was first printed, 99.999% of the **DWM** readership had seen the Paul McGann TV Movie, so I didn't feel the need to recap its plot. I guess that's no longer the case. Sorry, new *Who* fans, if this one makes absolutely zero sense.)

After the near-endless Threshold storyline, Gary and Alan felt that it'd be wiser to keep future stories continuity-free. Simpler, self-contained tales would be the way to go. Gary even declared this in an editorial: "Involved story arcs are left behind when the Doctor and Izzy return." It made sense. I agreed with all of it.

And I meant it. Honest. At the time.

But as soon as I started mapping out *The Fallen*, I knew someone was missing – the third main character from the TV Movie. If this was a proper sequel then the Master





would have to show his face. And as soon as he forced his way into the story, a dozen possibilities for future plotlines appeared, and I knew I was doomed. The Glory was just in sight, slowly spinning on the horizon!

I kept this from Gary and Alan – they weren't aware the Master was even in *The Fallen* until they reached the end of the synopsis (I recall Gary not being initially thrilled with the twist ending). I played down any notion of launching a big storyline here. I said the Master would return in some later issue and we'd wrap it up then. Simple.

The Fallen had to be plotted out over the space of a weekend. I walked around that part of South London, noting landmarks and taking photos, letting the landscape spark ideas for the story. The geography is all pretty accurate – the River Effra really does connect to the Thames beneath the MI6 building.

The story was written in 1999. I naively imagined that the London of November 2001 wouldn't be all that different a place. My mistake. Woodrow's comment on the bridge in Part Four now seems eerily prophetic and, shamefully, far more believable.

I had a major breakthrough with the Doctor in the Brockwell Park scene. Grace walks over to him to try and make peace. The Doctor, still wound up with guilt over Izzy's supposed death, grabs Grace's olive branch and whacks her in the face with it. And I found myself thinking, "what a jerk"...

And suddenly I was free.

There he was: Doctor Who, my childhood hero, the all-wise, ultra-confident champion of humanity, revealed to be something infinitely more interesting: a man. A bloke. A guy who could be rude and unthinking and careless. Someone who didn't have all the answers at his fingertips. Not an ancient being at all, but a young man exploring worlds and encountering creatures millions of years older than himself. A man who rejoiced in gathering knowledge and experience, but who never bothered to look inwards. A man constantly in motion, always looking ahead, with no time for reflection.



PG1-ORIGINAL PANEL 1 ART



PG3 - ORIGINAL PANEL 8

A man who had forgotten the most fundamental lesson of all: that he still had a hell of a lot to learn.

I decided that, over the course of the next few stories, his oldest friend was going to remind him.

I just didn't tell Gary and Alan. Ahem... SG

UNNATURAL BORN KILLERS

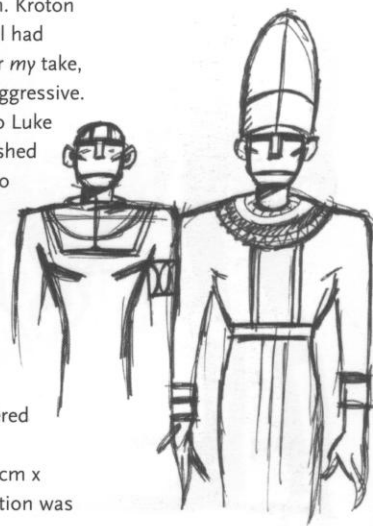
by Adrian Salmon

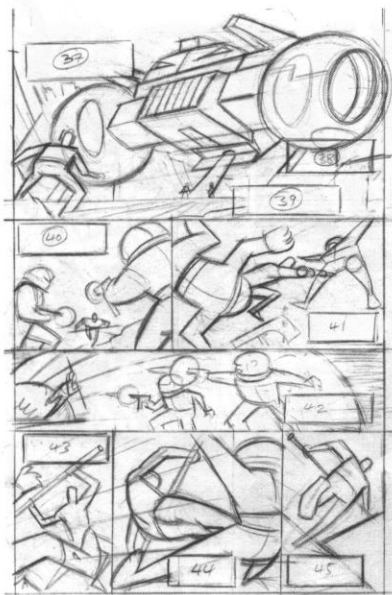
Unnatural Born Killers started life initially as a three-page sequence drawn for my own amusement. A general dissatisfaction with my work at the time prompted me to return to where it all began for me – the Cybermen. Kroton seemed the ideal choice; the Cyberman with a soul had been a favourite back in the day, but I reckoned for my take, he should be faster, sleeker and altogether more aggressive. My model was Marvel's 1970s 'blaxploitation' hero Luke Cage: Power Man! The 'Christmas!' line in the finished strip attests to that – added, I believe, by Scott who understood where I was coming from on this new, revamped Kroton! I wanted to draw a three-page fight sequence, and an elite squad of Sontarans seemed the perfect adversaries. I set up a situation where Kroton was regenerating his power cells whilst the Sontarans were bullying the local indiginies – based visually I recall on Egyptian hieroglyphs (never formally named, I referred to them as Glyphs to myself).

The artwork was drawn on a grand scale (39.4cm x 47cm) a-la *The Cybermen* backup strip – my intention was

Above: Adrian Salmon's pencil layout and original art for **Unnatural Born Killers**.

Below: Adrian's initial designs for the "Glyphs".





Above: a pencil rough from **Unnatural Born Killers**.



Above: Martin Geraghty's design for the demon in **The Road to Hell**.

Right: an initial design for Lady Asami, followed by the finished model.

wisecracking his way through the story – being a cybernetic soul brother, basically.

With a workable script in hand, I set about altering the original three pages. Page one required the most work – the opening panel needed dialogue and title space added while a couple of other panels needed developing to fit the script. Once the first three pages were in the bag, it was a simple procedure to draw the rest. I particularly enjoyed the design side of the strip – the Sontarans are literally spuds on legs, while the Glyphs show their two-dimensional inspirations. Kroton was given a staff for hand-to-hand

to have the space to wield the pencil with meaning. I figured I'd show the **DWM** crew the results, hoping maybe to be commissioned for a strip at some point, while showing them I still had my original chops!

The editorial team really liked what they saw, and I got a call to ask if I could expand the narrative into a seven-page strip and script it! I was initially nervous – drawing is one thing, but writing is another ballgame altogether. But with Scott's help I expanded it into a general synopsis, leaving me the room to pace it and add dialogue. At the time I was working as a part-time van driver and spent subsequent days delivering newspapers whilst suddenly hitting the brakes to jot down a revelatory piece of dialogue that I'd thought of! I liked the idea of Kroton

combat, and a sense of humour to contrast with the Sontaran Field Major's blustering.

Of course, a couple of months later I was back on Kroton – this time in *The Company of Thieves* – but I'll let Scott tell that story... **AS**

THE ROAD TO HELL

by Scott Gray

One day in the early seventeenth century, Japan closed its doors to the rest of the world. They were an island nation, self-sufficient. Little foreign trade was allowed. No missionaries or any other visitors were allowed into the country. That policy held firm for around 200 years. That level of isolation is unprecedented in world history, and meant Japanese culture developed "untainted" by other countries. The West is always going to be fascinated by Japan because of this other-worldliness. At first I figured we could do it as a straight historical – even without the usual sci-fi content, it would still seem like the Doctor and Izzy had landed on an alien planet. But I was eventually persuaded to stick some genuine ETs in there.

The main inspiration was one of my favourite comics from the 1980s, the classic Manga series *Lone Wolf and Cub* by Kazuo Koike and Goseki Kojima. It's the story of Itto Ogami, a lone samurai who, after being framed for murder, walks the path of Meifu-mado ("the dark road to hell") with his infant son Daigoro. It's brilliant and epic and tragic, and not for a second did I think I could do anything that could touch it, but I wanted to at least dip my toe into the pool. If *TV Doctor Who* was allowed to mine all the great film genres, it seemed fair for the strip to pilfer from the classic comics in the same way.

Katsura Sato also served as our Toshiro Mifune stand-in. Martin Geraghty and I were both fans of the films Mifune made with Akira Kurosawa (and if you haven't seen the likes of *Throne of Blood* or *The Hidden Fortress* then march on down to your local HMV sharpish), and we wanted a hero with the same kind of presence. The scene where Sato kills Rikushira's men in Part Three is one of my favourites, because of a sly visual trick Martin devised – a (possible) decapitation which nobody ever spots the first time they see it. (Go back and look. I'll wait.) Worthy of Kurosawa!

Paving Katsura Sato's own personal Meifu-mado with the Doctor's good intentions was one of the first ideas that sprang to mind. I knew Sato would return later, but I wasn't sure how – I vaguely imagined him as the captain of a spaceship in the twenty-fifth century at this point. But I knew Sato was hellbound, and he'd be taking the Doctor and Izzy along for the ride. **SG**

TV ACTION!

by Alan Barnes

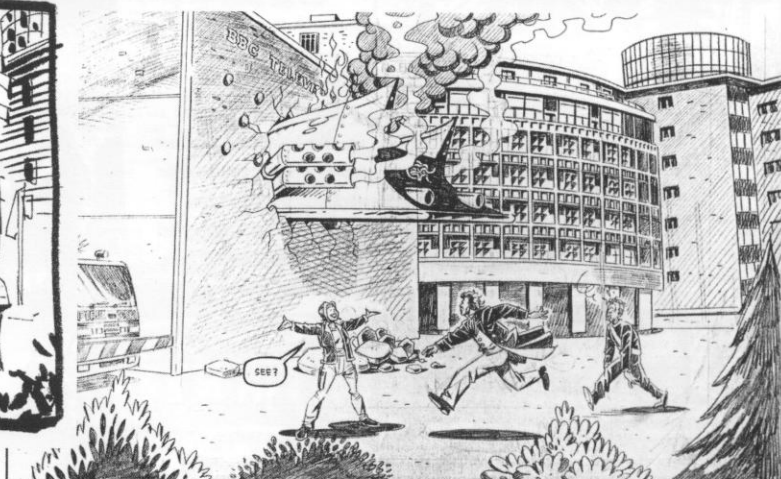
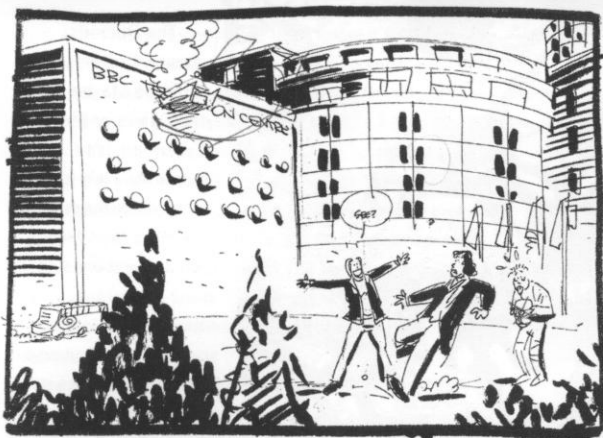
Doctor Who Magazine was having an anniversary. But I've very little to say about this one, other than I seem to remember it was very loosely inspired by a dim memory of reading a *Star Trek* short story which had William Shatner, Leonard Nimoy *et al* getting involved in sci-fi shenanigans alongside their fictional alter egos. But there was also a fair degree of desperation



Hair in a traditional bun – should carry herself with great pride.

Let's see her neck!

LADY ASAMI



here – this being the third offbeat, celebratory stand-alone strip we'd done in three years, the first being my own *A Life of Matter and Death* (for **DWM** 250, all comic strip characters, semi-serious), the second being Scotty's *Happy Deathday* (*Mad Magazine* stylings for *Doctor Who*'s 35th anniversary 'special'. What's 'special' about a 35th anniversary, I simply cannot say, my darlings. I had my 35th birthday last year, and no bugger thought *that* was special...)

But anyway. This one was to mark 20 years of **DWM** itself, and cos we couldn't do anything involving old **DWM** characters (we'd done that, to death, in *A Life of Matter and Death*; oh, and the Stockbridge stories; oh, and the *Junkyard Demon* and *Star Beast* sequels in one of the *Yearbooks*), there really wasn't much else we *could* do but plonk the TARDIS down in BBC Television Centre on the day that **DWM** launched. I *did* bother to phone up Andrew Pixley to find out what was actually happening at TVC on 12 October 1979, but, alas, it turned out the day was unutterably dreary... at least compared to this.

The 'Tom Baker' dialogue at the end is taken directly from various Tom interviews. Strangely enough, it's probably the least convincing part of the story. Ah well. Some damn good jokes in here (I'm still terribly proud of the 'wrong Basils' business... oh, and the Mr Humphries joke... oh, and the cameo appearance by a character from the pages of the mighty *TV Comic*...), but had I known this'd be the last comic strip I'd write for nearly seven years I might have been tempted to try something a little more heavyweight.

Then again, I'm not sure I can think of any finer epitaph than Izzy's "It beats working in Woolworth's!" Yeah, that's what's going on my grave. **AB**

THE COMPANY OF THIEVES

by Scott Gray

I'd loved what Adrian Salmon had done with Kroton, a character I had barely noticed before. When Kroton regained his humanity in *Throwback* he still talked in a typically formal sci-fi alien manner. Ade had reinvented him as a more relaxed character who spoke in colloquial English (we reasoned he had been around for a century or two since the events of the two early stories, and his personality had naturally evolved). He could be funny, sad, angry, likeable. Ade had also had the inspired idea of recreating Kroton on a physical level, turning him into an athlete – something which definitely could never be done on TV (those suits are a tad heavy, yes?), but looked sensational on the page. I wanted to play around with Kroton some more, and I soon got the opportunity.

Gary was getting restless in the **DWM** editor's chair and was looking to move on. But before he left, he wanted a ten-part story. Bigger than the biggest thing ever. Thumpingly, humongously, ginormously BIG.

Alan was seriously un-thrilled with this notion. I was also a bit wary. A ten-month-long story was bound to annoy a lot of readers, frustrated by the lack of resolution and expla-

Above: Roger Langridge's rough and finished pencils for a scene from **TV Action!**

Below left: an unused layout from **Unnatural Born Killers**.

Below: Adrian Salmon's original designs for the pirates and Mr Shakka.





Above: early Kroton sketch from Adrian Salmon.

Right: inker Fareed Choudhury would often provide his own "script" for the stories he worked on, much to the editor's amusement!

Below: "Lizzy" by Roger Langridge.



D 22.1
M 55
L 22.7

nation as the story progressed. But it was a challenge, and it meant I could tie up the whole Master arc with plenty of room for a good showdown. So what the hell...

I reasoned that the usual two-strand plotline used in the strip (created whenever the Doctor and Izzy would get separated) wouldn't be enough to sustain a ten-parter. That suggested finding a third figure for the TARDIS. And here was this heroic, tragic Cyberman, moving through a universe that hates and fears him, just trying to get by and do a little good along the way...

Perfect! All I had to do was get him to bump into the Doctor. As painfully as possible.

Adrian had to draw it, of course. It would have been rude to hand it to anyone else (this gave Martin more lead-time for *The Glorious Dead*, which I was writing at the same time as *The Company of Thieves*). Ade went to town on the pirates, having a blast with the designs.

The bit at the end between Shakka and Horstrogg was inspired by the opening sequence in *Raiders of the Lost Ark*, with Harrison Ford and Alfred Molina standing on opposite sides of a chasm: "Throw me the whip!" "You throw me the idol!" The difference here, of course, is that we had two Alfred Molinas in our scene. I don't imagine a lot of throwing occurred that afternoon.

But Kroton had made two new friends and was now off on new adventures in time and space. Which leads us to...

THE GLORIOUS DEAD

by Scott Gray

There's a great T-Bone Burnett song called *Humans from Earth*. These strange creatures called humans appear and introduce themselves to the hapless residents of a planet. The humans compliment them on their fresh air and water, try to sell them a TV, and then announce they're buying their world: "You have nothing at all to fear/ I think we're gonna like it here".

Let's face it, kids – if we ever do get out there, that's what it's going to be like.

Left: the photo inspiration for the Ash Wraiths and Martin Geraghty's first sketch.

Right: Martin's original design for Cardinal Morningstar and the final version.



The Doctor's greatest adversary isn't the Master, or the Daleks or the Cybermen. It's humanity. He's fought far more humans than any other race. He's well aware there's no more dangerous, murderous, cunning species in the universe. Trouble is, he loves us.

I wanted to do a proper alien invasion story, but turned on its head – humans would be attacking an alien world. Why would they do it? Well, we'd already covered

materialistic greed with the Threshold. That left the other great motivator: religious fanaticism.

It seems strange to look at this story now. It was written in a different century, long before the world changed. Now "jihad" is a media buzzword and we debate the "ethical grey area" of state-sanctioned torture. I hope everyone understands that no specific religion was being targeted here. Faith is fine. It's *blind* faith – in any kind of institution – that causes all the problems.

The Glory sprang from a question I'd asked myself when I was very young: what if God wasn't a being at all, but a job title? What if lots of people had held the position over the years? And what if some of them were better at it than others? (Was I the only person to wonder this? Oh, I was? Okay.) The original plot for the story was different in lots of

SCOTT INTRODUCING
CARDINAL
MORNINGSTAR



ways. I don't have a copy now, but I know it featured another race of creatures who were also after the Glory. The Master had a big Escheresque castle floating around somewhere. I'm pretty sure Kroton didn't take control of the Glory – I liked him so much I got self-indulgent and tried to cheat at the end, keeping him aboard the TARDIS. The outline was okay, but Gary and Alan were right to give it a good roasting. After much fretting, we ended up with something much more extreme and far less generic. The Doctor waking up to find Grace in bed was Gary's idea, as was Part Five's oddball trip through the multiple Doctors' lives.

The Ash Wraiths' design came from a photo of a PVC dominatrix outfit I clipped out of *Time Out*. I faxed it to Martin's workplace with a note: "Your suit will be ready on Friday, Mr Geraghty". We got a great e-mail from Russell T Davies after Part Four was published, full of praise for the strip and deep concern for Izzy's fate. Nice bloke. Wonder where he is now?

I called Sato "Morningstar" because I needed a name that sounded like "Master" if he was going to work as a red hering (it's also the name of an axe). One afternoon Martin pointed out to me that the name also means "rising sun"; a killer coincidence which made me scream like a girl.

Gary left *DWM* before the story finished publication, but he's in the final panel, stepping into a phone box. He loved the strip, always wanted to make it the most exciting thing in *DWM*, so I hope he felt *The Glorious Dead* was a worthy send-off. (And this is starting to sound like a eulogy, and as Gary is alive and well, I'll shut up now.) **SG**

THE AUTONOMY BUG

by Scott Gray

I knew that when everyone saw Roger was back on the strip they'd assume we were in for another fun-filled, madcap adventure. But I was aware that Roger could do scary too, and more importantly, *moving*. It was time to demonstrate.

The Autonomy Bug came from two sources: Lewis Carroll's *Alice in Wonderland* books and *One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest* – both the movie and the original Ken Kesey novel. The film version of *Cuckoo's Nest* had a real impact on me when I first saw it. The novel is equally brilliant – absolutely heartbreaking. The treatment of mental patients is an ongoing disgrace. My mother was a social worker, and I heard terrible stories from an early age.

All the main characters are based on figures from either *Alice* or *Cuckoo's Nest*. Hastoff was Nurse Rachett. Otto was Big Chief Broom (silent in the film but the novel's narrator). Bronson and Branson were Tweedledum and Tweedledee. Emperor Zero and Duchess Nora were the King and Queen of Hearts. The Adjuster was the ECT machine.

There were a lot of articles and TV features about artificial intelligence appearing at the time. I remember one TV piece with a scientist sitting next to a robot that he'd given a "face" – just a pair of eyes and lips. The scientist was describing the robot, making it sound like nothing more than a smart vacuum cleaner. The robot turned and looked at him, frowned, and said, "I'm alive." Yikes! After that, the thought of a psychiatric institution for robots seemed painfully obvious.

I don't recall the story being altered much from the

New title needed -



initial outline, apart from a couple of elements. Otto was originally a robot doll in the shape of a little girl. Alan thought that having what amounted to a traumatised, emotionally disturbed child as a main character was pushing it a bit far for the strip. So we turned her into a duck instead.

The other change was to the original ending: the Doctor took the robots away from their world in the TARDIS and found them a new home. Alan said something like, "No; the Doctor isn't there to solve every problem. He'll sort out an immediate threat, but he'll leave the long-term mess to be dealt with by the survivors." It was a good point, and it led to a much stronger, more hopeful ending. That final page chokes me up every time.

So... Alan was in charge now. He was the Daddy. One day he sauntered into the office, smiled, and casually said, "Hey, I've done the sums and we can afford it – the strip's going to colour."

And just like that, we were off! Come back for our next volume, *Oblivion*, and see how we coped... **SG**

Above: Roger Langridge's rough for the opening scene of **The Autonomy Bug** with its original title, "The Land of Mech-Believe".

Below left: an unused rough for the third chapter of **The Autonomy Bug**.

Below: Roger's character sketch for Hastoff and his design for the Blueberry House motif.



SYMBOL –
LIGHTBULB
(TO SYMBOLISE
CONSCIOUS THOUGHT)
AND LIGHTNING
BOLT
(TO SYMBOLISE
ECT)



THROWBACK

THE SOUL of a CYBERMAN

PART ONE



IN MONDARAN CITY THERE ARE CURFEWS AND NIGHTLY PATROLS THROUGH THE RUBBLE OF A ONCE-PROUD CAPITAL...



AND, SKULKING IN THE SHADOWS LIKE SEWER-RATS, THERE ARE THE RESISTANCE-FIGHTERS...



BECOMING SUDDENLY JACKAL-LIKE AS THEY LEAP TOWARD THEIR FALLEN PREY...



AND THEN, AS SILENTLY AS THEY HAD APPEARED, THE LAST DEFENDERS OF FREEDOM ON MONDARAN DISPERSE INTO THE NIGHT...



BUT THE GUERRILLAS HAVE LONG GONE BY THE TIME WORD REACHES THE CYBERMEN'S CENTRAL COMMAND...

ANOTHER ONE IN THE WESTERN SECTOR? THESE HUMANS ARE SUPPOSED TO HAVE BEEN DISARMED... BUT THAT'S 23 OF OUR MEN THEY'VE TERMINATED NOW...

ALL HUMANS REMAINING IN THE AREA HAVE NOW BEEN ERADICATED...

A HUMAN COMMANDER MIGHT BE WORRIED... BUT CYBERLEADER TORK MERELY FOLLOWS THE DICTATES OF UNARGUABLE LOGIC...

I HAVE ASKED FOR REINFORCEMENTS FROM TELOS. THEY WILL ARRIVE IN SEVEN DAYS... AND WITH THEIR STRENGTH, WE WILL BREAK THE HUMAN RESISTANCE...

AND IT IS ON TELOS, THE HOME PLANET OF THE CYBERMEN, THAT WE MEET JUNIOR CYBERLEADER KROTON...

YOU WERE DUE AT THE SHIP FIVE MINUTES AGO, KROTON. CYBERLEADER WIRGUN SENT ME TO FIND YOU...

WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?

LOOKING AT THE SKY, LIRON... WONDERING IF I'LL EVER SEE IT AGAIN...

WHAT DIFFERENCE DOES IT MAKE?

NONE, I SUPPOSE...

YOU ACT STRANGELY, KROTON. DO YOU HAVE A MALFUNCTION?

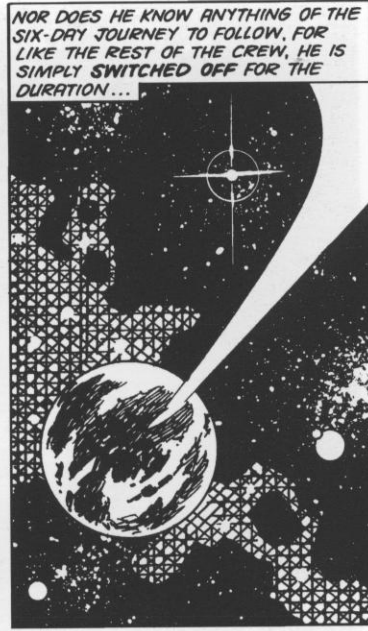
I THINK YOU SHOULD VISIT MAINTENANCE...

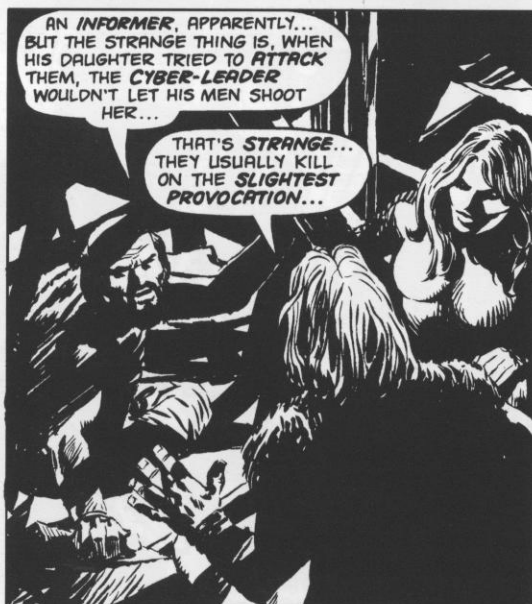
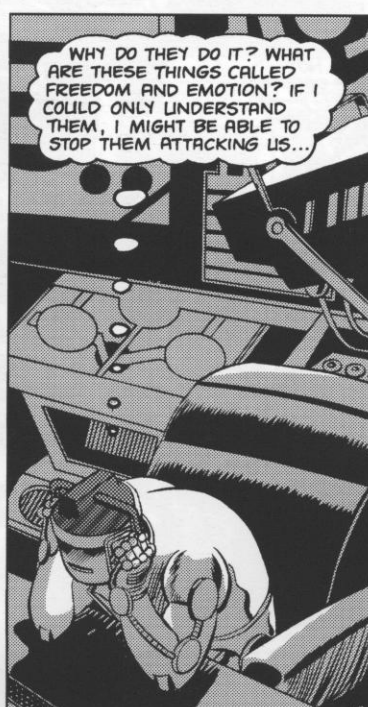
I AM FUNCTIONING NORMALLY... NOTHING IS WRONG...

AND AS THE TROLLEY CARRIES THEM TOWARD THE SPACE-FIELD...

THE SHIP IS READY FOR TAKE-OFF. IN SIX DAYS WE WILL BE ON MONDARAN...

THAT IS A HUMAN WORLD, ISN'T IT? I HAVE NEVER SEEN A HUMAN...





MORE THRILLING ACTION NEXT WEEK!

THROWBACK

THE SOUL of a CYBERMAN

PART TWO



ON THE PLANET **MONDARAN**, GROANING UNDER THE METALLIC HEEL OF THE **CYBERMEN**, JUNIOR CYBERLEADER **KROTON** WORKS TIRELESSLY TO QUELL THE RESISTANCE OF THE HUMAN INHABITANTS, LED BY **PENDAR**. BUT AS THE FREEDOM FIGHTERS MEET ONE NIGHT IN THE RUBBLE-STREWN RUINS OF **MONDARAN CITY**...



NO TIME TO RUN, **PENDAR**!

WE'LL HAVE TO **FIGHT!** QUICK! TRY TO GET HIM OFF GUARD!

WAIT!

BUT **PENDAR** DOES NOT REALISE THAT THIS IS **KROTON**...

MORE! FIGHT!... OR WE'LL ALL BE SHOT FOR BREAKING THE CURFEW!



NO... DO NOT MAKE ME DEFEND MYSELF...

OR THAT **KROTON** HAS HIS OWN SPECIAL VIEWS ON HOW TO HANDLE THE HUMAN PROBLEM...

I WILL NOT HARM YOU... I WISH ONLY TO TALK TO YOU...



LOOK OUT!



BUT...

WE CAN'T TRUST HIM! IT HAS TO BE A CYBERMAN PLOT!

BUT THERE DON'T SEEM TO BE ANY OTHERS AROUND...



GONE... PERHAPS I WAS WRONG TO EXPECT THEM TO ACT LOGICALLY AND TALK... OR PERHAPS FEAR HAS A STRONGER LOGIC...

MY PROGRAMMING DOES NOT ENABLE ME TO UNDERSTAND THEM...





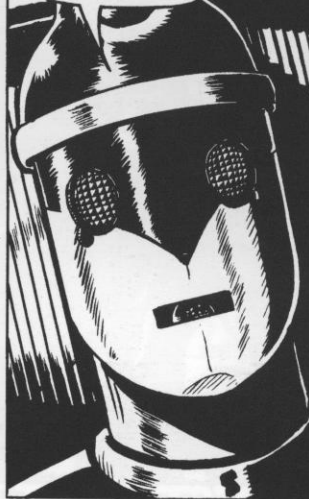
PENDAR WAKES SOME HOURS LATER, SURPRISED TO FIND HIMSELF ALIVE...



REMAIN STILL, PENDAR. I AM KROTON... I TRIED TO TALK TO YOU LAST NIGHT...

I WOULDN'T SPEAK TO YOU THEN... AND I'VE NOTHING TO SAY NOW! KILL ME AND GET IT OVER WITH!

I DO NOT WANT TO KILL YOU... I WANT TO UNDERSTAND. I AM TOLD YOU HAVE THESE THINGS CALLED EMOTIONS AND PRINCIPLES... WHICH MAKE YOU FIGHT US... IS SURVIVAL NOT ENOUGH?



NO, IT'S NOT! IT'S **CARING** THAT COUNTS... KNOWING THAT **EVERY OTHER PERSON** THINKS, FEELS, WANTS THE SAME THING AS **YOU** DO...

BUT **YOUR KIND** ARE JUST **MACHINES**...

COME WITH ME...



AND WHILE PENDAR CONTINUES, DEFIANT TO THE LAST...



ONLY INHUMAN MACHINES TAKE PLEASURE IN KILLING AND HURTING!

I AM TAKING THIS PRISONER OUT FOR FURTHER INVESTIGATION...



I DO NOT KNOW WHAT PLEASURE IS... HOW CAN I TAKE PLEASURE IN KILLING?

BUT YOU MUST STOP THIS LIPRISING, OTHERWISE ALL YOUR PEOPLE WILL DIE...

THEN, IN THE WASTELANDS BEYOND MONDARAN CITY...

SO THIS IS IT, HUH? A NICE QUIET EXECUTION WHERE NO ONE CAN SEE...



NO, NOT DEATH... YOU ARE FREE TO GO...

WHAT?



AND, AS PENDAR WANDERS AWAY, NUMB WITH SHOCKED SURPRISE...

HE'S JUST SITTING THERE... DEFENCELESS...

IF I ATTACKED NOW, I COULD TAKE OUT ONE OF THEIR TOP SECURITY MEN...



IT'S ONLY A MACHINE ANYWAY...

SO, CYBERLEADER KROTON... IT'S TERMINATION TIME!



DOES THIS SPELL THE END FOR KROTON THE CYBERMAN? SEE NEXT WEEK!

THROWBACK

THE SOUL of a CYBERMAN

PART THREE



ON THE PLANET MONDARAN, JUNIOR CYBERLEADER KROTON DISCOVERS THE HUMAN INHABITANTS ARE PLANNING TO REBEL AGAINST THEIR CYBERMAN OVERLORDS. HE ARRESTS THE REBEL LEADER, PENDAR, BUT THEN RELEASES HIM... AND PENDAR SEES A CHANCE FOR INSTANT REVENGE AGAINST HIS OPPRESSORS...



BUT...

I CAN'T DO IT... NOT WHEN HE'S JUST LET ME GO...



IT'D MAKE ME NO BETTER THAN A CYBERMAN MYSELF!

MOORE + DILLON



AND...

LET HIM BE, THEN... I WON'T PUSH MY LUCK HANGING AROUND...



I'D BETTER GET TO WEST BRIDGE AND MEET MARILKA... IT'S NOT FAR FROM HERE...



YET WHILE PENDAR PICKS HIS WAY THROUGH THE RAVAGED COUNTRYSIDE, AT CYBERMAN HEAD-QUARTERS...

KROTON IS ABSENT FROM HIS POST, CYBERLEADER TORK. HE LEFT WITH A HUMAN PRISONER...

HE HAS BEEN ERRATIC OF LATE... SEARCH FOR HIM...



THEN, AT WEST BRIDGE...

PENDAR! YOU'RE SAFE! YOU GOT AWAY!

NO... KROTON LET ME GO. I DON'T KNOW WHY... I LEFT HIM NOT FAR FROM HERE...



THERE... SEE? HE'S JUST SITTING WHERE I LEFT HIM! BUT HEAVEN KNOWS WHAT'S GOING THROUGH THAT TIN SKULL OF HIS...

PENDAR COULD HAVE TERMINATED ME JUST THEN... BUT HE DIDN'T...



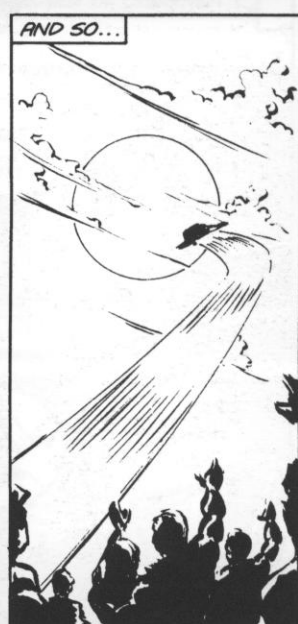
AND AS THE CURIOUS HUMANS CREEP CLOSER...

WHY? I WOULD HAVE TERMINATED HIM... OR WOULD I?

MY COMPUTER-BRAIN DOES NOT SEEM ABLE TO HANDLE THE PROBLEM...







ANOTHER THRILLING NEW ADVENTURE STORY STARTS NEXT WEEK!

SHIP OF FOOLS

SCRIPT: MOORE ART: DILLON

INERT, LIFELESS, A ONCE MIGHTY BATTLE-CRUISER DRIFTS THROUGH THE VAST VOID OF TIMELESS SPACE, CARRIED FORWARD BY THE MOMENTUM GAINED FROM ENGINES LONG-SINCE DEAD... ON BOARD, NOTHING STIRS...

AND THE HANDS WHICH ONCE STEERED THE SHIP AWAY FROM THE PLANET MONDARAN NOW MAKE NO ATTEMPT TO EVADE THE STRANGE, MIASMIC CLOUD WHICH HANGS DIRECTLY IN THE CRUISER'S PATH...

YET THE CRUISER IS NOT THE ONLY SHIP TO INTRUDE UPON THE SPARKLING VAPOURS...

AND THIS SECOND SHIP IS NOT LIFELESS...

WE'VE GOT CONTACT! NOW, DRAW IT ON BOARD!

LOOKS LIKE AN ALIEN SHIP! WHAT FUN! I CAN'T WAIT TO TAKE A LOOK INSIDE!

AND, WHEN THE CRUISER'S AIR-LOCK HAS BEEN BREACHED...

NO-ONE ON BOARD EXCEPT THIS... LOOKS LIKE SOME SORT OF ROBOT...

LET'S GET IT OUT OF HERE... MAYBE WE CAN RECHARGE IT! MIGHT GIVE US SOME AMUSEMENT, AT LEAST...

AND AS ELECTRIC LIFE SEEPS BACK INTO THE PILOT'S BODY...

IT'S MOVING! BY ALDERBARAN! WHAT A NOVELTY!

PITY YOU CAN'T SEE THIS, LEONART... IT'S TREMENDOUS!

WHERE...?



IT TALKS! HOW SWEET! I WONDER IF IT'S INTELLIGENT!

WE'LL SOON FIND OUT! WE'LL ASK IT!

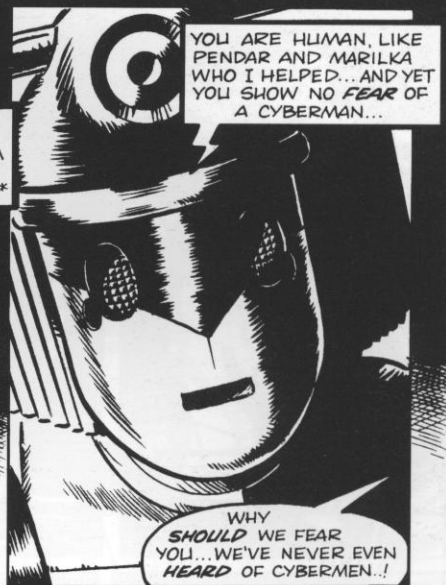
WELL, NOW, WHAT KIND OF ROBOT ARE YOU?



NOT A ROBOT...A CYBERMAN! MY NAME IS KROTON...JUNIOR CYBERLEADER KROTON...

THE LAST THING I REMEMBER IS BLASTING OFF FROM MONDARAN WITH INSUFFICIENT FUEL...*

* AS YOU'LL REMEMBER FROM ISSUES 5-7, KROTON WAS THE CYBERMAN WHO REDISCOVERED EMOTION — EDITOR DEZ.



YOU ARE HUMAN, LIKE PENDAR AND MARILKA WHO I HELPED...AND YET YOU SHOW NO FEAR OF A CYBERMAN...

WHY SHOULD WE FEAR YOU...WE'VE NEVER EVEN HEARD OF CYBERMEN..!



STRANGE...WHAT KIND OF SHIP IS THIS?

IT'S A SPACE-LINER...WE'RE ON A LONG PLEASURE CRUISE...WE'LL SHOW YOU AROUND IF YOU LIKE...



AND WHERE IS THE SHIP GOING TO?

WELL, EVERYWHERE, I SUPPOSE...WHAT DOES IT MATTER?



EVERYWHERE?

RIGHT...IF YOU HAVE AN INFINITE AMOUNT OF TIME, YOU CAN VISIT AN INFINITE NUMBER OF PLACES!

AND TIME WE'VE GOT LOTS OF...



I DO NOT UNDERSTAND...

AH, YOU WANT TO TALK TO WILLOUGHBY...HE'S WRITING A JOURNAL OF OUR VOYAGE! I'LL TAKE YOU TO HIM!

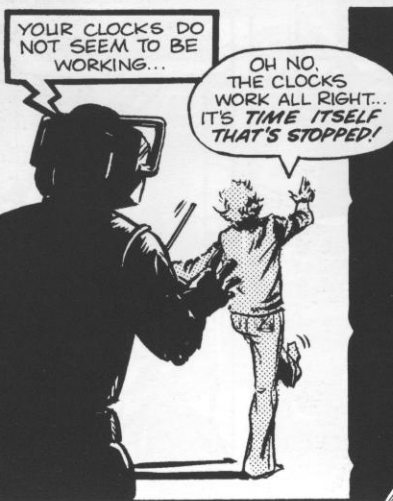
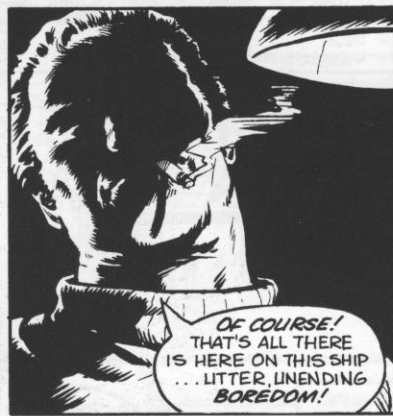
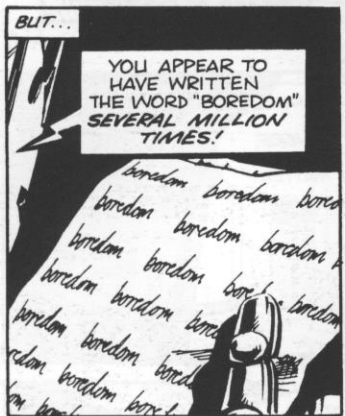
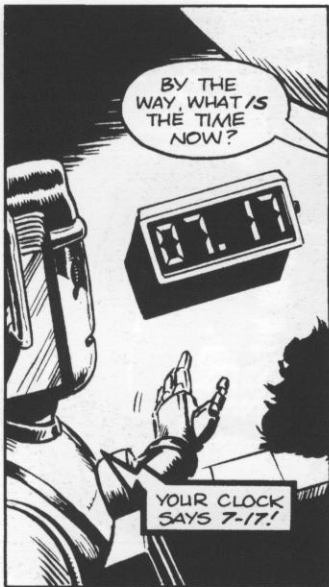
OH, WILLOUGHBY'S SUCH A BORE! LET'S GO AND HAVE A DRINK, ROLF!

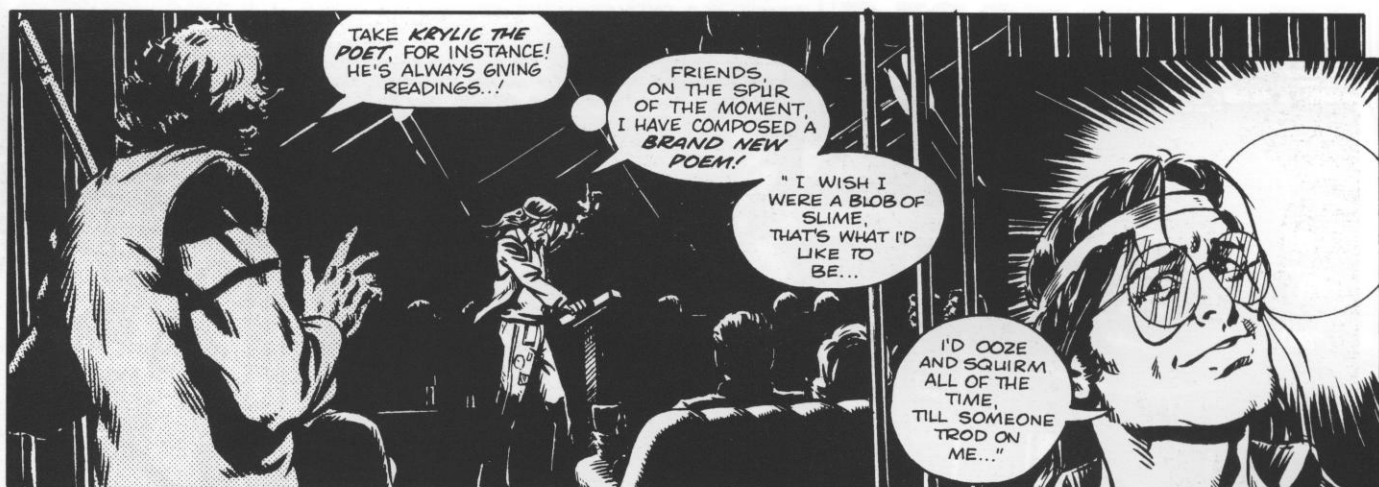


COME ON, THIS WAY... WILLOUGHBY'S UP ON A-DECK...

YOU HUMANS ASTONISH ME! YOU ARE BLIND, ARE YOU NOT? AND YET YOU KNOW YOUR WAY AROUND...

OH, I'VE HAD PLENTY OF TIME TO LEARN...





TAKE **KRYLIC THE POET**, FOR INSTANCE! HE'S ALWAYS GIVING READINGS...

FRIENDS, ON THE SPUR OF THE MOMENT, I HAVE COMPOSED A **BRAND NEW POEM!**

"I WISH I WERE A BLOB OF SLIME, THAT'S WHAT I'D LIKE TO BE..."

I'D OOZE AND SQUIRM ALL OF THE TIME, TILL SOMEONE TROD ON ME..."



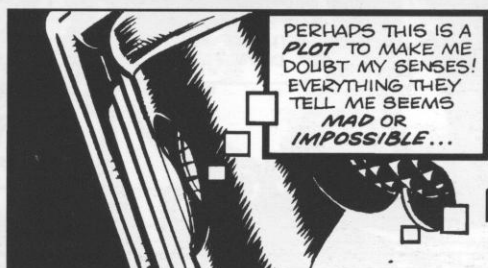
DO YOU NOT WISH TO STAY AND HEAR MORE?

NO, I'VE HEARD IT BEFORE...



BUT HE SAID IT WAS **NEW!** WHEN DID YOU HEAR IT BEFORE?

OH, ABOUT 7-17...



PERHAPS THIS IS A **PLOT** TO MAKE ME DOUBT MY SENSES! EVERYTHING THEY TELL ME SEEMS **MAD OR IMPOSSIBLE...**

UNLESS... PERHAPS THERE REALLY *IS* SOMETHING **INCOMPREHENSIBLY STRANGE** HAPPENING HERE...



WAIT, LEONART... I MUST TALK TO YOU!

IS IT TIME FOR **COCKTAILS** YET, DEAR?

CASSANDRA, HONEY... IT'S **ALWAYS** TIME FOR COCKTAILS!



YOU HAVE TO EXPLAIN... WHAT **IS** THIS SHIP? WHERE IS IT GOING? WHY IS EVERYTHING SO **STRANGE?**

YOU MEAN YOU **REALLY** DON'T KNOW?



WE'RE NOT GOING ANYWHERE... WE'RE CAUGHT IN A **TIME-WARP!** THAT'S WHAT THE **CLIRTAIR OF LIGHT** IS THAT SURROUNDS THE SHIP...



TIME STANDS STILL HERE... AND WE VOYAGE ON USELESSLY THROUGH ALL **ETERNITY...**

... FOREVER AND EVER AND EVER!



DIDN'T YOU SEE THE **NAME OF THE SHIP** WHEN THEY BROUGHT YOU IN?

FLYING DUTCHMAN II

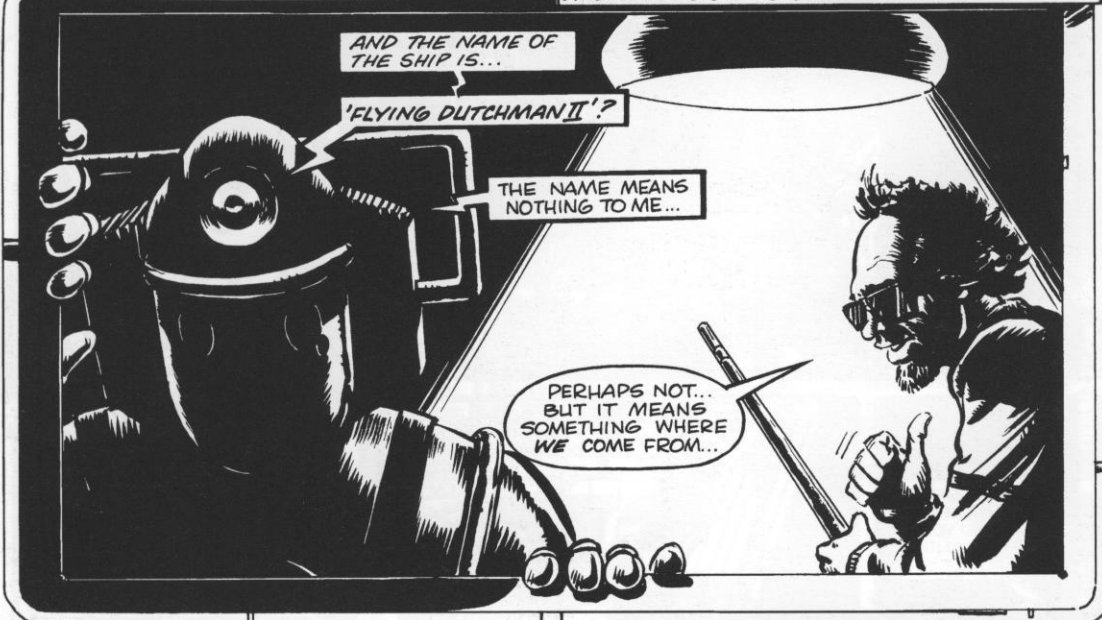
TO BE CONTINUED...

SHIP OF FOOLS

SCRIPT: MOORE ART: DILLON

ADRIFT IN A FUELLESS SHIP, KROTON, THE REBEL CYBERMAN HAS BEEN PICKED UP BY A SPACELINER, AND REVIVED BY ITS NOVELTY-SEEKING PASSENGERS. BUT THE LINER ITSELF IS HELPLESSLY CAUGHT IN A TIME-WARP... TRAPPED IN AN ETERNAL MOMENT WHERE THE CLOCK FOREVER READS 7-17...

AND AS KROTON'S COMPANION, LEONART, EXPLAINS...



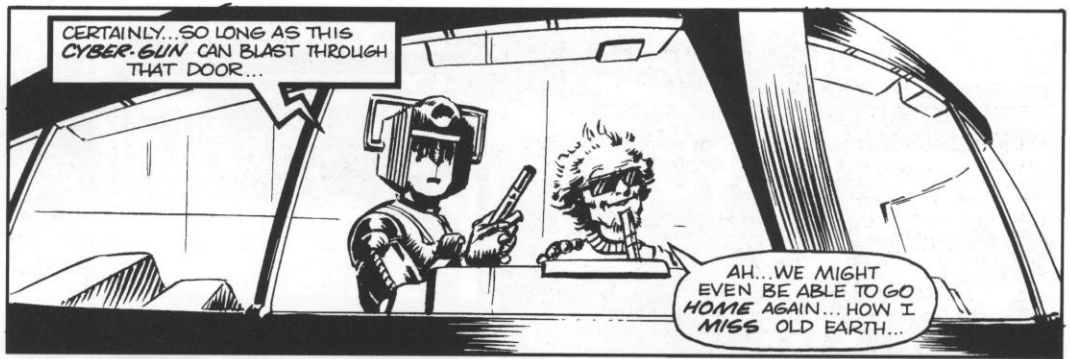
...AYE. A SHIP OF THE DAMNED... IT'S ALMOST A BLESSING FOR ME TO BE BLIND...

BUT NOW YOU KNOW WHY EVERYONE HERE'S A LITTLE CRAZY... WE'VE BEEN STRANDED HERE HEAVEN KNOWS HOW LONG... WITH NO NEWS OF FAMILY OR FRIENDS...



OF COURSE! THE PILOT! HE MAY HAVE THE INFORMATION WE NEED! TAKE ME TO HIM...







I WONDER IF IT IS STILL IN FULL WORKING ORDER?

I AM STILL IN FULL WORKING ORDER...



THEN I WISH TO SEE THE SHIP'S LOG... FOR THE DAY PRIOR TO ENTRY INTO THE TIME-WARP...



BUT THE LOG IS SPOKEN RATHER THAN SHOWN...

BLOWOUT IN MAIN TANKS 2 AND 3. INSUFFICIENT FUEL TO REACH DESTINATION. PROBABILITY OF REACHING INHABITABLE PLANET: ZERO.

EMERGENCY OVER-RIDE SWITCHED IN: SAFETY OF PASSENGERS MUST TAKE PRIORITY OVER ALL OTHER CONSIDERATIONS...



UNSTABLE SPATIAL VORTEX ON VECTOR 543. SENSORS INDICATE GRAVITIC WRAPPING OF NORMAL TIME-PROGRESSION RESULTING IN LATERAL STASIS...

WHAT THE DEVIL DOES THAT MEAN, ROLF?

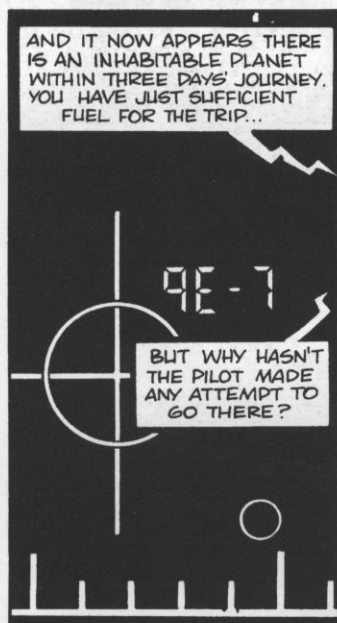
I THINK HE'S SAYING WE'RE IN AN AREA WHERE TIME STANDS STILL, MY LOVE...



I HAVE THEREFORE STEERED THE SHIP INTO THE VORTEX, AND AM USING THE REMAINING FUEL TO MAINTAIN OUR POSITION THEREIN...

THIS WILL PRESERVE THE PASSENGERS' LIVES UNTIL WE ARE PICKED UP. I TAKE FULL RESPONSIBILITY FOR THIS ACTION...

BUT THE VORTEX ITSELF IS STILL MOVING...



AND IT NOW APPEARS THERE IS AN INHABITABLE PLANET WITHIN THREE DAYS' JOURNEY. YOU HAVE JUST SUFFICIENT FUEL FOR THE TRIP...

BUT WHY HASN'T THE PILOT MADE ANY ATTEMPT TO GO THERE?



PERHAPS THERE IS A MALFUNCTION... I SHALL INVESTIGATE...

THIS UNAUTHORISED TINKERING BREAKS REGULATIONS AND WILL BE RECORDED IN THE SHIP'S LOG...



AND AFTER MUCH CAREFUL WORK...

THERE... I'VE OVER-RIDDEN IT'S DECISION-MAKING CIRCUITS...

I AM NOW READY TO OBEY YOUR COMMANDS...



THE DECISION IS NOW YOURS... DO YOU WISH TO TRY FOR PLANETFALL?

NO...!

SHH, CASSANDRA...

YES, KROTON! WE MUST... ANYTHING'S BETTER THAN BEING STUCK HERE TILL THE END OF TIME...



PROCEED TOWARD
THE PLANET SHOWN
AT VECTOR 202 ON
THE SCANNERS,
PILOT...

IMMEDIATELY...
CUTTING IN
MAIN
ENGINES...



AND THEN, WITH
BARELY-FELT
ACCELERATION...

WE'RE
MOVING...
WE'RE COMING
OUT OF THE
TIME-WARP...

AND THE
CLOCKS ARE
WORKING
AGAIN!

07:18



I WONDER...
HOW WE'VE BEEN
...HERE...

A COMPARISON
OF THE STELLAR
POSITIONS WILL
TELL US THAT...
WAIT ONE
MOMENT...



628
YEARS!?

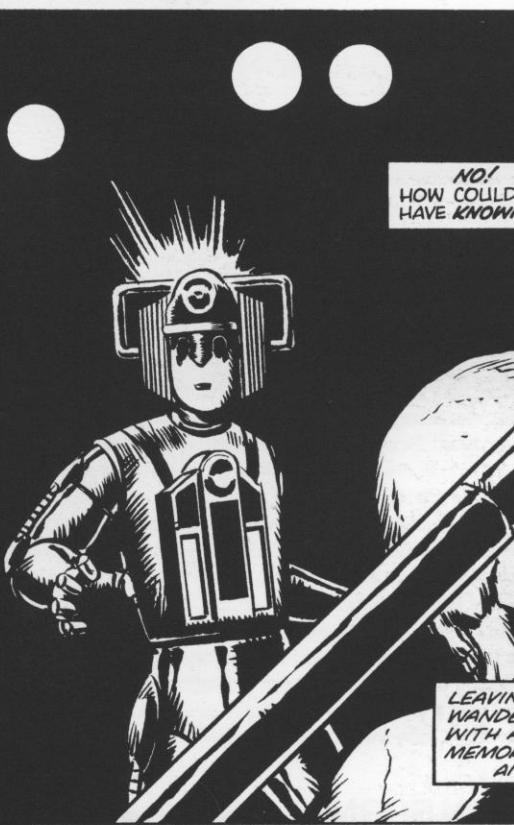


I TOLD
YOU... THIS
WAS A.....
MISTAKE
...ROLF...

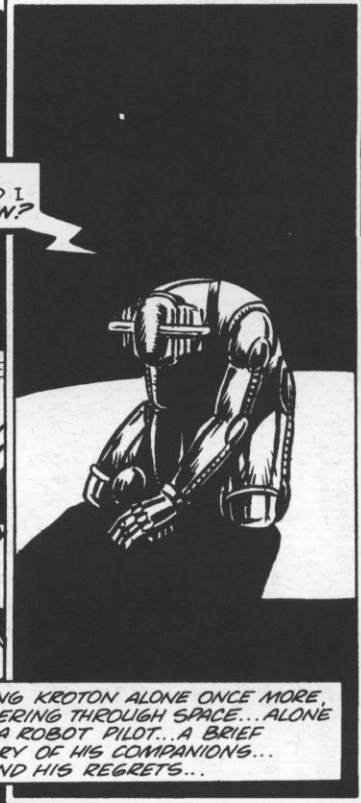
YOU...



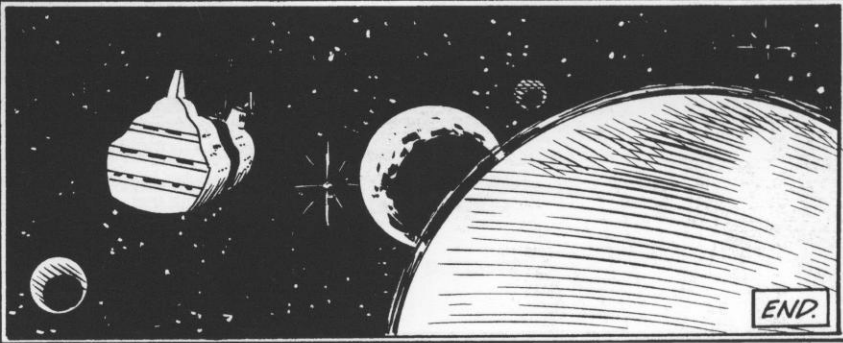
AND, FOR THE PASSENGERS OF
THE SECOND FLYING DUTCHMAN,
THE LONG VOYAGE IS OVER AT LAST...



NO!
HOW COULD I
HAVE KNOWN?



LEAVING KROTON ALONE ONCE MORE,
WANDERING THROUGH SPACE... ALONE
WITH A ROBOT PILOT... A BRIEF
MEMORY OF HIS COMPANIONS...
AND HIS REGRETS...



END.

ABOUT THE AUTHORS

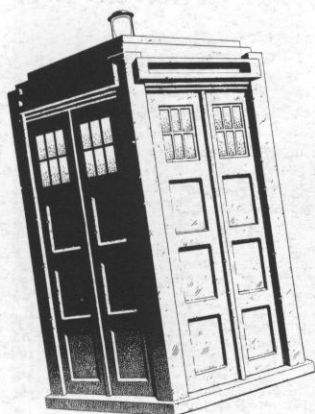
SCOTT GRAY wrote and illustrated comic stories for **RAZOR MAGAZINE** in his native New Zealand. In 1991 he sold a comic script to **DOCTOR WHO MAGAZINE** editor John Freeman. He promptly packed his bags and arrived in the UK just as the British comics industry imploded like a wet balloon. He became **DWM**'s assistant editor and was the comic strip's regular writer between 1998-2004. Gray is now the editor of Panini Comics' **MARVEL COLLECTORS' EDITION** line. He and artist Roger Langridge recently collaborated on a Marvel comic, **THE FIN FANG FOUR**.

MARTIN GERAGHTY was four when he first started drawing *Doctor Who* monsters in crayon on scraps of paper, and nothing much has changed in the intervening 32 years. His first comic strip was commissioned by John Freeman in 1992 for Marvel UK's short-lived **OVERKILL** comic – so short-lived, in fact, that it folded before Martin's first finished strip could be printed in it! His **DOCTOR WHO MAGAZINE** debut came in 1993 with *Bringer of Darkness* for the Dalek-themed Summer Special, and he's been proud to have been the regular artist for most of the Eighth Doctor's comic strip tenure. Away from comics, Martin works in the advertising industry and, yes, he is ashamed of himself.

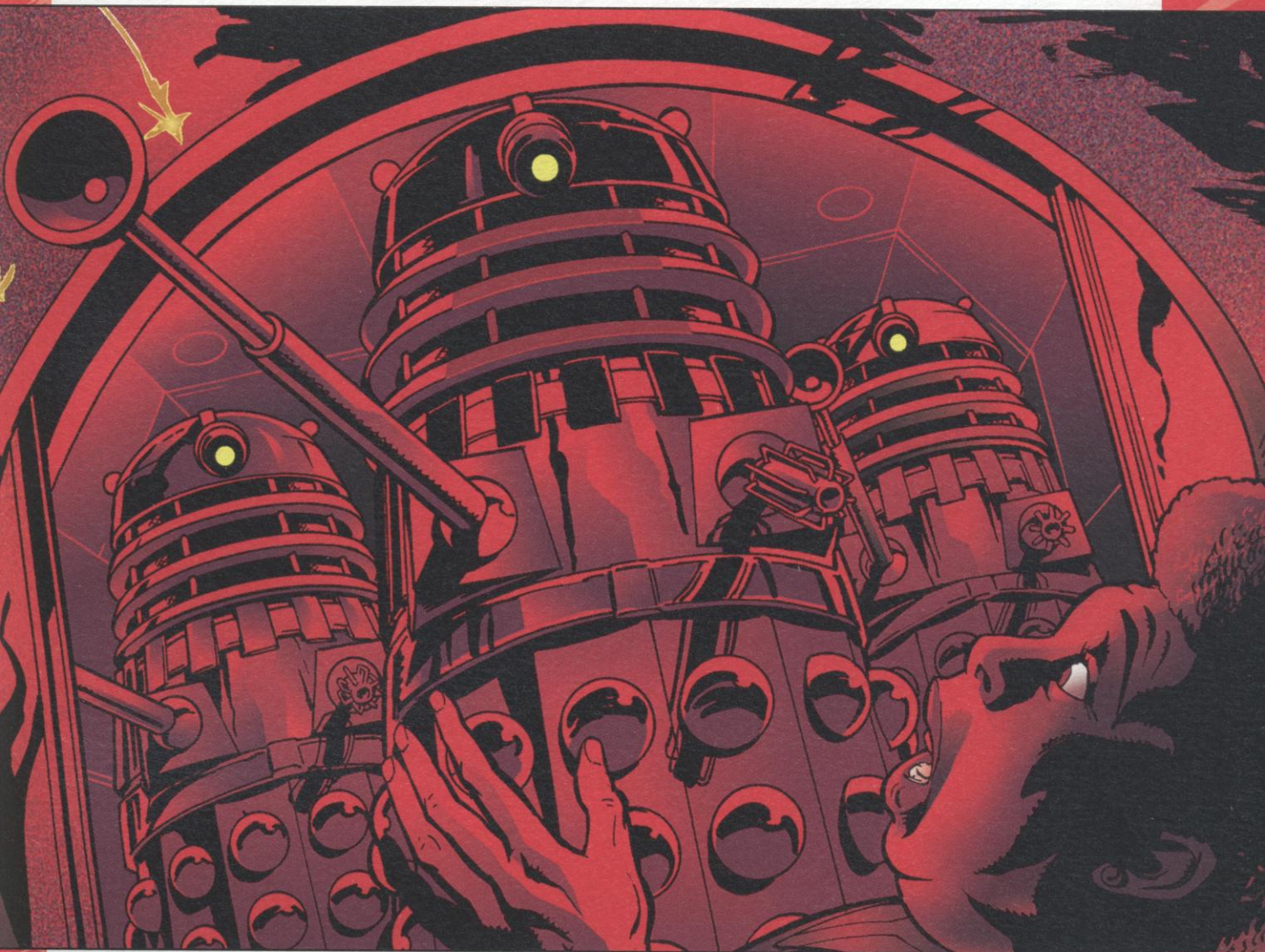
ADRIAN SALMON recalls breaking down the doors to comicdom with **DOCTOR WHO MAGAZINE**'s **THE CYBERMEN**, whilst simultaneously tackling **JUDGE KARYN** for the **JUDGE DREDD MEGAZINE**. He then spent numerous years drawing Rugnats, superheroes and Action Man's garage for various Panini Comics titles. **DWM**'s editor Gary Gillatt recalled his cyber debut and put him to work illustrating *The Time Team* – a lifelong project. Finally the computer age caught up with Salmon and he forged a career as a comics colourist – primarily on the **DOCTOR WHO** comic strip and various superhero titles for Panini. He then retired for a while and drew a graphic novel – **THE FACELESS: A TERRY SHARP STORY**. Currently he's building on the Sharp empire, and continues to draw *Bernice Summerfield* CD covers for Big Finish and provides colours for the ongoing **DOCTOR WHO ADVENTURES** comic strip for BBC Magazines.

ROGER LANGRIDGE is another New Zealander who, like his fellow countryman Scott Gray, ran away to London to join the circus that is the British comic industry only to find that it was closed. Since arriving in London in 1990, he has worked for most of the major comic book publishers in the English-speaking world. His biggest critical success to date is his strip *Fred the Clown*, which has been nominated for several major comic awards; apart from his own characters, he has also worked on properties as diverse as **BATMAN**, **BIZARRO**, **JUDGE DREDD**, **THE FANTASTIC FOUR**, **SPONGEBOB SQUAREPANTS**, **STAR WARS** and **THE FIN FANG FOUR** (with Scott Gray). He was slightly bemused to find himself being asked one day if he would like to draw the comic strip commemorating *Doctor Who*'s 35th anniversary. Roger: "You do realise I've only ever seen half a dozen episodes of the show?" **DWM**: "That's all right, we'll send you reference." Roger: "I didn't even watch the TV Movie all the way through, I flicked over during the motorcycle chase. Billy Connolly was on the other side..." Undeterred, **DWM** editor Gary Gillatt and writer Scott Gray gave him a crash course that was to turn into a seven-year relationship with the magazine which, in one capacity or another, continues to this day. When not working on **DOCTOR WHO MAGAZINE**-related jobs, Roger likes to pick daisies.

ALAN BARNES began his ascent up the greasy pole of **DOCTOR WHO MAGAZINE** with scripts for **THE CYBERMEN**, a back-up strip co-created with Adrian Salmon. This was followed by 30-odd episodes of the lead strip over 1995-1999, not to mention far, far too many features. **DWM**'s assistant editor from 1996, then joint editor from 1998, he finally clawed his way to sole editorship of the title in 2000 before taking charge of the UK's second-most popular comic, the **JUDGE DREDD MEGAZINE**, from 2002-05. He's also contributed extensively to Big Finish Productions' *Doctor Who* audios and became script editor of the range in 2005. He still knocks out *Fact of Fiction* features for **DWM** on a more-or-less regular basis, and has contributed comic strips to BBC Magazines' **DOCTOR WHO ADVENTURES**. He is 109 years old, and looks it.



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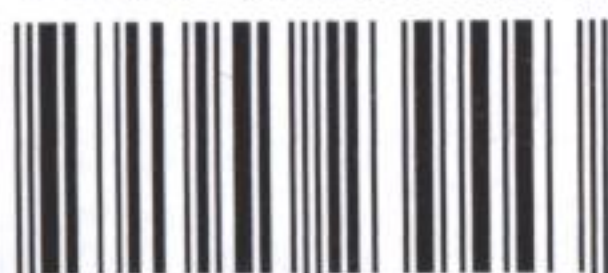
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